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CAMEOS

FROM

ENGLISH HISTORY

THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.

THIRD SERIES.

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PREFACE.

THE present series of Cameos is chiefly occupied with the wars of York and Lancaster, and the settlement of England after them. That at least is the scope of those concerned with English history; but, looking beyond our own island, this was the great period in European history called the *Cinque Cento*, when the various opposing forces whose conflict led to the Reformation were working up. It was the time of the Italian wars of France, of the union of inheritances which caused the preponderating force of the house of Austria, and of those endeavours of the Popes to unite Italy against the foreigner, in which, as Italian Princes, they lost all regard for the welfare of the Church at large. It was also the period of the beginning of the classical taste, and of research into antiquity, as well as of the discovery of printing. All these told upon England so much that it has not seemed amiss to cut Cameos from many a shell besides those provided from our native shores.

C. M. YONGE.

ELDERFIELD, OTTERBOURNE,

August 19th, 1876.

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CAMEOS

OF

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CAMEO I.

THE NOBLEST OF THE STEWARTS.

(1423—1437.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1406. James I.	1422. Charles VII.	1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1411. Sigismund.	1417. Martin V. 1431. Eugenius IV.

CAMEO I.

Release of James I. 1423.

"I WILL make the key keep the castle, and the bracken-bush keep the cow, though I should have to live the life of a dog to bring it about."

So spoke the poet bridegroom, the freed captive, James I. of Scotland, when he had won the nightingale he had heard at Windsor, as he called his fair Joan of Somerset; and when, with liberty regained, he set forth to take possession of his kingdom. Like his friend and companion John of Bedford, he had thirteen years of struggle before him, and we will see how they prospered with him.

Tall, strong-limbed, majestic in bearing, beautiful of countenance, excellent in all martial sports, able to hurl the bar and "put the stone" further than any of his nobles, he had all the bodily requisites for the chief of a bold uncivilized people, and could thus prevent himself from being despised for his more graceful accomplishments, his poetry, his painting, and his music—for he loved the organ as well as Henry V. had done, and was both a performer and a composer. His nature seemed to be formed in the mould of Henry V., the friend and model of his youth. Unflinching justice, zeal against all that was cruel, iniquitous,

CAMEO I.

Disorder of Scotland.

and unmanly, and fearless courage and resolution—these were the qualities that James, in his thirty-fourth year, took home to the remodelling of his native land. Such a king Scotland had certainly never had since St. David and his grandsons had given her the first lift above barbarism; and James's English education had accustomed him to see law respected, and life and property secure, so that his standard was infinitely higher than that of any of his predecessors.

And to what a country did he come! The Highlands and Isles, alien in language and blood, were almost savage. The old Keltic Christianity of Iona had been stifled in the counter-current imported from England and Rome by the Lowland civilizers, and the amount of influence that it retained may be estimated by the Highland practice of leaving the right hand unbaptized, that it might deal the deadlier blows.

The Lowlands had from the time of Malcolm Ceanmohr been peopled with men of the old English blood; the language was English, the nobility half Norman, half English; and here was found, at least, the framework of the ordinary European kingdom—royalty surrounded with princes, nobles, and knights; the feudal system, and a Church owning the Pope as its final appeal, and providing bishops and abbots with their secular and regular clergy.

But ever since the disputed succession, on the failure of Alexander III., these Lowlands had been in a state of anarchy. The over-interference of Edward I., and the feebleness of Baliol, had rendered the attempts at enforcing law and discipline a mere exasperation of the national pride and patriotism; and ever since, there had been one long, desolating war with England. Bruce, himself a Norman-English noble, and surrounded with men who had not lost their tincture of chivalry, gave his warfare the grand and high-spirited character of a patriotic resistance; but his success had severed his country from its nearest source of improvement, and isolated it from that public opinion which is the conscience of the world. Hating England, it was only from France that the Scottish nation derived any external ideas; and France was too remote to be an efficient check upon the wild lawlessness continually increased by connections with the Highland border. The Lowland noble regarded all the mountaineers north of him as robbers, and almost wild beasts, and all the English to the south of him as his natural enemies; and he necessarily lived in perpetual warfare. Moreover, since Bruce, the kings had been mere helpless shadows; and the want of a controlling hand had led to unspeakable violences and atrocities on every side, in which the foremost actors were the large family, legitimate and otherwise, descended from Robert II.

The Duke of Albany, the next to the throne, and murderer of Rothsay, was dead, or James's return would have been unsafe. His son, Murdoch, was a weaker, though less wicked man; but his grandsons were of the same savage mould as himself, and it was their insufferable violence that made Murdoch, their father, exert himself for the King's return. The crisis is thus reported: Murdoch had a favourite hawk,

CAMEO I.

Coronation of James. 1424.

which his eldest son, Walter, had often asked of him, and had always been denied. One day, when the bird was sitting on the wrist of its master, Walter again demanded it, and on being again refused he snatched it and wrung its neck. "Since thou wilt give me neither reverence nor obedience," said the offended father, "I will fetch home one whom we must all obey."

Of course, the crimes of the young Stewarts had been far more intolerable and outrageous than this, and it was not this alone that made their father resolve on calling home their sovereign; but it is very possible that the actual resolution may have been called forth by this personal insolence.

On the 21st of May, 1424, James and his queen were crowned together at Scone; and, as Earl of Fife, Murdoch placed him in the royal chair. He then assembled a parliament, and caused excellent enactments to be made for the peace of the realm; but this was constantly being done in Scotland; the difficulty was, not in making laws, but in getting them obeyed.

After eight months the King convened another parliament at Perth. By this time, he had had opportunity to become acquainted with the full horrors of lawlessness in his kingdom, and had learnt that if he wished to put an end to them he must begin with his own kinsmen; and he had moreover secured the support of the clergy, and of every one who had the remnant of a conscience, or who hated the House of Albany. And thus strengthened, he arrested first Walter Stewart, the hero of the falcon, and then Murdoch, with his second son, Alexander, and his father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox, with twenty-six nobles and barons, beginning with the heads of the two Houses of Douglas—the Black and the Red—the Earls of Douglas and Angus.

At another parliament held at Stirling, the Stewarts of Albany and Lennox were tried, the King presiding with his crown on his head and his sceptre in his hand. The records have most unfortunately been lost; and it is only known that Walter Stewart was accused of "*roboria*," *i.e.* robbery. They were condemned by a jury of twenty-one nobles, and sentenced to die. No doubt they richly deserved their doom, by murders and cruelties without number; but these were apt to be regarded as the ordinary occupations of a nobleman, who was supposed to be a being above all laws; and when James thus sentenced his cousins, the Scottish people only regarded his severity as unnatural towards his own kinsmen.

The Albany family were men of gigantic stature and bright and winning manners; and when the father and his two sons, with the white-haired Lennox, were led out to die in sight of their own towers of Doune, the commonalty were moved with compassion for them and anger against the King, who had no mercy for his own blood. There was no capacity for understanding the high sense of justice that would not brook that relationship to himself or high power should be a screen for iniquity. James Stewart, Albany's remaining son, fled to the

CAMEO I.

Destruction of Highland chiefs.

Highlands, collected a troop of caterans, and fell upon Dumbarton, which he sacked, killing Sir John Stewart, his own and the King's uncle, and burning the whole town. The King followed him up with fierce severity; and though he escaped to Ireland, five of his accomplices were seized and pulled to pieces by horses; for in those days the cruelty of an execution was proportioned to the atrocity of a crime.

After having shown by these terrible examples that no consideration should impede his justice, James released the other noblemen, and continued to make every regulation in his power for the improvement of his subjects. The Highland chiefs were the worst enemies to any hope of order, and James sent a summons to them to attend a parliament at Inverness. The deficient records of his reign do not show whether they were brought thither by threats or promises; all that is known is that forty of them were there seized and bound, and that James repeated some Latin verses in his triumph at his success. They were tried; the worst were sentenced to die, and those against whom there was no special charge were sent home with this warning.

Alaster M'Donald, Lord of the Isles, was one of these; but the only effect was to make him furious. On his return to his islands he raised his followers, burst upon the Lowlands, wasted the country, and destroyed the city of Inverness. Such forays usually went unpunished, for the marauders were in their fastnesses before any one could come up with them. But James was no king to be trifled with. The Islesmen found him and a Lowland force at their heels in Lochaber. Clan Chattan and Clan Cameron went over to him on the spot; the Macdonalds were utterly routed, and Alaster, after wandering about for some time, unable to return to his isles, came secretly to Edinburgh while the King was keeping the feast of Easter, and on the great day presented himself on the steps of the high altar, clad only in his shirt and drawers, and, kneeling before the King, presented him with the hilt of a naked sword, which he held by the point, and made his submission. James imprisoned him in Tantallon Castle, but released him at the end of a year, and sent him back to his islands.

The King's severity and promptitude were indeed so fast winning respect for him, that when a savage Highland chief had seized a poor widow's two cows, she cried out that she would bear her complaint to the King. "I'll have you shod for the journey!" cried the brutal wretch; and he actually caused a pair of horse-shoes to be nailed upon her feet. She was a determined woman, and so soon as the wounds were healed she made her way to Edinburgh and showed them to the King. James was in an agony of pity and indignation; he caused the chief to be seized, brought to Perth, tried, and paraded through the streets in a garment on which his crime was depicted, then hung on a gallows. Rough and ready justice was, as he well knew, the only true mercy in the dreadful country he had come to; and one day, when one of his cousins quarrelled with another noble at the council-board and struck him on the face, James at once took out his own short sword,

CAMEO I.

Marriage of Margaret of Scotland to the Dauphin.

bade the offender's arm to be extended on the council-table, and commanded the aggrieved nobleman at once to cut it off, under penalty of death. However, the queen implored for mercy, and the bishops preached forgiveness, until James yielded, and contented himself with banishing the offender from court.

He desired to be no despot. He wanted to teach his people to love order, and govern themselves; and with this view he held a parliament every year, in which he made wise regulations, that under him were no dead letter. Every one felt that a king there was, and a king who would brook no cruelty or violence toward the meanest of his subjects; and James had thoroughly made himself the master of his realm,—master as no one had been before him, as no one was to be after him, until the last of the Stewarts had passed away.

Love of the best kind—the love that is bred of trust and awe—was fast springing up for this gallant prince; but hatred could not fail to be also engendered among the men who had hitherto known no law but their own savage hearts. Nor was James a perfect man. No one could live among such characters, under the necessity of forcing them down by the strong hand, and with no fixed law to regulate his own powers, without sometimes being betrayed into acts that after-ages cannot view as in accordance with strict equity.

James's constant effort was to prevent the great nobles from being so mighty as to be absolutely independent princes, such as the crown could scarcely control; and with this object he had himself resumed all the estates of the House of Albany, instead of letting them go among the other Stewarts. By this means he was able to refuse the subsidy that had been offered him to meet the expenses of sending his little daughter Margaret to be married to the French Dauphin. Poor little thing! she was but ten years old; and had James known the fate she was about to meet he would rather have wedded her to the poorest knight in Scotland than to the cold, sneering, fiendish-hearted boy who was growing up at Chinon. It was the year of Bedford's death; and Gloucester, with the English council, unworthily tried to play the old game of intercepting the princess on her way to France. They failed, and only succeeded in so justly offending her father that he no longer attempted to interfere with his subjects' desire to be constantly at war with England. Accordingly, he laid siege to Roxburgh Castle; but at the end of fifteen days, just as the garrison were about to surrender, Queen Joan suddenly arrived in the camp, and had a private interview with him. Immediately after he ordered the siege to be broken up, and marched away, having no doubt heard of some treachery by which his subjects were already endeavouring to rid themselves of his firm hand.

James's dealings with the great barons of Scotland had indeed been such as to awaken fierce enmity among the vindictive men, whose only sense of honour was in the never forgetting an injury. The Earl of March, George Dunbar, was deprived of his vast estates on a point of

CAMEO I.

Reforms of James I.

law; and though James offered him a small compensation, he refused it, and retired into England moody and offended. Shortly after, the earldom of Strathern afforded another occasion of dispute. It had been created in favour of David Stewart, one of the many sons of Robert II., and on his death had gone to his only daughter, the wife of Sir Patrick Graham of Kincardine. But when Sir Patrick died, James declared that the earldom was incapable of descending through females, and must be resumed by the crown; but, by way of making up for the hardship, he would give the new earldom of Menteith to the dispossessed heir, Malise Graham, and endow his old uncle, the Earl of Athol, the only surviving son of Robert II., with the rents of Strathern for his lifetime.

No doubt this was a hard, unjust measure. The King had made up his mind that the sole hope for Scotland was in preventing the nobles from absorbing all the power in the kingdom, and reversion through females was the very means of heaping estates together on one head; but violent and unprecedented interferences, the apparent advantage of which fell to himself, were overstepping the course of justice; and though there is no question but that James acted with pure, noble motives, and was veritably leading the life of a dog that the bracken-bush might keep the cow—yet, had he always been able to see where the exact line of duty lay, he might not have died the death of a dog, and left his work to be all undone.

Young Malise of Strathern was in England, but his uncle, Sir Robert Graham, hotly resented his wrongs. This man, one of the most unscrupulous, audacious, and treacherous Scots whom it was James's purpose to reduce, had been arrested among the twenty-six at the Parliament of Perth, but had since been reconciled to the Court, and had remained quiet until the injustice done to his nephew freshly aroused him. He agreed with the other nobles that at the next Scottish parliament he should speak in the name of all, and declare that the King was exceeding his powers, appealing against the tyranny under which they all believed themselves to labour. He spoke accordingly, but went far beyond the powers given him; and after describing in glowing language the ruin of the old families of Scotland and the infractions of the law, he actually proposed to put the King's person under restraint.

James started from his throne, and called on his barons to arrest the traitor; and this they instantly did, for well did every man's conscience know that when Graham spoke of law he meant lawlessness, and that restraint upon the old families really meant prevention of the foul and horrible violences that had cried out to Heaven for many a year past. Though many might be there who hated to be reformed, they had not the effrontery to say so before the loftily indignant and pure face of their king, and they only showed themselves eager to disavow Sir Robert Graham.

He was imprisoned, and afterwards his estates were confiscated, and he was banished; but he only went as far as the Highlands, whence he wrote a letter to the King, renounced his allegiance, defying him,

and declaring that he would slay him as his mortal foe. To this James replied by a proclamation setting a price on the traitor's head.

Graham, however, was in correspondence with the old Earl of Athol and his grandson, Sir Robert Stewart, to whom he represented that there were doubts of the legitimacy of King Robert II., and that, James once removed, it would be easy enough to set aside his young son, who was but six years old, place the Stewarts of Athol on the throne, and bring back the good old times of raids, violences, and private wars. Both agreed; and Sir Robert, who was the King's chamberlain, and lived with him on the most confidential and intimate terms, undertook to open the way for the conspirators. Other assistants were found among obscure retainers of the House of Albany; and Graham further collected three hundred caterans in the Highlands, men always ready for bloodshed and spulzie.

James had meantime forgotten Graham's threat, and had appointed to keep his Christmas at the great Dominican convent at Perth. Nearly all the Scottish palaces were attached to convents, in order to give greater inviolability to their precincts in this most miserable and lawless of kingdoms; but the Black Friars were to be no protection to James, and indeed Perth, being on the north side of the Firth of Forth, the gateway of the Highlands, was a place as favourable to the conspirators as their victim could have found. He was just about to take boat to cross the Firth, when a Highland *cailleach*, or old woman, stood before him in a warning attitude, and announced to him that if he crossed that water he would never return alive. James was struck with her manner, but unfortunately, instead of examining her himself, he merely bade a knight inquire what she meant. She said something about "One Hubert——" and the knight, being either dull or himself a traitor, rode on and told the King she was only a mad woman. On, then, he went, and spent his Christmas and his carnival in full enjoyment of the music, the graceful masques, the elegant pastimes that made his court a little island of civilization in the savage and rugged country. Those winter months, when few of his robber subjects could venture from their dens, were his times of leisure for enjoying the society of his fair queen, for whom his love had never faded since he first heard her voice singing upon the slopes of Windsor.

So came the 20th of February, and as darkness closed in, Sir Robert Stewart crept round the gates and doors, destroyed the locks, removed the bolts, and placed boards across the moat to admit the conspirators. Meantime, all was light and gaiety within the royal apartments. The King was playing at chess with a young knight whom he was wont playfully to call the King of Love, and telling him that there was a prophecy that a king should be slain in Scotland that year, and that he had better look well to himself, since they two were the only kings in Scotland. One of the conspirators, moved with remorse, at that moment came near to warn him, but the crowd of gay knights and ladies who were reading romances, or singing lays to the harp, or playing at

CAMEO I.
Murder of James I.
1437.

games, seem to have hindered him, for he spoke no word; and it was past midnight before James bade the parting-cup go round, and wished the fair company a good-night. Even then the Highland woman made her way to the door, and entreated so earnestly to speak with the King, that he sent her word that he would see her the next day. "Alas!" she solemnly said, "that day would never come to him."

The Earl of Athol and his grandson were the last to bid the King good-night; and he was soon standing before the fire in his wrapping-gown, talking merrily to his queen and the ladies who were disrobing her. Presently, there was a clang of arms and a glare of torches in the court, and the women rushed to fasten the doors, but they found the bolts and bars removed; and James, attempting to escape by the opposite window, found it too closely barred to let him out. The steps of the murderers sounded on the stairs, and the King, sure that his life was aimed at, and utterly unarmed, could only catch up the tongs, and force up a board in the floor, so that he could descend into a narrow vault, where, when the board was replaced, he was entirely hidden. The vault had an opening into the tennis-court beyond, but, unhappily, the King had only two days before caused it to be walled up, to prevent his tennis-balls from rolling into it, and he could only wait there, unarmed except with the tongs.

The Queen's page, Walter Straiton, had loyally thrown himself forward in the passage to intercept the murderers, and was slain; and the ladies tried to drag articles of furniture before the door, brave Catherine Douglas even thrusting her arm through the empty staples to serve as a living bolt. Alas! it had only moral strength—it was at once broken by the rush of the armed men, and the whole number rushed in upon the room that had lately rung with innocent mirth. The wretches even wounded some of the women as they ran shrieking about the room, only Queen Joan standing still in the midst of the floor, her fair flaxen hair unbound on her shoulders, only a kirtle and mantle over her, but rigid and dauntless—a true Plantagenet. Some of the assassins even struck and wounded her, but Graham's son had sufficient manhood to call them off. "What want you with the Queen? she is but a woman!" and they searched through all the apartments in vain. They then proceeded to seek through the monastery, and in the meantime the people in the city had taken alarm, and were coming to the King's rescue; but unhappily his patience became exhausted, and hearing no sound above, he called to the women to bring sheets from the bed and draw him up again. His weight was too much for them. One of them, named Elizabeth Douglas, was dragged down into the vault; and the noise brought back one of the conspirators, who, holding the torch over the vault, showed the inmates, and shouted with savage glee, "Sirs, the spouse is found wherefor we be come, and all this night have carolled here." The whole troop hurried in, and fell on the unarmed, almost unclothed man; but he made a desperate resistance, throwing two under his feet, and so grasping them with his iron fingers

that they bore the marks weeks after, though their long knives were frightfully lacerating his bare hands and arms. Graham sprang down sword in hand, thus answering James's entreaty for his life, "Cruel tyrant, thou hast never spared thine own kin; thou shalt not look for mercy now!"

"Spare my soul, at least," said James; "give me a confessor."

"None but this sword," said Graham, plunging it into his body.

He fell, but still entreated for mercy; and Graham, overcome for a moment, was about to leave him, when the others of the crew called out that they would kill him if he did not finish the work, and so he, with the two other ruffians in the vault, struck again and again.

The traitors were then about to fall on the Queen, but she had darted out of the room in search of help, and a tumult was heard in the convent and town that warned them to fly, and they were seen from the windows crossing the moat, and rushing off for the Highlands. Sir David Dunbar pursued them, and killed one, but was himself severely wounded, and the murderers made off, only lamenting that they had failed to kill the Englishwoman with her husband.

Nobles and monks meanwhile flocked to the royal bed-chamber where the vault had been made to yield up its contents, and James lay dead, pierced with sixteen wounds—a piteous spectacle; while Joan, casting aside her tears, her softer feelings, was burning with a furious thirst for vengeance. She seems to have left the priests to bury the corpse, and taking her little son, who was but six years old, she fled at once to Edinburgh, whence she so effectually roused all the loyal Scots, that, ere a month was over from that horrible Ash-Wednesday morning, all the chief traitors were in her hand.

Their punishment was horrible; Sir Robert Stewart was tortured and beheaded, and so was his grandfather, the old Earl of Athol, whose pretensions to the sovereignty were derided by a paper crown, in fulfilment of the delusive promise that he should be crowned that year. He denied, however, all share in the plot, though he allowed that he had concealed it for his grandson's sake.

Every refinement of cruelty was exercised on the arch-traitor Sir Robert Graham, while he continued to aver that he had defied the King and renounced his allegiance, and thus had a full right to slay him, and that Scotland would hereafter pray for the memory of one who had delivered her from a cruel tyrant.

He was wrong. He is thus remembered:—

> "Sir Robert Græme,
> Who slew our king:
> God give him shame!"

Had James been perfect—never driven to forget the means in the end, never violent where justice bade him be patient—this man's one-sided, implacable enmity had not been roused. No doubt, Graham, seeing only with the eyes of a noble deprived of the pleasing privilege of murder and robbery, and seeing gentle and even princely blood no pro-

CAMEO I.

tection against punishment for offences against the meanest, felt himself and his congeners horribly aggrieved; but the true knights, the clergy, the burghers, the peasants, all that was wise and good, or that was weak and harmless, knew that their guardian had perished in the midst of his efforts for their good, and that Scotland had lost one of her few chances for redeeming her character. Her one great man, the only veritable king then in Europe, was slain. The little child, with one cheek scarred with red, who was proclaimed King James II., was full of spirit; but there were all the agonies to come of a long minority under a weak and passionate mother, and the wicked had their will. Rapine, murder, war, and savagery, were let loose again; and long would it be ere the key should keep the castle, or the bracken-bush the kine.

CAMEO II.

THE COUNCIL OF BASLE.

(1431—1448.)

King of England.	*Kings of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1406. James I. 1437. James II.	1422. Charles VII.	1406. Juan II.

Emperors of Germany.	*Popes.*
1411. Sigismund.	1431. Eugenius IV.
1438. Albert II.	1447. Nicholas V.
1442. Frederick III.	

CAMEO II.

The break-up of the Council of Constance.

To understand the proceedings of the English Church, it is needful to take into account those of the Western Church collectively; since, though resolutely national, England still owned the Pope as the Patriarch of the West, and the question whether his decrees or those of a general council were supreme was still at issue. A general council, without the Eastern Churches, was not to be had; but Rome, regarding the Greeks as schismatics, considered the gatherings of her patriarchate as councils, and so termed them.

The Council of Constance had broken up in 1421, with the decree that such an assembly should take place every ten years, and that the first should be at Pavia in five years' time. But there was nothing that the popes and cardinals dreaded more than a council, since these meetings always tended to abridge their power and their revenues; and thus they were always endeavouring to stave them off. Martin V., who had been chosen to the Papacy at the Council of Constance, was a very able man, determined to assert and stretch his power to the utmost. When the renewed Council met at Pavia, he contrived to have it transferred to Siena, and then broken up, with another adjournment to Basle for the spring of the year 1430.

Meantime he, with the assistance of Bishop Beaufort, made many endeavours to bow the spirit of Archbishop Chicheley and the English Church. The statutes of pre-eminence, which made it penal to carry any appeal out of England without the King's consent, and prevented appointments by the popes to English benefices, were above all hateful to Martin; and because Chicheley refused to make any endeavour for their repeal, the Pope denounced him with much intemperate language,

CAMEO II.

Basle appointed the meeting-place of the Council.

and even put the Archbishop of York's name before his in addressing the English clergy. The clergy, the university of Oxford, were roused to the defence of their good Primate, and wrote letters declaring him to be a faithful and true pastor; but Martin was the more determined, and threatened to lay England under an interdict unless the statutes were repealed.

The Archbishop, now an old man, was shocked and grieved, and yielded, that he might save the country from the horror of an interdict. He preached to the parliament of 1426, with tears in his eyes, on the text, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," and depicted the miseries the country would suffer; but though the Commons grieved for his distress, they would not give way, and only petitioned the King to demand of the Pope to suspend his proceedings, and lend no ear to reports against the good Archbishop.

The interdict was never proclaimed. Probably Martin knew it could not be justified at the Council, which the Emperor Sigismund continued to press for, in the hope both of reform for the German Church and contentment for the Hussites, who had risen in insurrection in Bohemia to maintain the doctrine for which their leader had suffered, went about with a chalice on their banner, and often committed great cruelties on the Catholics.

Basle, or Basil, the place where the Council was to be held, was a free city of the empire, on the borders of Switzerland. It was minutely described by the able Italian, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who was the Emperor's secretary. He says that the first thing that struck the eye was the high-pitched roofs, covered with many-coloured glazed tiles, that glittered in the sun—almost all new and bright, for earthquakes, fires, and inundations of the Rhine had done much damage, only lately repaired. The streets he considered as wide and well-paved, the churches numerous and handsome, and the dwelling-houses neat, well-built, and beautiful, each with its own fountain, courtyard, and garden. There were fine fountains, and public walks shaded by elms and oaks pollarded; and there the young men practised martial sports, in which they so excelled, that when told their walls were too low, they said that they themselves were the walls. They knew no language save their own, but were thrifty and active, and very fond of birds. As to storks, they were always at home on the roofs; for the people believed that a stork driven away would revenge itself by setting the house on fire.

This pleasant town was to be the place of the Council, of which Cardinal Giuliano Cesarini, commonly known as Cardinal Julian, was appointed by Martin to be president; but just as it was about to assemble, Martin V. died, in February 1431; and at the end of a fortnight, Gabriel Condelmero, a Venetian cardinal, was elected in his place, and called himself Eugenius IV. He was strict and pure in life, very devout, but hot-headed, and not always well able to weigh consequences; and worst of all, the truth was not in him. He imagined

CAMEO II.

Opening of the Council of Basle. 1433.

no promise binding that could damage the interests of the Church, by which he meant the dominion of the Papacy, and thus was utterly untrustworthy.

On the 2nd of March, the appointed day, a Benedictine abbot and some other clergy arrived at Basle, intending to wait there till the rest of the assembly should arrive. The Pope sent orders to Cardinal Julian to go thither, and open the session if he found enough clergy; if not, he was to adjourn it: but as the Benedictine held his ground, and more and more clergy gradually made their appearance, he was obliged to open it on Friday, the 7th of December. In the cathedral was sung the great Mass of the Holy Spirit, which sacramentally invoked divine influence on the decisions of the assembly.

One of the first measures of the Council was to write to the Bohemian insurgents, advising them to come to the Council and declare their grievances; but discussion was not what Eugenius desired. He considered the Hussite controversy to have been settled at Constance, and thought the air of Germany dangerous; so he wrote to Julian to adjourn to Bologna, giving as a reason that the Greek Emperor, John Palæologus, in his extreme distress, beset on all sides by the advancing Turkish power, had endeavoured to gain assistance from the West by offering to reconcile the Greek to the Latin Church; and thus that a town in Italy would be more convenient to the Byzantines than one in Germany.

But the matter was imminent with respect to the Bohemian insurrection. A great victory had been won by the Hussites in the summer, and they had even refused the peace the Emperor Sigismund offered them; so that he could not afford to miss the chance of their being satisfied and pacified by the Council. So many bishops, abbots, doctors, and delegates from the sovereigns had arrived, that Julian felt it impossible to dissolve the assembly, and wrote to the Pope a letter, telling him that he had been misinformed; nobody at Basle was infected by the Hussite heresy: there was a truce between the Dukes of Burgundy and Austria, and no one had been either robbed or insulted on the way to the Council. Moreover, he held that it was more necessary to keep the Germans than to win the Greeks. The Council itself, at the same time, ruled that it neither could nor would be broken up save by its own consent, and sent a safe-conduct to the Bohemians, inviting them to come and plead their own cause.

The English Church had appointed as their chief delegate John Kemp, who had been secretary to Beaufort, afterwards Chancellor, and who then united that office with the Archbishopric of York; but the uncertainty about the Council delayed his departure for a long time, and then he was stopped by the influence of Gloucester, and forced to refund the thousand pounds that had been granted to him for his expenses there, and which were voted to be spent on the siege of St. Valery. Indeed, it was a question whether there were any Council at all; for Eugenius had sent four nuncios, who, after trying in vain to make the Council

CAMEO II.

Hussites at the Council. 1433.

dissolve itself, declared it broken up: but the fathers at Basle were by no means of that opinion; they pronounced the Pope contumacious, continued to hold sessions, and, when Eugenius fell sick, determined that, in case of a vacancy, the new Pope should be elected at Basle. The French clergy met at Berry, and agreed to acknowledge the Council as valid, and superior to the Pope; and Sigismund, who rather late in the day had gone to Italy to receive the imperial crown, at last brought the Pope to a kind of semi-acknowledgment of them.

On the 9th of July, 1433, then, three hundred Bohemian gentlemen rode into Basle, led by their captain, Procopius the Shaven, and the tall houses were crowded with heads at the windows, gazing at their strange dresses. Their divines, John Rockesana, Wenceslas, and Udalric, were heard in Council, and declared that they would obey in all that was according to the Word of God; but that if anything to the contrary were enjoined by the Pope, Council, or Legate, they should resist to blood. After some deliberation, the fathers of the Council agreed to grant their demands, the chief of which was communion in both kinds; and thus they were for a time reconciled to the Church, and probably would have been so permanently if the Pope and Italians had not been bitterly set against the concession, and if Sigismund had not been both weak and dishonest.

He had promised to make Rockesana Archbishop of Prague, and not to permit the return of the religious orders to Bohemia; but so soon as he had entered the country and had been crowned at Prague, he expelled Rockesana and recalled the monks, in which perfidy he was sure to be backed by the Pope. The Hussites rose in insurrection again; and in the year 1437 Sigismund died, and was succeeded by his son-in-law, Albert of Austria, and King of Hungary in right of his wife. He only reigned two years; and the next emperor was the Austrian Duke Frederick III., while Hungary went to Albert's infant son Ladislas.

The Council further busied itself about the English and French wars, and sent a representative to the Congress of Arras; but there Archbishop Kemp, being present on the part of England, with his friend Cardinal Beaufort, warned the Council to look to their own proceedings, lest they should overthrow the peace of the Church and cause a schism; and thus he committed England to the cause of the Pope instead of that of the Council, while Chicheley was too aged and broken to resist, without the support of the brave Henry V.

There was a real spirit of reformation in the Council, and many abuses were censured, chiefly the extortions of the Papacy, unjust modes of presentation to benefices; and likewise some irreverent practices, such as holding markets and fairs in churchyards, banquets in churches and dancings there, or acting the Adoration of the Shepherds and of the Magi, and the Visit of the Maries to the Sepulchre. Such spectacles, and others far more profane and burlesque, such as the Feast of Fools, the Festival of the Ass and of the Boy Bishop, were so dear to the populace, that they continued in vogue till a century later.

Indeed, the Pope did all he could to discredit the Council, whenever he durst declaring it dissolved; while the Council, on the other hand, pronounced him contumacious. The Emperor was for the Council; and coming to Basle, did his best to reconcile matters, but not very effectually. England, so far as Gloucester's influence went, was for the Council; so far as Beaufort ruled, for the Pope; the royal family of France was for Eugenius, but her clergy were the great strength of the Council; Castile was of the Papal party, Aragon very decidedly the reverse; and while the Italian clergy made common cause with their head, the Italian laity for the most part detested the Papal government.

Meantime, the Emperor John Palæologus was in correspondence with the Pope and the Council. His hope was that his reconciliation would win for him the assistance of all the swords of the West, and, judging by the effort it cost a Greek to make advances to the Franks, he mistook the power he had of making terms. He and his clergy could not bear to travel into the barbarous lands north of the Alps; and though the Council offered to meet him at Avignon, Nice, or any town in Savoy, anywhere except in Italy, he would come no farther than to Italy. To oblige him, Eugenius at length definitively declared the Council broken up and transferred to Ferrara; but he was himself in an exceedingly unprosperous state, for his own Roman subjects had risen against him, and were on the point of delivering him up to Francesco Sforza, duke of Milan, when he escaped in the disguise of a Black Monk, and took refuge at Florence, without however in the least abating his pretensions.

It is very sad to look back at this Council, which really might have been general, since the Greek Church was in negotiation, and the Hussites had shown themselves ready to accept the conciliatory decrees; and yet all this hope of unity and possibility of reform without schism was cast away for want of either sovereign or prelate large-hearted enough to understand what was really at stake, each party merely struggling for its own success, and the Pope utterly untrustworthy.

And so it was that Eugenius declared the Council transferred to Ferrara; but only a few of the clergy quitted Basle, where they continued to sit and legislate, while the Pope met the Eastern Emperor, the Patriarch of Constantinople, and Bessarion, the Archbishop of Nicea, with others of their clergy, at Ferrara. The plague broke out there, and the meeting was transferred to Florence, where Bessarion, a really great and able man, made a very fair and just arrangement of the points in dispute, and in 1439 a reconciliation was really effected; but the greater part of the Eastern Church utterly repudiated it, regarded him as a deserter, and retained all their prejudices. Still the fruits of this reconciliation remain in a small body of Greeks, who retain their national customs, but are in communion with Rome.

But Eugenius had been doing his best to produce a schism by excommunicating the Council, which continued to sit at Basle. On their side, weary of Eugenius's perfidy, they actually deposed him, and elected in his place—of all people in the world—Amadeus VIII. duke of

CAMEO II.

The Schism of Ferrara.

Savoy, a good and wise prince, save in thus causing a schism; who, after a prosperous rule, had resigned his duchy to his son Louis five years before, and now allowed himself to be elected as Pope under the name of Felix V. He spent his time at Basle, Lausanne, and Geneva, with twenty-four cardinals, chiefly of his own appointment.

The Aragonese kingdom had always been inclined against the papal dominion. One of their kings had been killed fighting for the Albigenses; and it was to a king of Aragon, as husband of Manfred's daughter, that Conradin on the scaffold bequeathed his glove, and all the Ghibelline traditions of the House of Hohenstaufen. For the insular Sicily the Aragonese kings had fought and conquered; but the continental Sicily had been retained by the family of Charles of Anjou, that brother of St. Louis to whom it was granted by the Pope as a fief of the Church. That family dwindled to one daughter, Giovanna I., who adopted as her successor Louis, duke of Anjou, the son of Jean, king of France. But he never succeeded in getting more of her royalty than the sounding title of King of the Two Sicilies, and also of Cyprus and Jerusalem—these last having been attached to the crown of Sicily by the marriage of the last heiress of the crusading kings with Frederick II., Emperor of Germany and King of the Two Sicilies; and the county of Provence, which had been the inheritance of the wife of the original Charles of Anjou, was more easily obtained by a French prince than the Neapolitan possessions, which were seized by the male heir, Charles of Durazzo.

His descendants in two generations ended in another childless Giovanna, who in like manner adopted another Louis, duke of Anjou, grandson to the first, and elder brother to that René, duke of Bar, whom we have seen made prisoner at Bullègneville in 1431, while fighting for his wife's inheritance of Lorraine, against her uncle, the Count de Vaudémont. In 1435, Louis II., who had been bravely defending the Queen against Alfonso of Aragon, died after a short illness; and Giovanna survived him for so brief a space that she could only adopt his brother René in his stead before she also died, in the same year, 1435.

However, René was still a captive, and the Aragonese prince expected to gain the kingdom easily. He blockaded Gaeta, but the Genoese and Milanese attacked his fleet, and made him prisoner.

The Neapolitans sent their deputies to offer homage to René, and invite him to come and take possession of his throne; but he was still at Dijon, and he could only send his wife and younger children to represent him.

While preparing for her journey, the Duchess Isabelle of Lorraine resided at Tarascon in Provence, where the surpassing loveliness of the two children, Louis and Marguerite, created an enthusiasm among these impressible people, who composed verses, sang, danced, and strewed flowers in their path, calling them angel visitors. The eldest son, Jean, duke of Calabria, was at Dijon with their father, and his sister Yolande

had been placed in the hands of the Count de Vaudémont, to be the wife of his son Ferry.

CAMEO II.

René at Naples.

In 1436 the family arrived at Naples, and were greeted with rapture; but Alfonso had regained his liberty, and pressed them sorely, while Isabelle undauntedly maintained her husband's cause, until in 1438, by mortgaging Bar to the Duke of Burgundy, he obtained his ransom, and came to defend his rights. He was received with great joy at first, but the people were much disappointed at his bringing no money. Courage, however, he brought in plenty; but though a perfect knight in honour and courage, and a man of great intellectual ability, René was wanting in force and weight. He was one of the royal knights-errant, such as John of Bohemia had been; and in spite of his exceeding gallantry, and the kind consideration that attached every one to his person, his was always the losing cause.

The Pope, of course, was on his side rather than on that of Alfonso; and Francesco Sforza, duke of Milan, at first supported him; but the Pope, who had taken an unscrupulous *condottiere* into his pay, finding he could attack Sforza at what he considered an advantage, and thus punish him for his own ignominious flight from Rome, put forth the doctrine that "no treaty is binding which is against the interests of the Church," and attacked Sforza. His interests were bound up with those of René; his defeat opened the way to the advance of Alfonso; and in 1442 René's situation became so perilous, that he sent home his wife and children to Provence, and prepared to stand a siege at Naples, where he was passionately beloved. Alfonso, however, effected an entrance through the treacherous old aqueduct that had once admitted Belisarius into Naples; René fled to Castel Nuovo, and then sailed in a Genoese vessel to Rome, where he made terms with Alfonso, resigning to him his few remaining cities, that they might suffer no more misfortunes.

By way of consolation, when he visited the Pope at Florence, Eugenius, who had really ruined him, crowned him, and gave him full investiture of Naples as a fief of the Church, and therewith he returned to his home at Provence, which was the only territory, except a portion of Lorraine, which he possessed. But he was one of the brightest and most buoyant of men, and made himself and his people far happier than many much more famous personages ever did.

His little court at Aix or at Nancy was the home of poetry, music, and art; he loved and treasured the antiquities of Provence, made exquisite gardens full of choice flowers, one of which, the Provence rose, still bears in its name the memory of his love of horticulture. He painted, composed, and sang with considerable grace; he made his children the most accomplished young people in France; and, much as the fierce intriguers of Europe despised him and ridiculed his contentment under his high-sounding poverty, he lived in the constant joy of a pure heart, untainted faith, and good conscience, and beloved earnestly by his few subjects, who dwelt under him as in an isle of peace.

CAMEO II.

The Battle of Varna. 1446.

Meantime, Eugenius exerted himself to give Palæologus a reward, by sending a crusade to his relief. The Duke of Burgundy took up the cause warmly, and a very considerable force was collected, and in 1446 placed under the command of Cardinal Julian, who marched towards Hungary to the assistance of young King Ladislas.

Before they reached the country, however, Ladislas had signed a treaty for ten years with the Turks; but Julian, in his mortification, and resolution that such preparations should not be wasted, declared that oaths to infidels were not binding, absolved the Hungarians from them, and led the united armies to fall on the Turks at Varna.

A horrible defeat was the meet reward of this perfidy. Julian and young Ladislas were both killed, thousands perished in the swamps, and the battle of Varna was one of the most disastrous Christendom has ever known.

Only a year later, in 1447, died the Pope, Eugenius IV., who by his slippery falsehoods had thrown away the grandest opportunity that ever Pope possessed of closing one rent in the net of the Church, and preventing another. The new Pope was Nicholas V.; and soon after his election, in 1449, the Antipope Felix resigned his pretensions, resumed his old name of Amadeus, and returned to full communion with Rome. He received the rank of a cardinal legate, and all his cardinals were admitted into the college.

So closed the schism created by the Council: the only good effect of the Greek reconciliation having been, that with Bessarion, who was made a cardinal, many learned Greeks came into Italy, and ancient Greek literature began to be once more studied there.

Learning was indeed fast spreading. The good and charitable considered it a better act to found a college than a monastery. Basle was made the seat of a university by Æneas Sylvius, who had been surprised by the ignorance he had found prevalent in Germany; and at home, Archbishop Chicheley founded the college of All Souls at Oxford, with large endowments, and built another without endowment, called St. Bernard's, for the Cistercians. He died in 1443, and the Primacy was given to John Stafford, a man of good family, and, as usual with the English prelates, a lawyer and politician.

CAMEO III.

THE REIGN OF THE ECORCHEURS.

(1435—1440.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1437. James II.	1422. Charles VII.	1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1438. Albert II.	1431. Eugenius IV.

CAMEO III.

Disputes for the Regency of France.

THE death of the Duke of Bedford left the affairs of the nation to drift without their wisest pilot. Cardinal Beaufort and the Duke of Gloucester were wasting their powers in domestic jealousies; and the young King, now sixteen years old, was tranquilly busy with his books and devotions, a child still in gentleness and indifference to all the greater cares of state.

The Council of Regency had to find a successor for John of Bedford as Regent of France, and their choice fell upon Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, the first prince of the blood after the House of Lancaster.

The Beauforts, favoured by their uncle, the great Cardinal, pushed boldly, but John Beaufort, earl of Somerset, demanded the government of France. Apparently his uncle assisted him, while Gloucester maintained the cause of York; and the dispute was protracted for many months, while the troops in France were left to their fate.

The Duke of Burgundy intended to be neutral, but no sooner was the treaty of Arras signed, than the French gentlemen in his service, though not his vassals, began to fight openly in the French cause. The English lords, Talbot, Willoughby, and Scales, in council at Paris, agreed that the Burgundian Sieur de Lisle Adam, the same who had gazed so insolently at Henry V., ought no longer to be entrusted with the government of Paris. They accordingly put Willoughby in his place, and dismissed him; upon which he made his peace with Charles VII., before even returning to the Duke of Burgundy; and he was soon summoned by the inhabitants of Pontoise, who had risen against the English, and wanted him to take the command. All over Normandy the country was revolting and the towns rising on behalf of Charles; but the men-at-arms who came to occupy the country proved as dreadful as the enemy.

CAMEO III.

Quarrel of Gloucester and Burgundy.

Ecorcheurs—flayers—was their popular name; they took whatever they desired, and pillaged mercilessly, torturing to death the miserable peasants whom they suspected of concealing property, and showing all the horrible brutality that marks the later years of a long war, till at last they actually starved themselves out of the country, and, when it had become a mere desert, left it to be re-occupied by the English.

Meanwhile, Gloucester had added to his foolish provocations to the Duke of Burgundy. It was at least ten years since his ill-starred marriage to Jaqueline of Hainault had been treated as null by the parties themselves; and though in 1428 a strong-minded London lady, named Stokes, had headed an indignant troop of citizens' wives, who actually went to the House of Lords and presented a petition against the Duke for deserting his wife for the sake of the worthless Eleanor, daughter of Lord Cobham, the Lords seem to have paid no attention to them. But Gloucester had soon after declared Eleanor to be his wife; and Jaqueline, at Ghent, had married a German gentleman, called Frank of Burslem. In 1436 she died, and Gloucester had the audacity to claim her inheritance. He caused his nephew to create him Earl of Flanders, which Henry could no more do than make him Emperor of Constantinople, and began to assemble his forces to assert his claim.

Of course this outrageous conduct put an end to the neutrality of Philippe of Burgundy: he assembled his forces, and laid siege to Calais; and about the same time the Constable de Richemont laid a plot for the recovery of Paris. Lord Willoughby occupied the city with two thousand English, but he was in great difficulties; the devastation of Normandy had cut off the supply of provisions, no money came from home, bread was dear, work was not to be had, and the people could only be ruled by terror. By the advice of his council, the Bishops of Paris, Thérouenne, and Lisieux, the citizens had been forced to take a fresh oath of fidelity to Henry VI., and to wear the red cross of England; and bands of soldiers patrolled the city, hanging or drowning whoever showed any inclination to join the French party. But these soldiers were unpaid, and half starving; and on Maundy Thursday, the 4th of April, four hundred gathered together, and went out to plunder for themselves in the country; and a few nights later, from six to eight hundred more followed them, but were met by Lisle Adam, routed and dispersed, except two hundred, who shut themselves up in the Tower of Venin, which had been left when St. Denis was destroyed. The Constable de Richemont, John of Orleans, and all the most notable champions of the French cause, joined Lisle Adam, not for the sake of these miserable plunderers, but in the hope of recovering the capital.

It had been Burgundy, not England, that the Parisians had loved and followed; and the defection of Philippe had broken the only link that held them to the foreigner. They began to meet in the markets, and

say among themselves that it was ill to perish with famine, or suffer the horrors of an assault as rebels to their rightful king; and that since they had followed Burgundy in his rebellion, they would also follow him in his return to loyalty.

Lord Willoughby was unable to send troops to disperse these meetings, and they waxed so much bolder as to listen to emissaries from Richemont, and their old governor, Lisle Adam, who promised them security from the violence of the soldiery if they would open the gates of the city.

This promise was no easy matter to keep for the leader of an army composed of the horrible ruffians called Ecorcheurs, who had come together almost for the purpose of slaking every evil passion in human nature on the unhappy cities they hoped to gain. Richemont was therefore obliged to keep his negotiations a profound secret, and to dispose of the worst of his followers; he appointed the next morning, the 13th of April, for the assault of the Tour du Venin, and in the night moved secretly, with Lisle Adam and the small proportion who might be depended on, towards the Porte St. Michel; and he took care that the foremost should wear the Burgundian cross of St. Andrew, which had so long been dear to Paris.

Lord Willoughby was not ignorant that there was a conspiracy against him, but desertion had only left him fifteen hundred men, whom he kept collected at the Bastille and the Porte St. Antoine, whence he sent parties forth to patrol the streets. One of these had just begun to secure Porte St. Michel, when a citizen called out to them that the danger lay at Porte St. Jacques. They turned back, but presently were stopped by chains drawn across the streets; and in the meantime the French had appeared, and one of the burghers had asked if the Constable were there.

He rode up, spoke courteously, and on the faith of a knight promised them general immunity; then, as the gate was locked and the English had the keys, a ladder was placed against the wall, and Lisle Adam, mounting it first of all, set up the fleur-de-lys, which he had torn down seventeen years before.

The locks and bars of the gates were then broken, and the Constable, the Bastard of Orleans, and the other lords, rode in, crying, "Peace, peace! *Vive le Roi et le Duc de Bourgogne!*" while the burghers hurried out, some with the straight cross of France, others with the saltire of Burgundy; and the Constable thus addressed them: "My good friends, good King Charles thanks you, and so do I, for that you have so mildly surrendered to him the mistress-city of his realm; and if any man of any degree, present or absent, hath offended against the King, it is forgiven him." Then, without dismounting, he published with sound of trumpet that all soldiers guilty of any violence, or even of lodging in a citizen's house against his will, should be hung.

The English sallied bravely out, but it was too late, they could only fall back again upon the Bastille, where the Constable shut them in;

CAMEO III.

Loss of Paris. 1436.

while, on the other hand, the other gates of the city were closed, and carefully guarded against the Ecorcheurs, who, on the sound of the bells at Paris, had abandoned Venin, and rushed up to the city doors, where they were prowling round like wolves shut out of the sheepfold.

Lord Willoughby felt that it was impossible to hold out the Bastille any longer, and that all he could do was to secure a retreat to Rouen. He therefore requested the mediation of some of the Burgundian captains with whom he had served, and thus treated with De Richemont. The Constable wished to have beseiged the Bastille, and made the garrison prisoners, computing that their ransom would amount to at least two hundred thousand francs, but his niggardly or necessitous master had only advanced one thousand francs for the recovery of his capital, and the speculation was too dangerous, so that he could only accept Lord Willoughby's proposal of yielding him the Bastille, on condition of departing freely with all his troops, all their property, and all who chose to follow them. The only exception was that the Bishop of Thérouenne was forced to leave the plate and vestments of his chapel to the victors. The English then marched out of Paris by Porte St. Antoine, made the circuit of the walls outside hissed and hooted by the people, and embarked on the Seine for Rouen; and for three hundred and seventy-eight years Paris remained untrodden by the foot of an invading Englishman.

In fact, the cause of England in France was desperate. Henry the Fifth's hope of pacifying and renewing the country had failed with his death; and with that of John of Bedford, skill, discipline, and principle passed away; with Philippe of Burgundy, support, resources, and safety were lost, and death was fast cutting off the ablest of the generals trained in the school of Henry V. It was only the dogged pride of England that continued the vain contest. Peace could hardly have been made while the King was in his minority, but long truces might have healed the wounds of both countries, and would no doubt have been made had any real statesmen swayed our councils, or not been hampered by the dissensions between the kinsmen of Henry VI. Beaufort probably felt the hopelessness of the struggle, but Gloucester remained bent upon it, and he was as much worshipped by the populace as the Cardinal was detested.

When they found that by their dissensions they had absolutely lost the "mistress-city," they bestirred themselves. The Duke of York, with the eight thousand men he had got together, hastened to cross the Channel; and the Duke of Gloucester brought an army to the relief of Calais, and sent another challenge to the Duke of Burgundy, declaring that he would either fight him there, or pursue him into Flanders. Philippe replied that he would stay where he was; but the Flemings, who had driven him into the war, were seized with a panic, broke up their camp and fled, dragging him away, as well as the Constable de Richemont, who had come to share in the expected fight. Gloucester followed them into Flanders, but without producing any effect.

CAMEO III.

Retaking Pontoise. 1437.

Powers were even sent to the Duke of York to make a peace with France, and to offer the young King's hand in marriage to a daughter of Charles VII.; but just at that time affairs began to look brighter for England. That bold partisan of Charles, Etienne de Vignolles, called La Hire, made an attack upon Rouen in the autumn, but was driven back by the Duke of York, who recovered Fescamp and several other revolted places.

In the Lent of the next year, 1437, Lord Talbot likewise took advantage of the severe frost and snow to retake Pontoise. He dressed his men in white, stealthily crept over the snow by night, crossed the ditch upon the ice, and at daybreak set ladders to the wall and entered successfully, the garrison being so entirely taken by surprise that they attempted no resistance. Gallant Talbot likewise saved Crotoy, which the Duke of Burgundy was besieging. Taking four thousand picked men with him, Talbot hurried to the rescue, crossed the Somme at Blanchetaque through water breast high, and so amazed the Burgundians that they fled precipitately. These successes made a great difference in the face of matters; Pontoise was a centre of operations, whence the English could ravage up to the gates of Paris and cut off all the supplies, so that when, in November, Charles VII. was persuaded to enter Paris, it was in a terrible state of destitution. Charles had never seen Paris since as a young boy he had been saved from a Burgundian sedition by Tanneguy Du Chastel; and though he was welcomed with tears of joy, shouts of "Noel," pageants and mysteries at every turn, he never ceased to dislike and dread the city; and he remained there as short a time as possible, returning to Tours as soon as his keeper, the Constable, would allow him.

Never had a man so hard a task as Arthur de Richemont. He was reconquering the country, not only in spite of the English, but in spite of the King, in spite of the nobility, in spite of the army. Everybody hated the hard, harsh man of iron, who had not a gracious word for any one; but as all felt his public spirit and honourableness, every one submitted to his dictation as preferable to that of others with more selfish ends. The Parisians found him a more terrible master than the English lords had been. Ill paid as they were, they had at least the hope of subsidies from home; whereas Richemont had absolutely no maintenance for his men save what he could wring out of their purses. They appealed to the King, but Charles did not care for them, and, if he had cared, could have done nothing. The captains of the army, La Hire, Xaintrailles, Luxemburg, and the rest, had deadly hatreds, seldom acted in concert, and generally were at war among themselves; and the troops lived on absolute pillage of French quite as much as English. "We must live," they said to the unhappy burghers and farmers, whom they stripped of their last morsel; "if we were the English, you would not make such an outcry." In some of the cities the inhabitants killed their dogs and cats, and all other animals that could consume their scanty store, and then absolutely drove out

CAMEO III.

Warwick's Regency and death.

1439.

all their poor, to beg, or perish homeless in the country; wolves roamed about openly, and even came into the streets of Paris and carried off little children, and a dreadful pestilence was sweeping down those whom famine spared; whole households died, the young and the strong most usually; the soldiery suffered terribly, the Constable and his captains left the city, and the guard of the gates was forced to be trusted to citizens.

The English might have retaken the city with ease, but they themselves were infected with disease, and they had again lost their head. Richard of York had been recalled, probably by the Beaufort influence, and there was as usual a delay in sending out Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, a highly renowned and most excellent knight, a friend of Henry V., and who had been chosen by him as personal guardian to the young King. But Beauchamp was aged, and probably disheartened, and he found the pestilence making such inroads on his men that he could attempt nothing. He died at Rouen in 1439, whether from the prevailing disease does not appear, leaving a young son and daughter.

York was after an interval sent out again; but in the meantime an earnest attempt at pacification was made by Cardinal Beaufort, the only statesman in England, and by Isabel of Portugal, duchess of Burgundy, one of the most discreet and highly respected ladies of France. As daughter of Philippa of Lancaster, she was niece to Beaufort; and, meeting him at Gravelines, she and he arranged to obtain authority from their several governments to hold a conference on the frontier of the English territories at Calais, and to be there joined by that twenty-five years' prisoner, the Duke of Orleans, to arrange conditions of peace, which the King was now old enough to desire.

The time was fixed for the 28th of June, 1439, the Bastard of Orleans having pledged his honour that his half-brother would not try to escape if he were trusted on the Continent; and thus the gentle poet, Charles of Orleans, once more trod his native soil. Tents of great magnificence were set up on the plain between Calais and Gravelines, and thither came the stately and prudent Isabel, attended by ten great Burgundian ladies, the Bishop of Cambrai, and the Lords of Crêvecœur and Santes. The French interests were represented by Dunois and the Lord de Beaujeu, a younger son of the Duke of Bourbon, with other nobles and prelates; and on the English side came the Cardinal of Winchester, the Duke of Norfolk, and the Earl of Essex.

There was a most affectionate meeting. The brothers of Orleans had not seen one another since the elder was a stunned, broken-hearted mourner for his wife, the younger a mere boy, cherished in spite of his illegitimate birth, for his murdered father's sake, by good Duchess Valentine. Now the Duke was a grave, crushed, dreamy man of middle age; and the younger, to whom his brother now gave the county of Dunois, almost the highest among the patriotic chivalry of France. The whole of the French negotiators were a younger

CAMEO III.

Conference at Calais. 1439.

generation, not come into public life at the time that the Duke's captivity had commenced.

Chroniclers have not said much of the conference, only the instructions on either side are extant, by which it appears that the negotiations were to be conducted on the principles of hard bargaining, each side demanding a great deal more than it had any chance of obtaining, and the other side beating it down. This went on day after day till the 23rd of July, when the terms were drawn up, by which Henry VI. was to keep Calais, Guienne, and all Normandy except Mont St. Michel, and was in return to renounce the title of King of France, pay homage for these French possessions, and release his prisoners. These were no unreasonable conditions, and Beaufort agreed to them; but his absence had left the field open to Humfrey of Gloucester, whose insane pride was taken for honour by the English people; and he persuaded the King to give orders that the conference should be broken up, thus putting an end to the last chance of an honourable conclusion to the war. All the good Duchess could do was to make a truce between the Flemings and the English, such as should allow the trade in wool to proceed as usual; the poor Duke of Orleans went back to his captivity, and the reign of the Ecorcheurs began again. The whole of Northern France was the continual prey of these savages, brutalized by twenty-seven years of war, robbing from absolute want, and with neither pity nor honour. The French churches between the Seine and the Loire seldom show architecture older than the fifteenth century. They tell the tale of the devastation caused by Henry the Fifth's presumptuous endeavour to act the angel of wrath and redress the ills of the world.

But these evil days were drawing to a close, and a new influence was commencing; one which has been well said to be among the phenomena of history and of human nature.

It would have seemed probable that when a man had spent thirty-six years of his life, and reigned seventeen in the most reckless of indolent lethargies, he would have remained the same for the other moiety of life, more especially as this indifference had not been caused by the lack of stirring events, affecting him personally. Raised to the heirship of a half-conquered kingdom overrun by a foreign foe, Charles VII. had seen his mightiest relative murdered before his eyes, had been disinherited as an accomplice, proclaimed king by a mere faction, crowned by the exertions of the most wonderful heroine France ever produced, coaxed by wife, mother-in-law, and mistress, bullied by the Constable, supported by an ever-increasing party of patriots, all without rousing himself from his placid amusements; he seemed contented to be a puppet to be tossed about among opposite factions, and to be absolutely diverted at their rage, as if in some manner he sat outside the King of France and laughed at him.

But in the year 1439 a new spirit seemed to awaken in him. He ceased to be heedless of his own welfare, and made real exertions with an energy no one had expected of him. Jaques Cœur, a rich merchant

CAMEO III. *Awakening of Charles VII.* 1439.

of Bourges (where his beautiful house has survived to be the wonder and study of antiquaries), assisted him in raising money, which, instead of squandering as usual, he used in paying and freshly equipping and organizing the men-at-arms, Ecorcheurs and Routiers though they were, who had in the stress of famine sold their horses and their arms; he formed them into an army, and sent them to join the Constable de Richemont, together with his new master of artillery, Jean Bureau.

Meaux, the city whose weary siege had cost the life of Henry V., was in the hands of the English as dangerous to the French possessors of Paris as in French hands it had been to the English in the capital; and as the place had formerly been defended by a freebooting Bastard of Vaurus, so now a Bastard of Thian was the governor.

Henry V. had begun his siege by taking the Market of Meaux, or lower city, first; but Bureau, neglecting this, directed all his cannon upon the main citadel. The Duke of Somerset, and Lords Talbot, Scales, and Falconbridge, were collecting seven thousand men for the relief; but Bureau's cannon did their work more promptly than they had expected; the breach was stormed and the city taken, Thian being made prisoner within it. The garrison of the Market offered to surrender on condition that the prisoners as well as themselves should be allowed their liberty; but, by way of answer, Richemont hung De Thian, after the example of his predecessor Vaurus. The garrison on this broke off negotiations, and thus gave time to the Duke of Somerset to come up. He threw relief into the Market, and offered battle to the French, but this Richemont was too wary to accept; and, at three days' end, want of supplies forced the English army back into Normandy, and the place was taken by assault on the 13th of September, 1439, having cost the French army but half the time Henry V. had spent on it.

Already Charles VII. had made a second entry into Paris, where he was met by lamentable complaints from the soldiery against the Constable, who, they said, had them hung and drowned upon the slightest provocation. For the first time the King gave his mind to examine into the state of the case, and appeared to feel for the condition of the country. The common saying hitherto had been "that he cared no more for the war or for his people than if he had been captive among the Saracens, and that he had so many robbers about with him that he was called the fountain-head of all the thieves in Christendom." In truth, he had been hitherto so much in their hands, that he durst not shut his door against the meanest captain among them; but no one detested these rude insolent beings more than he did, and when he perceived that the peasantry and burghers were suffering more from them than from the English, and that the real gentry and nobility of France regarded them as a horrible scourge, which could not be kept in check even by the cruel severities of the Constable, he decided on energetic measures.

He convoked the States General, or council of the nation, to meet at Orleans in the October of 1439. It was a memorable occasion. Such

CAMEO III.

Meeting of the States General.
1439.

assemblies had been hitherto throughout the reign rendered impossible first by the English, and next by the Ecorcheurs, who so infested the roads that no one could leave home; but the English now only held a few fortresses beyond Normandy and Anjou, and as to the Ecorcheurs, every one felt that it was time to make an effort against them.

The assembly was therefore very considerable, though the three princely Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Brittany were only represented by their proxies; however, the nobles and prelates thronged thither, and the towns sent commissaries. All sat in the same great hall in their degrees, without the separation of houses already prevailing in England, the King on his throne presiding over them.

The Chancellor of France, the Archbishop of Rheims, set before them the subjects to be deliberated on. The first was the question of peace or war; and the proposals made on either part at Gravelines were read aloud, after which advocates were selected to argue the matter before the assembly. The Count de Vendôme and the lawyer Juvenal des Ursins spoke for peace; Dunois, La Fayette, and Rabatteau for war. The decision of the assembly was in favour of peace, and it was determined to send ambassadors in the following May to endeavour to come to terms with the English.

Next came the question of the deliverance of the kingdom from the Ecorcheurs. Richemont reasonably represented that no army could be kept in order without pay, and it was finally decreed that there should be a tax raised, such as should be sufficient to pay nine thousand soldiers at the rate of ten livres tournois per month. The pay was to pass through the hands of the captains, who held their authority direct from the King, and were responsible to him for the conduct of their men, whom they themselves selected, and might rule with an absolute power of life or death. In fact, this was the commencement of the whole modern system of the paid standing army, of which the officers hold commissions direct from the crown. These captains were in fact colonels of regiments, though these terms did not come into use till the Thirty Years' War, two centuries later. The feudal force of the realm, consisting of the higher and lesser *noblesse*, was a thing apart, only called out for a limited time at their own expense by the royal summons, although many of the greater nobles would raise their vassals and come like volunteers to serve the King; and the greater number of the mercenary captains were younger sons of the lesser nobility.

The men-at-arms were strictly forbidden to plunder the peasants or burghers, the judges had authority to punish them, and in case their captains were not strong enough to put down their excesses, the country and townspeople might rise on them and give them up to justice.

These rules seem very reasonable, but they caused a vehement outcry, not merely among the Ecorcheurs themselves, but among the nobles. Dislike to the Constable, and party spirit, no doubt actuated some of the opposition, but even the honourable names of Bourbon and Alençon, Vendôme and Dunois, were found among those who haughtily declared

CAMEO III.

War of the Praguerie. 1640.

that the King had yielded to the meaner sort, and by making soldiers and gentlemen amenable to the ignominy of being tried by law, and depriving them of their gains, he would alienate all his defenders, and lay the kingdom open to the English.

For these barbarous privileges they actually broke into open war—the War of the Praguerie it was called, because it resembled the revolt of the Hussites at Prague. That Tremouille joined them was no wonder, and they began to gather round them the most abandoned men in France, and to sack and pillage the villages. Moreover, the Dauphin Louis, now seventeen years of age, an exceedingly acute personage, very devout after the strangest fashion of devotion, and with the most crooked conscience ever owned by human creature, was flattered by their believing his father incapable of government, and, hurrying from his residence at Loches, expected to be raised to the throne by them.

Their success, however, was not what they expected. The Duke of Burgundy was entreated by his cousin of Bourbon to join in this supposed maintenance of the privileges of the army and nobility; but he made sensible answer, that nothing but this insurrection was wanting to complete the ruin of France, and of course no burgher or farmer had the least disposition to defend the privilege of robbery.

The King took the field, according to Richemont's advice, "Remember King Richard of England, and beware of getting shut up in a fortress." Richemont and Xaintrailles, with a well-disciplined army, pressed hard on them; Dunois repented and made his peace; and at last, at Moulins, they were reduced to such straits that, as the Duke of Burgundy would not let them into his dominions, they were forced to offer to submit.

Their friends who had stood faithful exerted themselves on their behalf; Alençon first submitted, and was pardoned; and then the Dauphin and the Duke of Bourbon were coming with La Tremouille and some other lords to ask the King's pardon, when a message came to them that the two princes would be welcome, but the King gave no guarantee for the safety of the rest.

Louis at once exclaimed that he would have nothing to do with a peace that was only with the chiefs and not with their party, and the Duke of Bourbon had some difficulty in bringing him on; but his scruples yielded, and the two, arriving in the King's presence, knelt down three times and asked his forgiveness.

"You are welcome, Louis," said the King satirically; "you have stayed away long; go and rest in your hotel to-day, we will speak to you."

To the Duke he spoke of having five times overlooked his rebellions, adding, "But for our honour, and love to some whom we will not name, we should have shown you the displeasure we feel."

The next day the Dauphin and the Duke interceded for La Tremouille and the rest, but Charles would only consent to let them go home unmolested, without seeing them.

CAMEO III.

The Ecorcheurs put down.

"Then, Monseigneur," cried Louis, "I must go with them, for so I promised."

"Louis," said the King, as quietly as ever, "the gates are open, and if they are not wide enough for you, I will have sixteen or twenty toises of wall knocked down, if you please."

Such an answer took away all desire of vapouring—Louis stayed quietly; and the Ecorcheurs, being deprived of the foolish support of the gentry, were vigorously encountered wherever they began to plunder, and were given up to justice.

One of the worst and most presumptuous of all, Alexandre, Bastard of Bourbon, was caught in the fact, brought before the provost-marshal, tied up in a sack and thrown into the Aube, an example that at last struck terror into the plunderers; and from that time a spirit began to arise in the French army which made many of its members in the latter part of the century models of chivalry.

From this year, 1440, though the war was not over, the reign of the Ecorcheurs was at an end; and the dry bones of the French monarchy ceased from its mere convulsive struggles, and really lived and grew, in proportion to the decay of the English sovereignty.

CAMEO IV.

THE INNOCENT KING.

(1435—1442.)

King of England.
1422. Henry VI.

Kings of Scotland.
1406. James I.
1437. James II.

King of France.
1422. Charles VII.

King of Spain.
1406. Juan II.

Emperors of Germany.
1411. Sigismund.
1438. Albert II.
1442. Frederick III.

Pope.
1431. Eugenius IV.

CAMEO IV.

Character of Henry VI.

ALL the time that Henry the Fifth's legacy of war was raging in France, his only child was growing up in England, in a sweet, dreamy, gentle, pious life, little disturbed by the fierce turmoils that passed around him.

Apparently there was no deficiency of understanding in Henry; he made good progress in all branches of study, thought much, and loved books and poetry; and he had a deep love for his people, and sense of duty derived from his fervent love of God, which could not but result in love of his neighbour. His piety was intense; he was never so happy as when in prayer or meditation, and he was probably one of those happy persons, few in any station, but fewest of all on the throne, who never knowingly committed a sin. A king ere he could speak, an orphan in his earliest years, surrounded by fierce unscrupulous statesmen, his education would have seemed such as to ensure evil results, as the like situation had done with his grandfather Charles VI., whose very constitution he inherited; and yet, such was the grace that was with the young Henry, none of these dangerous surroundings seem ever to have hurt his purity, meekness, and humility. Indeed, as we have seen, his training had not been soft or indulgent. At seven years old he had been placed in the hands of Richard Beauchamp, the Good Earl of Warwick, with full powers of discipline, even of personal correction, which the Earl used so freely that the poor child was moved to entreat the Council of Regency to interfere. The Good Earl had probably formed his notions of management on wild, high-spirited young pages. He would also, no doubt, have striven to drive the boy when he could not lead him to martial fervour, and it is certain that Henry regarded his tutor with more fear than love.

CAMEO IV.

Reception in London of Henry VI.

In his ninth year his uncle of Bedford sent for the royal child for his coronation at Paris, and kept him for some time with him at Rouen. On the young King's return he was received in London by a wonderful pageant, beginning with a giant on a drawbridge, and then representing all manner of allegorical maidens, the first seven of whom thus sang :—

> "God thee endow with crowne of glorie,
> And with the sceptre of cleanness and pitie;
> And with a sword of might and victorie,
> And with a mantell of prudence clad thou be;
> A shield of faith for to defend thee;
> An helm of health wrought to thine encrease,
> Girt with a girdle of love and parfite peace."

The pageant conducted him to St. Paul's; and similar splendours adorned his return to his palace. Warwick seems to have been displeased with the persons who surrounded his charge, for in November 1432 he requested the Council to give him authority to appoint or dismiss the members of the royal household, to forbid strangers speaking with the King save in the presence of one of the four knights of the body, and to remove him from place to place at his own judgment. Also he requested the Council to admonish the King to be obedient, and to engage to support him (the Earl) should the King conceive a dislike to him.

The boy's chief companions seem to have been Gilles, the second son of the Duke of Brittany, and his own two half-brothers, Edmund and Jasper Tudor, whom Queen Catherine, on her death in 1437, most piteously entrusted to his charge. Both they and their father, Owen Tudor, were much attached to him, and served him faithfully.

The gentler influences of his court must have been chiefly monastic, for of ladies there were few. In the year 1436 the young widow of Bedford, Jaquette de Luxemburg, was found to have become the wife of her handsome groom, Sir Richard Woodville. He was at first imprisoned for his audacity, but was afterwards released, and created Baron Rivers. The Duchess of Gloucester was detested for her pride and avarice, and Henry lived chiefly either with statesmen or with clergy, and was evidently kept back from becoming acquainted with public business.

At fourteen, Henry made an urgent entreaty to the Council to be allowed to be present at its sittings and learn how affairs were conducted, but the answer he obtained is on record, and informs him that though he is as well "endowed with understanding and feeling as ever they saw and knew in any prince, nevertheless to quit them truly to God, to the King, and to his people, they dare not take upon them to put him in conceit or opinion that he is yet endowed with so great feeling, knowledge, and wisdom, the which must in great part grow of experience, nor with so great foresight and discretion to separate and choose, namely, in matters of great weight and difficulty, what is expedient and behoveful to him and his people, from what might be prejudicial, perilous, or harmful." Therefore the Council chose to exclude him even from learning the art

CAMEO IV.

Henry admitted to the Council.

of government. As the document was not signed by the Duke of Gloucester, it is most probable that he had encouraged if not prompted his nephew's petition, in the hope of obtaining a fresh influence against Bishop Beaufort.

At seventeen, Henry renewed his entreaty to be allowed to sit in the Council, and this time the very reasonable request could hardly be set aside, though still he was almost discouraged from attendance, and told he need never come unless it pleased him, although he was to be permitted to pardon criminals, to present to benefices, and to decide in all matters where the minority in the Council was above a third. This arrangement lasted till he was of age, and by that time it would seem that he had made up his mind that, of the two parties who divided the Council, the most to be trusted was the peace party headed by Beaufort rather than the war party headed by Gloucester.

All the popularity was, however, with the latter. To the people, Henry Beaufort appeared the proud, ambitious statesman-bishop, living a life of worldly aims such as the Lollards had taught the people to disapprove in a churchman, lording it over his superiors in the English hierarchy in virtue of his Roman cardinalate, endeavouring to destroy the glory of England in order to save the money that he was supposed to hoard. Ambitious no doubt he was; licentious he had been in early youth; but at present, in his mature age, he does seem to have been wisely and soberly anxious for the real good of the King and country; and his wealth was continually advanced to serve the impoverished treasury, as well as laid out in alms, and in adorning his cathedral and his favourite hospital of St. Cross. If he erred at this time, it was from his undue eagerness to put forward his nephew, the Earl of Somerset, and his family; but his inability to do real good was the effect of his earlier sins. The King seems to have been much attached to him, and spent a good deal of time with him, at Winchester, examining into the working of the statutes of William of Wykeham for his college of St. Mary, Winchester. It was the dearest wish of the young King's heart to carry out the plan of his great father, Henry V., of founding such another pair of places of education as Wykeham's colleges at Winchester and Oxford; and in the year 1440 his desires began to come to good effect, when he founded his college of Eton, on the banks of the Thames, close under the towers of his beloved birth-place, Windsor Castle, so that he could constantly watch over and superintend the progress, first of the buildings and then of the scholars, who as they grew up were transferred to his other establishment of King's College at Cambridge; both being endowed out of alien priories confiscated in his father's time. Other boys, sons of gentlemen and nobles, soon began to take advantage of the facilities for studies that were provided for the King's own scholars; and thus it was that to one of the English kings whom the world most underrates and despises is owing that mighty institution which has done so much towards forming the very highest stamp of our national character. William of Waynflete, a Wykehamist, was the first Provost

CAMEO IV.

Description of Henry VI.

of Eton, and was frequently in consultation with the King, by whom he was greatly beloved.

This is the character of Henry given by one Blackman, a Carthusian monk. The following particulars are taken from his account :—

"He was a man of pure simplicity of mind, without the least deceit or falsehood; he did nothing by trick, he always spoke truth, and performed every promise he made: he never knowingly would do an injury to any one; he made rectitude and justice the rule of his public conduct.

"He was very devout and fond of religion; he disliked the sports and business of the world, he thought them frivolous; he loved to read the Scriptures and the old chronicles; he was assiduous in prayer; he was fond of exhorting his friends and visitors, and especially young men, to avoid vice, to pursue virtue, and to attach themselves to piety. His demeanour was peculiarly reverential; he would sit indifferently down, or walk about as was then the fashion, but with an uncovered head and bent knees, or with his hands raised to heaven, he performed earnestly his devotions, and meditated deeply within as the Scriptures were being read.

"He would not allow swords or spears to be brought into church, nor contracts to be made nor conversations to be carried on there.

"He was in the habit of sending epistles of advice to many of his clergy, full of moral exhortations, to the amazement of many. A bishop who had been his confessor for ten years declared that he knew nothing wrong—confessed only venial faults.

"He delighted in female modesty, and when he saw some young gentlewomen dancing in dresses which left their necks uncovered, he turned away to his room, exclaiming, 'Fie, fie, for shame; forsooth ye are to blame.'

"He was very liberal to the poor: he never oppressed those subject to him with immoderate exactions, as other great men did, but he was fond of living among them as a father among his children. His kindness of feeling was so great, that, hearing that a person of his household had been robbed, he sent him twenty nobles, with an admonition to take more care of his property, but with a request not to prosecute the thief. When the scholars from his college at Eton came to Windsor Castle on a visit to some of his servants, he was fond of going to them and giving them moral exhortations to be steadily virtuous. He usually added a present of money, with this sort of address: 'Be good lads, meek and docile, and attend to your religion.' But he did not like to see them at court, from his dread of their being contaminated by the dissolute examples of his courtiers.

"His dress was plain; he would not wear the up-pointed horn-like toes then in fashion. He frequently rebuked lords for their violent oaths. His only affirmations were, 'Forsooth and forsooth.'

"Coming one day from St. Alban's to Cripplegate, he saw a quarter of a man impaled upon a stake there for treason. He was greatly shocked, and exclaimed, 'Take it away; I will not have any Christian of noble birth so cruelly treated on my account.' Having heard that four gentlemen of noble birth were about to suffer for treason to him, he sent his pardon with an earnest expedition to the place of their punishment. During Sundays they were always subjected to devotion and to corresponding reading. His other days were passed in some public business, or in reading the Scriptures or history, to which he was greatly attached. In all the Church preferment that he gave he was very careful to select proper persons.

"He was very affectionate to his two maternal brothers, and had them carefully brought up under the most honest and virtuous ecclesiastics."

All this time, however, the nation's devotion was to "Good Duke Humfrey," as they loved to call Gloucester. He must have had all the charm of address for which Henry V. was so remarkable; and he was certainly a man of much ability, well read, and a great patron of learned men. He had studied at Balliol College, and is said to have been the first to found at Oxford that library which bears the name of the Bodleian from its great benefactor Sir Thomas Bodley. An historian who bore the ambitious name of Titus Livius was regarded as his poet and orator; the first English book of heraldry was published by Sir Nicolas Upton under his auspices; and the poet Lydgate, who translated Boccaccio's

CAMEO IV.

Liberation of the Duke of Orleans.

"Fall of Princes" by his command, cannot say enough in his praise, not only because

> "His courage never doth appall,
> To studie in booke of antiquitie;
> But because as a statesman he is
> Eyed as Argus with reason and foresight."

It is on the authority of Sir Thomas More that Shakespeare gives the droll scene where Gloucester convicts Simcox, the pretended hero of a false miracle at St. Alban's shrine, by an examination into the too perfect familiarity with the aspect of colours, black and red, cloaks and gowns, disproving his having been blind from his birth, and then, by a threat of a flogging, himself curing his lameness. It is no unlikely scene, for Gloucester had little love for monks or miracles, and no doubt gladly disabused his nephew's facile credulity.

Gloucester's private life was corrupt and disgraceful; but though his English admirers were severe on both his very questionable wives, Jaqueline and Eleanor, they seem to have overlooked all guilt on his part, and passionately espoused his cause against the Beauforts.

He was as unwilling that the war should cease as the Cardinal was that it should continue, and the English policy fluctuated according to which of them could lead a majority of the Council, or talk over the King. The liberation of the Duke of Orleans became the great point of debate. Taken at Agincourt, he had been a captive ever since, and had only visited his native country for those conferences so abruptly broken off at the instance of Gloucester. Orleans was a very clever man, and, besides his graceful poems on the death of his wife, our little Queen Isabel, he wrote political poems, which show much observation, and that not of a favourable kind, on his English captors. He continued eagerly to represent to the King and Council that on his return he would do his utmost to obtain a lasting peace, which, Henry being of age, could now be concluded and ratified by a marriage with a French princess. Gloucester violently protested against releasing Orleans; Beaufort as strongly pleaded his cause. Henry bade them both send him their opinions in writing, and decided in the captive's favour. He was to pay a ransom of twenty thousand nobles, and a chivalrous colour was given to the transaction by professing that he was granted to the intercession of Isabel of Portugal, the Duchess of Burgundy.

This was the best mode of gratifying Duke Philippe, who liked to believe himself a sort of umpire in the great game of chivalry, as it was the fashion to talk of war, while all the time it had become very earnest gambling for gain and plunder. However, Orleans' ransom was fixed at two hundred thousand crowns, of which forty thousand were to be paid at once on his liberation; the rest was guaranteed by the French princes to be produced at ten months' end.

On the 3rd November, 1440, the Duke of Orleans took leave of Henry VI. at Westminster, and, under the escort of John Cornwallis, set forth for Calais. At Gravelines he met the Duchess of Burgundy, into whose

CAMEO IV.

Influence of William de la Pole with Henry VI.

hands he was given up; and soon after the Duke of Burgundy arrived, and the two cousins embraced in the most affectionate manner, and Orleans swore to observe the treaty of Arras. Then, going to St. Omer, he married, on the 28th of November, the Demoiselle de Cleves, niece to the Duke of Burgundy; he was made a Knight of the Golden Fleece with all the splendour befitting that magnificent order; and at the end of twenty-five years' absence he entered Paris with his bride, and repaired to his own estates.

Still, in spite of this concession, peace was at a great distance. Charles VII., in his fresh access of vigour, besieged Pontoise with his whole force. The Duke of York, with Lord Talbot and Sir Richard Woodville, endeavoured to relieve it, crossing the Oise on boats made of boiled leather, and did their utmost to bring on a battle; but this Charles avoided, and, according to the best tactics, held them at bay, so that their money and provisions were consumed, and they were forced to retreat into Normandy.

The next year Charles marched into Gascony, and there gained several successes; and in the summer he sent the Dauphin to relieve Dieppe, which was besieged by Talbot, who had just been created Earl of Shrewsbury by Henry VI. Louis succeeded in breaking up the siege just before the Duke of Somerset arrived with reinforcements.

It was one of the greatest misfortunes of the English in France, that ever since Bedford's death there had been a continual change of Protectors there, according as Gloucester or Beaufort prevailed in the Council. When Duke Humfrey had the upper hand, Richard of York led the English troops; when Cardinal Henry could lead the majority, John of Somerset was governor; and what was worse, each party always hindered proper support from being sent to the rival representative abroad, and thus the valour of Shrewsbury, Suffolk, and their brave men was cruelly wasted, while an implacable hatred grew up between York and Somerset.

The King, as he grew older, showed increasing inclination to the peaceful party, among whom William de la Pole, earl of Suffolk, was becoming a leading influence. Descended from a great Hull merchant who had greatly assisted Edward III. in his money matters, De la Pole had become head of his family by the death of two brothers in France, and was married to Alice Chaucer, granddaughter to the poet; he was himself a gallant and chivalrous captain, and from his knowledge of war was convinced of the hopelessness of maintaining the struggle. Gloucester hated him bitterly; but Gloucester, with all his graces, was beginning to be distrusted. The populace had always resented his disgraceful marriage with Eleanor Cobham, and the lady herself appears to have been a clever but foolish woman, who gave great offence to the nobility by assuming royal airs, and never forgot that her husband was next heir to the delicate and as yet unmarried King.

In June 1443 there was a great scandal. It was declared that Roger Bolingbroke, the Duchess of Gloucester's own chaplain, had, together with two other clerks, and one Margery Jourdemain, called the Witch of Eye,

CAMEO IV.

The Duchess of Gloucester accused of sorcery.

compounded for the Duchess an image of wax in the likeness of the King, which was to be slowly roasted before the fire, causing its unfortunate model to pine and decay simultaneously with it!

Margery had been in trouble about witchcraft ten years before, but had been released on her husband giving bail. Bolingbroke was a very learned man, deep in the sciences of astronomy and chemistry, and in those times the former study was sure to be linked with astrology, while chemistry was closely allied to alchemy, and therewith came magic. The lines had not been defined between the natural and the supernatural; and the spiritual and demoniacal worlds were felt to be so close that those who dealt in occult sciences often deemed the wonderful results they could not trace to be wrought by such agencies, then made incantations, and attempted the impossible, always with a sense of the unlawful, since magic was forbidden by the most stringent commands of the Church.

Gloucester, out of opposition to Beaufort, had not been unfavourable to the Lollards; Eleanor, a kinswoman of the wife of Sir John Oldcastle, had had her submission to the Church unsettled; and Bolingbroke likewise was suspected of Lollardism. On examination of his abode, the trappings of a sorcerer were discovered; and the unfortunate man was arrayed in this strange fantastic garb and placed on a platform at St. Paul's Cross, sitting in a chair, with a sword in one hand and a sceptre in the other, and on each corner of the chair a sword, on whose point was a copper image.

On hearing of this exposure, the Duchess of Gloucester withdrew into the Sanctuary at Westminster, but was obliged to come forth to be confronted with her chaplain.

On the trial, he declared that it had been at her instigation that he had studied magic; and it further appeared that she had dealt with Margery Jourdemain for love potions to secure Duke Humfrey's affections, and that of late she had caused spells to be cast to discover how long the King would live, and what her own future station would be, and then had followed the making of the waxen image.

Bolingbroke was hung and quartered at Tyburn, denying that he had attempted anything against the King's life, but confessing that he had been guilty of the black art, which was no doubt an exceeding temptation to these early inquirers into science. The wonderful results produced by certain combinations would no doubt appear the work of spirits, and the next step to conscious invocation of them was but too easy. Clairvoyance and mesmerism, whatever they may be (and our naming them has by no means explained or justified their mysteries), were then regarded as the produce of sorcery, and formed the temptation of the inquirer and the allurement of the weak; who both alike regarded them as connected with evil spirits, and therefore dealt with them sinfully because against their conscience. Of the two other clergymen, one died in prison, and the other was pardoned; while the two women were tried before an ecclesiastical court, at which Archbishop Chicheley presided, but held back from active measures, which were chiefly taken by Cardinal Beaufort.

CAMBD IV.

Penance of the Duchess of Gloucester.

Margery Jourdemain, as a relapsed witch, could hope for no mercy, and was burnt. The Duchess was arraigned on twenty-four points; she confessed some and denied others, but after hearing the testimony of some of the witnesses she withdrew her plea, and commended herself to the mercy of the court.

The condemnation was meant for mercy, but it must have been terribly galling to the proud woman who had aimed at royalty. She was to walk bare-headed and bare-footed, with a taper in her hand, as penance, through the streets of London, and afterwards her disgrace was to be hidden in the wild and distant Isle of Man, which was then a tiny kingdom, whereof Thomas, Baron Stanley, was the crowned king.

Shakespeare has a most effective scene, in which Duke Humfrey, in a mourning cloak, comes out to watch and soothe his unhappy lady's penance :—

> "Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
> To tread them with her tender-feeling feet!
> Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind endure
> The abject people gazing on thy face
> With envious looks and laughing at thy shame,
> That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
> When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets."

This bitterness must have been infinitely increased by the long-standing dislike of the London women to the Duchess. May only those who had once petitioned against her have held back from taunting her in her misery!

Gloucester seems to have stood free from all suspicion of being concerned in his wife's guilt, and to have retained his place at the Council board, as well as in the affections of the English, who regarded him as the victim of Eleanor's love-potions.

CAMEO V.

GLOUCESTER AND BEAUFORT.

(1442—1447.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1437. James II.	1422. Charles VII.	1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1442. Frederick III.	1431. Eugenius IV.

CAMEO V.

Plans for the marriage of Henry.

THE gentle Henry VI. had grown, almost unawares, to man's estate; he was past twenty, and his marriage was felt to be the best means either of clenching a peace or of securing allies in France.

The first notion of the peace party had been that Henry should become the husband of one of his first-cousins, the daughter of Charles VII., but this had been dropped, and was not renewed, very possibly because Henry was likely to have scruples about marrying within the degrees forbidden by the Church. Meantime, the King of France, by his vigorous measures against the Ecorcheurs, had alienated the Count of Armagnac, the son of the original head and name-father of the patriotic party, and Gloucester wished to win him to the English party by making his daughter Queen of England, and of such part of France as might yet be held. A painter named Hans was even sent to bring the young King portraits of the three demoiselles of Armagnac, whom the King desired to have "painted in their kirtles simple," but the likenesses never came; and probably, though Armagnac might indulge in a little disaffection, he would have stopped short of such barefaced treason as joining the English would have been. At any rate, he was overcome by the Dauphin Louis, and forced to submit.

Lord Suffolk had in the meantime another pacific alliance in view, which should connect the King with the most really faithful family of the French blood royal, to whom the Queen of France belonged, namely, the House of Anjou. The cause was well served by an Angevin gentleman named Champchevrier, who was prisoner to Sir John Fastolfe, the hero of the "Herrings" and the runaway of Jargeau, but was allowed to frequent the court, where the King delighted to listen to his accounts of the gifted family of Anjou, whose true history was all one romance.

CAMEO V.

Marguerite of Anjou.

King René's young daughter Marguerite had spent from her seventh to her fourteenth year in the lovely Bay of Naples, beneath the shadow of Vesuvius, amid the agitations of a doubtful war, and yet all the time educated by masters who cultivated her high talents and ardent imagination with the most brilliant effect, so that she was even at fourteen regarded as the most beautiful, witty, accomplished, and fearless maiden in France. She appears to have been a true Carlovingian in appearance, delicately fair, with long golden hair and sparkling blue eyes, and of the small stature and slender exquisitely proportioned frame that often accompanies the highest spirit. All were enchanted with her, and the Sieur de Champchevrier could find no more pleasing theme for the young King of England than her beauty and accomplishments, and the pure untainted honour of her father.

Both Cardinal Beaufort and the Earl of Suffolk were well pleased that the King's mind should take this direction. Shakespeare has indeed made Suffolk take Marguerite captive at Angers, and become smitten by her charms; but this is an invention of his own, and likewise an anachronism, as he places it in the time of Jeanne of Arc, who suffered when Marguerite was three years old. It was agreed that Champchevrier should go to Lorraine and procure a likeness of the young lady, and he received a safe-conduct from the King. But Sir John Fastolfe, whose property the prisoner was, being a partisan of Gloucester's, was not let into the secret, and naturally thought Champchevrier a recreant who had run away unransomed. Therefore the Duke of Gloucester, at his instance, wrote to the King of France demanding redress; and as this was a point of national honour, Charles VII. had Champchevrier seized and brought before him. Then in self-justification the prisoner showed his credentials, explained his mission, and was encouraged by all means to proceed with it. On his return, King Henry himself paid the ransom to Fastolfe, and sent him off again to Lorraine, still keeping the secret, much to the annoyance of Gloucester, who felt his power fast slipping from between his fingers.

There still stood in the way an act passed in one of Henry the Fifth's parliaments, denouncing heavy penalties on the man who should venture to conclude a treaty of peace with France without the consent of the three estates of the realm; and when Henry commissioned Suffolk to meet the Duke of Orleans at Tours and arrange preliminaries, the statesman procured from the King a paper approved by parliament, authorizing him to conduct the treaty to the best of his ability, and promising him pardon beforehand for any errors of judgment he might make. The commissioners then met at Tours, and began by concluding a truce for twenty-two months, to give time for the peace to be concluded. The first difficulty was the poverty of René, for not only had he no dowry to give his daughter, but moreover her suitor actually had possession of his dukedoms of Maine and Anjou. The French represented that it was scarcely courteous to ask for the lady without yielding these up to her father, and as they were evidently the price of peace, Suffolk consented

CAMEO V.

Suffolk sent to bring the Queen home.

to yield them up; René's brother, Charles, duke of Maine by title, was eventually to receive the City of Le Mans, on condition that he should not immediately proclaim the concession. All this being arranged, Suffolk returned to England with the terms. The Council, where Henry Beaufort and Suffolk outweighed Gloucester's influence, accepted the terms; Suffolk was created a marquis, and England retained Normandy and Gascony alone out of her French possessions. It was better than wasting blood and treasure and fostering ferocity in both nations, but that very ferocity and passionate pride influenced Gloucester's party as they murmured over this renunciation of the cradle of the Plantagenets, hated the young bride already for what she had cost, and accused Suffolk of the worst of motives in making the treaty. The spirit of the country is expressed in the words in which Shakespeare, by one of his anachronisms, makes the Queen complain of the haughtiness of poor Eleanor Cobham, whose downfall he places subsequently to the King's marriage, that he may very unjustly charge it on Margaret:—

> "She vaunted 'mongst her minions tother day,
> The very train of her worst wearing gown
> Was better worth than all my father's realms,
> Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter."

Sullenly did the English nation await the coming of their young king's beautiful young bride, whom they imagined to have been gained at the sacrifice of the national honour by the intrigues of Beaufort and Suffolk.

Meantime, Suffolk and his wife were decorated with the newly-imported title of Marquis and Marchioness, unmeaning in their case, since the term only meant Count of the Borders, and in the English tongue the frontier lords had been Earls of March. However, the object was to give him rank enough to espouse the Lady Margaret as proxy for his sovereign, and bring her to England. His wife, with Lady Shrewsbury and Lady Emma de Scales, accompanied him; and the wedding was performed, Oct. 28, 1444, at Nancy, in the presence of Charles VII., his queen, the young Dauphiness, daughter of James I. of Scotland, her sister Isabel (married to the Duke of Brittany), and almost all that was princely in France.

The bride was only fifteen, and the proxy for the bridegroom was old enough to be her grandfather; nor did he take any part in the eight days' tournament that ensued, though even the King jousted in the lists, with the fairy Melusina on his shield!

At this tournament appeared in disguise young Ferry de Vaudémont, to whom Marguerite's sister Yolande had been betrothed in infancy, after the Battle of Bullègneville, but who had been resumed by her family when better days came. The young people, however, had given their hearts to one another, and Ferry was resolved to steal his bride if he could not obtain her from her father. The plot came to light, and René was at first very angry; but intercession was made, his daughter's tears, and the romance of the thing touched his heart, and he consented to the marriage. It seemed to matter little whom Yolande married, as she

CAMEO V.

Henry married.

then had a gallant young brother, but long ere King René's death her children were his only descendants.

The young Margaret remained at Nancy till the spring, for there was really no means of sending her to England till her royal bridegroom should furnish supplies, for which he was obliged to summon a parliament. Very humiliating it must have been, considering how much the wedding was disliked; and, though a grant was made, Henry was obliged to pawn both the crown jewels and his own to meet the expenses of her journey and reception.

In March 1445 she at length set forth, the King of France parting with her two leagues from Nancy, her father at Bar, and her brother at Rouen, all with great sorrow. She landed in a terrible storm at Porchester, very unwell; and though she was afterwards taken by water to Southampton, it was only to be there detained by a serious attack of illness of an eruptive kind. Her recovery afforded time for the making of her wardrobe; and in full beauty and splendour she met the King at Titchfield, and was wedded to him on the 22d of April, 1445.

She was just fifteen, and her beauty and grace at first subdued all hearts. Crowds came thronging to admire and welcome the goodly young pair, and every one wore her badge, the Daisy. Even the Duke of Gloucester came forth to meet her, at Blackheath, and feasted her in his palace at Greenwich; and Cardinal Beaufort was delighted with her bright intelligence, and treated her with much affection and confidence, perceiving perhaps that she had greater force of character than the King, and trusting to her to be the chief guide of his counsels when he himself should be removed by old age or death.

It was, however, a further misfortune for Margaret that she should be thus connected with one so unpopular as the Cardinal; and the dislike of the nation to her lineage, to Suffolk, and to Beaufort, was continually rebounding from one to the other. For two years, however, the Cardinal was prime minister, and well supported by Kemp, Archbishop of York, and now also a cardinal, as well as by the Marquis of Suffolk; and, with the King's goodwill and the Queen's influence on his side, he was far more powerful, and met with less substantial opposition, than ever before.

He was raised to the rank of Duke, as were also Humfrey Stafford, earl of Buckingham, and Henry Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, with leave to wear a circlet of gold; and to this latter nobleman, son of the King's old tutor, Henry granted the curious honour of being King of the Isle of Wight as Lord Stanley was King of Man, crowning him with his own hand. But this kinglet did not survive his coronation a year, and died, leaving one little daughter, who lived but four years. These dukedoms were both conferred in right of a drop of Edward the Third's blood, as Buckingham's mother was daughter to Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, and young Warwick's mother, Isabel Despenser, was the only child of Constance, daughter to Edmund of Langley, duke of York; and another duke (of a creation somewhat older) was Henry

CAMEO V.

Death of Gloucester.
1447.

Holland, grandson to the Black Prince's stepson, Sir John Holland, who became Duke of Exeter.

In 1447 occurred a most mysterious affair. Parliament was summoned to meet on the 10th of February, not at Westminster, but at Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk's own county. Commands were issued that the knights of the shire should come armed, and private orders were sent to the country-people to assemble and protect the King. They came, poor creatures, and having no shelter provided for them, lay about in the hedges on the winter night, so that many are said to have died of the cold. Henry himself arrived with a strong escort, and the Duke of Gloucester came from his castle at Devizes. On the following day, the 11th of February, parliament was opened, and the first proceeding took every one by surprise.

Lord Beaumont, the High Constable of England, supported by Edmund Beaufort, duke of Somerset, and Humfrey Stafford, earl of Buckingham, stood forth and impeached Humfrey, duke of Gloucester, of high treason. No one seems to have spoken in the Duke's defence, and he was placed in close custody, while his thirty-two attendants were also imprisoned. On the very day of his arrest his knights and squires were meeting in arms at Devizes, and setting off to join him at Bury; but they were arrested, and it was made known that the crime he was accused of was a plot to raise a force to rescue his duchess and to kill the King. Before, however, he could be brought to trial, on the morning of the 28th of February, he was found dead in his bed.

It was a most curious coincidence with the fate of his great-uncle, Thomas, duke of Gloucester; and the entire nation in like manner regarded his fate as a murder committed because it was not safe to bring him to trial. Every chronicler speaks of him as either starved, strangled, or smothered between two feather-beds; for no marks of violence were visible on his corpse when it was exposed to the sight of the people of Bury. The only exception was Wheatamstede, the Abbot of St. Alban's, in whose church he was buried, and who declares he died of grief and dismay. This is now viewed as the right conjecture; Gloucester was the last of a short-lived family, and himself of frail health, damaged by excess. He was fiercely passionate, and the sudden collapse of his power was sure to have affected him violently. Such a death is infinitely more probable than the guess that charged a murder on a gallant soldier like Suffolk, or a wary, tried, and now religious prelate like Beaufort, and still more preposterously on a girl of seventeen years old like Margaret, instigated by that generous knight-errant her father, who had given up a kingdom rather than make the people suffer for his sake.

And acquitting all of Duke Humfrey's murder, next comes the question whether his impeachment was justifiable. On this there can be no answer. Of the knights and squires arrested at Devizes, five were tried in the next July, and sentenced to die the death of traitors; but in the meantime gentle Henry had heard a sermon upon forgiveness from a noted preacher named Worthington, and he insisted on pardoning them,

"seeing that the hand of God had touched and stricken those who had been disloyal to him." They were therefore only half hanged, cut down, had the lines for quartering them traced by the hangman's knife, and only then were told of their pardon; a form of tender mercy which probably was quite alien to the King's intentions.

It is plain, however, that Henry really believed in his uncle's guilt, and that he had verily died "by the visitation of God," and on the whole it would seem likely that Gloucester may have been engaged in some intrigue for obtaining the restoration of his wife and the downfall of his enemies; and though intending nothing against his nephew, he may very possibly have intended to compel him to declare York the next heir instead of Somerset—a matter which was most important while the young King and Queen, as well as Gloucester himself, were childless. The plot may have reached the ears of Beaufort and Suffolk in an exaggerated form, and their precautions had this miserable result—not that Gloucester was himself a great loss, for he had always been selfish, turbulent, and wrong-headed, but he was the idol of the nation; his death brought terrible suspicion on all of the hostile party, and his removal made the rivalry between York and Somerset a matter of vital importance.

His supporters at every parliament for long after continued to make motions for the reversal of his attainder, but the King always refused his assent as long as he was a free agent.

Cardinal Beaufort had assuredly no part in his nephew's fall, for he was far away at Winchester, lying sick in his palace of Wolvesey, spending his time in religious exercises, one of which was the performance beforehand of those rites for the repose of his soul which would follow his death, and accompany his burial in that beautiful chantry in Winchester Cathedral where, beneath an open marble canopy, he lies in his scarlet hat and robes, his hands joined in prayer, and his fine grave Plantagenet face seeming like a silent protest against the popular belief that when he died on the 11th of April, 1447, six weeks after Gloucester, it was with foolish lamentations that his money could not purchase life, and in agonies of remorse for his machinations against his nephew.

Shakespeare's version of this story is a fearful one, where the tender-hearted King stands appalled at the dying Cardinal's self-accusing ravings, and watches him "die and make no sign;" but Shakespeare went by the prejudiced old chroniclers, and further altered them that he might bring his grand moral constantly into keeping, and show the doom of the House of Lancaster worked out by the sins and crimes that brought woe upon the "meek usurper's holy head."

Crimes there were indeed, but not of so black a dye or so entirely on one side as he would make them; and he was especially mistaken in imagining that Suffolk was in any way enamoured of the Queen. He was merely the prime minister, a personage not then recognized by the nation, who expected the King to carry on the whole government himself, and if he did not, stigmatized his chief adviser as a favourite. In this case, Henry's sweetness, piety, and charity made him too much the darling

CAMEO V.

Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester.

of the people for them to blame him, but their wrath fell upon the French Queen, whom they detested, not only for the loss of Anjou, but from that instinct that always turns public feeling against any woman who has the misfortune to have a higher spirit than her husband.

William of Waynflete became Bishop of Winchester instead of Beaufort, and received several visits from the King, who made rich gifts to the College Chapel whenever he prayed there. Once it was "his second best robe lined with sable," another time "a rich tabernacle of gold."

This is a period when regular history is very confused, and the old English chroniclers are so evidently prejudiced that it is not possible to follow their estimate of characters or of motives, since these are apt absolutely to contradict the original documents still preserved. However, the general use of paper and the increased amount of education greatly augmented the number of contemporary writings, and the first complete private correspondence in existence in England dates from this reign. It is that of a family in Norfolk, named Paston, of the rank expressed by the term "gentlemen of blood and coat armour," owning a landed estate, but expecting their sons to provide for themselves by legal or military attainments. Sir William Paston was a judge, commonly called the Good Judge. John Paston, his son, was also a lawyer, and resided much in London, and the chief of the earlier letters are between him and his wife Margaret, a spirited, managing dame, and a somewhat strict governor of her large family, of whom oddly enough the two eldest sons were both named John. They were interested in the county families around them, both parties being apparently friends to the Duke of Suffolk, and also to that client of Gloucester's, Sir John Fastolfe, whose estate at Caister lay near theirs. One daughter of old Sir William Paston was placed in the family of Lady de la Pole, evidently a relative of Suffolk, there to practise needlework. The whole is a remarkable picture of family life at the period, and often throws light on popular opinion and public events.

CAMEO VI.

THE LOSS OF NORMANDY.

(1445—1450.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1437. James II.	1422. Charles VII.	1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1442. Frederick III.	1431. Eugenius IV.
	1447. Nicholas V.

THE truce that had been made on the King's marriage did not result in the peace that had been so much desired. No doubt Henry VI. sincerely wished for it, but he possessed little command over his own great nobles, and could not enforce the fulfilment of the conditions; while on the other hand France was every hour rallying, and could only look for advantage in a renewal of the contest.

Yet the court of France was in a strange divided state. The father and son, Charles VII. and Louis the Dauphin, could not live together. All went well indeed while Louis was in command of an expedition against the Swiss, in which he was brilliantly successful, but no sooner had he returned than his restlessness, his keen-edged bitterness of spirit, and impatience of all that controlled him, began to make life at court intolerable both to him and to all who came in contact with him.

No one was more to be pitied than his young wife, Margaret of Scotland. She had been married to him when he was sixteen and she twelve years of age; and she seems, poor thing, to have inherited in no small measure the intellect and poetical temperament of her father, James I. She would have been happier, it may be, if, like her sister Isabel, she could have been pronounced "perfect indeed in form, but as to mind or understanding, without a particle." Such was really the description of Isabel Stewart brought home by the commissioners who were sent by John V., duke of Brittany, to choose a wife for his son François among the many daughters of the murdered James I. The old Duke replied, "Bring her by all means. I want no woman who will meddle in state affairs. It is enough if a wife have wit enough to know her husband's shirt from his ruffle." Poor Margaret was no meddler in politics, but her intellect brought her only misery.

CAMEO VI.

Margaret's tastes.

Neglected by her husband, or stung by his irony, the young girl lived in a world of her own, and such a world as befitted the first-born child of the minstrel King and his nightingale of Windsor. She delighted in those who could relate to her adventures of chivalry, or describe noble achievements; and when she found that Louis only scoffed at such sentiments, her sensitive vehemence led her to follow her impulses unchecked. At a tournament she singled out a poor knight adventurer in shabby armour and equipments, and sent him from her own purse three hundred crowns. And when one day she saw the King's secretary, the poet Alain Chartier, asleep on a couch, she bent down and kissed his lips, saying to the ladies who rebuked her that she kissed not the man, but the mouth that had uttered such lovely words. She took long walks, and used to sit up half the night writing ballads and rondeaux; but the same pleasures that had been the solace of her father at Windsor were fatal to her at Bourges.

The King and Queen both loved her tenderly, as did her younger ladies; but she, in her own words, "feared the Dauphin more than any other being on earth." No children were born to her; and when she was in her twentieth year, a cruel intrigue—probably excited by her husband—was prepared to ruin her reputation, and lead to a divorce.

Jamet de Tillay, Bailli de Vermandois, was the ostensible mover. He found her one evening at nine o'clock, among all the ladies, lying on a couch by the light of a large fire, conversing with two gentlemen, one of whom, named De Blainville, was leaning against the couch. It was no doubt a thoughtless act of indecorum, but De Tillay rudely and coarsely rebuked him, and from that time set forth injurious accusations against the Dauphiness, endeavouring to poison the Queen's mind against her, spreading rumours throughout the court, and so much distressing the poor lady herself, that she "started as if at the sight of a snake, if she did but hear his voice in the outer room."

These machinations had not, however, led to any open result, when, one hot day in the summer of 1445, Margaret walked from the Bishop's palace at Châlons to the cathedral, and was immediately after taken ill. The physicians said that she had some grief on her heart which was shortening her life, and as she became worse, she sighed piteously for her Scottish home, and complained of the slanderous tongues that had done her to death. Pierre de Brezé, Seneschal of Normandy, who came in to see her, went away with great compassion, crying aloud, "Ah, ribald! 'tis thou that hast been the death of her."

"I take God and my Baptism to witness," she said, striking her breast, "that I have never done any wrong to my lord."

And when she was told that she must forgive her enemies, especially De Tillay, she cried out vehemently, "No, no, I have not forgiven him! I have not forgiven him!" repeating the words till the priest told her that unless she pardoned every injury, she could not herself receive forgiveness; when at length with a great effort she gasped out, "Then I forgive him from my heart."

CAMEO VI.

Death of Margaret. 1445.

When some one tried to cheer her with hopes of life, she only said, "Fie upon life, talk to me of it no more;" and so ended her brief tragedy. Thus died this gifted young girl, at the age of twenty, all her best qualities —in such hands as those of Louis—only serving to point the doom of the Stewarts more fatally against her. After her death, Charles VII., who really loved her, caused an inquiry to be made into the reports against her. De Tillay denied having accused her, and offered to challenge any one who should declare that he had ever defamed her; but evidences of his malice were not wanting, and poor Margaret Stewart stood acquitted of all, save of being too young, too sensitive, and too unguarded, to live in a hard world and be stung to death as the wife of Louis of Valois. Her two sisters, Eleanor and Joan, arrived a few days after her death to pay a visit to her; and Charles VII. much wished Joan to have become Louis' wife, but neither Pope nor Dauphin would consent.

He meantime, being convinced that the kingdom would be much better in his hands than in the incompetent ones of his father, was constantly intriguing against him. He spoke scornfully of the King's measures for reorganizing the army, and specially despised Pierre de Brezé, the best of the royal ministers; he behaved with open insolence to his father's favourite, Agnes Sorel, the Dame de Beauté, and was even said to have given her a blow on the face; and moreover, he tampered with the archers of the Scottish guard, hoping, as it was believed, by their means to have the King seized and secluded from government.

One day in 1446, when looking out of window with Antoine de Chabannes, Count de Dammartin, as he saw one of the archers of the Scottish guard passing by, he said, "There goes one of the masters of France." Thus regarding them as a sort of Prætorian guard, he began to tamper with their captain, Cunningham, and arranged an intrigue against his father. So declared Dammartin, who related the whole conspiracy to the King. Where the truth was is not certain, for Dammartin and the Dauphin were equally false: Cunningham denied the whole, and both he and Louis challenged the accuser. No combat, however, took place; but the Prince retired to his province of Dauphiné, a number of the Scots guard were put to death, Cunningham was only spared at the intercession of his young King, James II., and Dammartin became the reigning favourite.

Meantime, Jacques Cœur and the other advisers of the King were working quietly at renovating the forces of the realm. One of their ordinances was that in each fifty houses the ablest archer with the bow and arblast should be exempt from all taxes except the aides and the gabelle, on condition of his keeping in readiness the equipment of a foot-soldier, and being ready for war whenever he should be called out, at a pay of four livres a month. To be a King's "Franc-archer" was esteemed an honour worth competing for; and this was the only attempt made in France to raise up a body of sturdy effective rustics such as formed the strength of England.

CAMEO VI.

Gilles of Brittany.

Now the truce upon the borders of Brittany and Normandy had been pretty well observed, and many persons from other parts of France had taken refuge there, especially weavers and wool-merchants, so that it was a rich district. Vehemently as the Constable, Arthur de Richemont, and the Breton adventurers, had fought in the cause of France, his brother Jean V., and afterwards his nephew François I., dukes of Brittany, kept the peace on their own account and that of their states; and Gilles, the brother of François, had been often with his grandmother, the widow of Henry IV., had associated much with the young King Henry VI., was warmly attached to him, and had accepted from him in 1445 a pension of two thousand gold nobles per annum.

This was considered by the Bretons in general as selling himself to the Saxon; and as the English cause was seen to be the losing one, the national enmity grew stronger and stronger. The two brothers had never been friends, and François was much under the influence of a favourite called Arthur de Montauban, a splendidly handsome man of great wit and cleverness, whose mother was of the Italian house of Visconti. A dangerous rivalry arose between this Montauban and Gilles respecting a little heiress, Françoise de Dinant, the representative of one branch of the house of Rohan. She was under fourteen, but she had promised to marry the handsome Montauban so soon as she should be old enough; and when Gilles requested his brother's permission to wed her, François replied that he had engaged to give her to his friend.

Upon this Gilles pounced on the young lady, carried her off, married her by force, and thus became lord of immense domains, though he loudly demanded a larger appanage as a prince of Brittany. He chiefly resided in the Castle of Guildo, where he led a life of such wild licence that the proverb for a youth of irregular life is still in Brittany to "*courir le Guildo.*"

Meantime he had frequent intercourse with his English friends, especially with the old captain, Sir Matthew Gough, commonly called by the French Matagou, who often used to meet him and talk over English affairs. Gilles was already in great disgrace in 1445, when his uncle, the Constable, did his best to reconcile the brothers; and Gilles made many promises, which he broke immediately, returning to his suspicious intrigues with England. Further mischief was done by his young wife, still a mere child, who—almost in ignorance of the sin she was committing—allowed her handsome lover to have a private interview with her, and let him draw from her a promise that she would be his "if Heaven should recall Messire Gilles," whom she certainly had little reason to love.

Arthur, then, together with Jean d'Epinay, Bishop of Rennes, and others, never ceased to inflame the Duke's mind against his brother; and Gilles continued to give cause of offence, and to talk of appealing to the King of England against his brother; until at length, in the year 1446, affairs came to such a pass that François sent a body of men-at-arms, who, arriving at Guildo one Sunday morning when Gilles was playing at tennis, made him prisoner, and robbed the castle, taking even the jewels of his wife and her mother.

CAMEO VI.
Gilles of Brittany.

The Constable de Richemont, and the younger brother Pierre, did their utmost to obtain forgiveness for him; but the Duke would not hear them, and caused evidence to be collected against his brother and laid before the States-General of Brittany. Much appeared which showed the unhappy youth's terrible licentiousness; and there were letters from English nobles found at Guildo, but nothing proving any direct treason towards either the Duke of Brittany or the King of France. The States-General decided that as yet nothing was alleged against him meriting death; but the Duke continued to collect accusations against him, with a view to bringing him to trial, and detained him in prison, much to the grief and indignation of his friends, the English in Normandy, who esteemed him a sufferer in their cause.

The truce that Suffolk and De Moleyns had agreed to at Nancy was drawing to an end; and though Henry VI. would gladly have converted it into a permanent peace, the people of England would not have it so; and one condition of the marriage treaty he had been as yet entirely unable to fulfil, *i.e.* the cession of the county of Maine to Margaret's uncle, who took his title from thence. Suffolk had known that this would be so distasteful, that he had bargained for time and for secrecy, in hopes that minds might become prepared before it was actually yielded up.

Instead of this, the disappearance of Gloucester did not so much remove one enemy as excite ten thousand suspicions, while the death of Cardinal Beaufort deprived Suffolk of his best friend and supporter. The secrecy only made the anger of the people greater, as they suspected treachery; and probably the Court knew it to be absolutely impossible to obtain the cession from the Duke of York, who had been appointed Regent of France for five years. John Beaufort, the earl of Somerset who had fought the former battles in Normandy, had died in 1443, leaving an only daughter, Margaret, a great heiress, who was the ward of Suffolk; but his brother Edmund, a spirited young man of six or seven and twenty, obtained the title of Duke of Somerset, and therewith much of the odium attached to the head of the Beauforts. The Court, however, hoped to be able to get their engagements fulfilled through him, and arranged that Richard of York should exchange the government of France for that of Ireland, which by a sort of tradition had always adhered to the Mortimer family. York, however, took the change as an inexpiable offence; and Edmund Beaufort, who had assisted in impeaching Gloucester, came out to Normandy with all his brother's offences and his own charged on his head.

Suffolk defended himself before parliament against the accusation that his promise had been disloyal, and he was there publicly declared a true subject. But Englishmen had received grants of land in Maine, and these put endless obstacles in the way of yielding it; so that at last, after three years, in 1448, the Count de Dunois and Pierre de Brezé led an army to demand the surrender of Mans, which François de Surienne, an Aragonese adventurer, but a Knight of the Garter, held out against them, until Adam de Moleyns, now Bishop of Chichester, was sent from Eng-

CAMEO VI.

Surrender of Maine and Anjou.

land, with a commission to give up the province, causing compensation to be promised to the persons who had property there, and without resigning the King's sovereignty. The truce was renewed for two years, but this was more easily done in words than in deeds; the province of Maine was fast filling with French warriors, and Somerset sent home representations that he could not induce Normandy to give him men or money for its defence. Neither would the English at home send support to the hated Beaufort; and when Surienne brought his expelled troops into Normandy, he found neither pay, food, nor harbour for them. However, he took possession of two deserted fortresses, Beuvron and Pontorson, repaired them, and maintained his men by plunder in the marches of Brittany, which had thriven a good deal during the peace. The town of Fougère in especial was full of weavers and wool merchants, and so rich that it tempted these needy plunderers, who attacked it at three o'clock one night, scaled the walls, and surprising the inhabitants, murdered, robbed, and revelled at their ease, spreading the report that they had taken the place as an act of reprisal for the imprisonment of Messire Gilles.

Duke François sent the Sieur de Parthenay to expostulate with the Aragonese, and demand by what authority he had seized Fougère in time of peace.

"Ask no questions," said the fierce Spaniard; "do you not see that I am a Knight of the Garter?"

"Is the Garter then a badge of treason?" said Parthenay. "You are said to have taken Fougère for Messire Gilles, who would restore it to you with a good pot of wine. Would that content you?"

"Frankly," said Surienne, "I tell you I have power to take, but not to yield."

Thereupon the Duke of Brittany complained to Somerset, who replied by disavowing all share in the outrage, and offering to make compensation; but as Charles VII., to whom the Breton duke had appealed, was now ready for war, and only desirous for a cause of beginning, he valued the city at the impossible sum of 1,600,000 crowns. In the meantime, some Breton captains in their turn seized Pont de l'Arche, only twelve miles from Rouen, and in it Lord Falconbridge and a hundred and twenty archers, and it was proposed to let this be exchanged for Fougère; but a tenth of the former sum was still asked with it, and it was plain that the French were bent on war.

The Duke of Burgundy refused to break the truce, but Brittany united all its strength with that of France to avenge the insult, and François was still more inflamed by a haughty letter, purporting to come from Henry VI., summoning him to send Gilles of Brittany, as a Knight of the Garter, to England, and threatening him, in case of non-compliance, with invasion by an army of 30,000 men. It was delivered by a person in the dress of a herald, and calling himself Garter King-at-arms, who went on his way immediately after, leaving the Duke so furiously angry that he sent orders for the closer restraint of his brother, and was more

than ever persuaded that there had been treachery. The fact was, that a man named Pierre Larose, who had been employed by some of the English ministers and knew their style, had forged the document at the instigation of Montauban, who was determined to bring about the death of Gilles, in order to obtain his wife and her estates.

Meantime, the Constable de Richemont recovered Fougère, Pontorson, and Beuvron, and took many other places, laying siege to Mont St. Michel and Avranches, while the city of Verneuil in La Perche was betrayed by a burgher into the hands of Dunois; the Duke of Alençon at last, by the assistance of the inhabitants, obtained entrance into his own city; and, in the south, the Count de Foix attacked Mauléon, the strongest place in Guyenne.

All through the summer of 1449 place after place was falling. The English had, since Bedford's death, been hard masters, partly from being ill paid, and partly from the demoralizing effects of a lengthened war; nor indeed has it ever been part of the national character to behave in a conciliatory manner to any subject people. Therefore the inhabitants to a man were in the interest of their native king, and but little recked of the old English claims to Normandy, though in Guyenne they were still warmly attached to the descendants of Eleanor of Aquitaine.

The Duke of Somerset sent appeals to England in vain; the most ardent partisans of the war would not raise supplies that were to pass through the hands of Suffolk to support a Beaufort; and it was impossible with his present numbers to meet the enemy in the field. King Charles himself, after sending a defiance in full form to Henry, entered Normandy, and coalesced with the armies of Dunois, Richemont, and even of Henry's father-in-law, King René, to lay siege to Rouen. Gallant old Talbot, better known by that familiar name than by his new title of Earl of Shrewsbury, was in the city, and was Somerset's best assistant, next to the cold wet weather, which set in early in October, and caused it to be decided that the siege could not be continued for the present.

The King and Dunois returned to Pont de l'Arche; but after three days there came a messenger from Rouen with information that some of the townspeople, by feigning great attachment to the English, had obtained the guard of two towers on the walls, which they were ready to give up to him.

Dunois then advanced with scaling ladders; but by the time thirty men were on the walls the treachery was discovered, and Talbot and 300 men gallantly repulsed them, planting the banner of Talbot on the walls, hurling down the assailants and their friends, and then pursuing them into the ditches, which flowed with blood.

But, with none of the citizens to be trusted, it was impossible for so large a place as Rouen to be guarded by a garrison of only 1,200 men, and Somerset found himself beset in the streets by furious townspeople, insisting on a surrender. He therefore withdrew into the castle; and the citizens sent out their Archbishop and chief authorities to offer their

CAMEO VI.
Loss of Rouen.
1449.

submission to the King, who received them most graciously, and took care not to let them be oppressed by the soldiery.

After five days, Somerset begged to speak with the King, and offered to surrender the citadel on condition that he and all his followers should depart freely with their arms and property; but this the King would not grant, unless Harfleur and the other places in the Pays de Caux were also surrendered.

"Harfleur!" said Somerset, "that cannot be. It was the first place taken by our glorious Henry V."

He went back again, and saw every creature in the streets of Rouen wearing the French badge, the white cross. There were no stores in the castle; no hope of help from home; and in a few days he requested to have another audience, to which he came in a long robe of blue figured velvet lined with sables, and a crimson velvet cap. This conference likewise failed; but at the third he consented to deliver up all the places demanded except Harfleur, on condition of being allowed to depart freely from the castle with his garrison, leaving Talbot and other nobles as hostages for the performance of these terms.

Thus a second time was Rouen lost. Somerset went away to Caen, and Charles made a magnificent entry into Rouen, and was received with splendid pageantry, old Talbot looking on from a balcony, dressed in a violet velvet cap and robe furred with marten skins, that the French king had given him as a testimony of his respect. His captivity was longer than he expected, for the English governor of Honfleur would not surrender it according to the terms, and it was besieged and taken. So also was Harfleur, in the depth of winter; after which the King took up his quarters in the Abbey of Jumièges, and sent for Agnes Sorel to meet him there. In the easy-going south of France, Agnes had been tolerated, and even courted; indeed, her influence in awakening the King from his lethargy had been highly valued, but in the north and at Paris the townspeople had shown much offence at her elevation, and she had been so much mortified as to call it a city full of villains. At Jumièges, too, it was plainly shown that the King's reception of her was regarded as a scandal, and she greatly felt the universal displeasure. Shortly after, she fell ill, and made a most penitent end, often comparing herself to the Magdalen, and reciting some verses of St. Bernard, which she had copied with her own hand. She left large sums to churches and to the poor; and by her better qualities, her high spirit and patriotism, did perhaps as much harm to her country as any woman ever accomplished, since the romantic gratitude that hung around her memory rendered her an example that lessened the contempt hitherto felt for her position.

Whatever she did in rousing the King, the real agent in the renovation of France was that wonderful financier Jacques Cœur, who kept the French well paid and prosperous, when the English were absolutely crippled for want of the supplies which were obstinately denied by the very party which was most bent on the continuance of the war.

CAMEO VI.
War in Normandy. 1450.

At last, in March 1450, Suffolk contrived to send out Sir Thomas Kyriel, an experienced captain, with 3,000 men, who landed at Cherbourg, and was joined by about as many more from the garrisons, with Sir Matthew Gough, Sir Henry Norbury, and Sir Robert Vere; and he began at once by besieging Valognes, which surrendered on the 12th of April.

The Count of Clermont (heir to the Duke de Bourbon) and the Constable de Richemont were to have united their forces against him; but the latter had been weakened by his nephew, the Duke of Brittany, who withdrew some of his men because he regarded his uncle as the protector of his brother Gilles. Many Bretons, however, remained; and the two armies set out to meet one another, and to intercept the English at Fourmigni, as they were marching back to rejoin the Duke of Somerset at Caen.

The English had fortified their position on the bank of the stream which flowed between the two hostile armies, and defended it with great valour; but they were crushed as it were between the two armies, and after three hours' desperate fighting, Kyriel himself was taken. At last Gough, Vere, and Norbury drew off towards Bayeux, leaving 3,774 men dead on the field. It was the first victory the French had ever gained over the English, except that at Baugé, which was due to the Scots, and their exultation was unbounded; but in the midst the Constable de Richemont received tidings of a horrible tragedy, only equalled by that of the Duke of Rothsay in Scotland.

Poor Gilles had been transferred from one castle to another till he knew every dungeon in Brittany; and François, constantly inflamed against him by Arthur de Montauban, was resolved on his death. He was now in the Castle of Hardouinaye, the governor of which, Olivier de Méel, was sent for by the Duke, and told that his prisoner must die.

"Let him be put in a certain dungeon where there is water, and let me hear no more of him."

"Alas! Monseigneur," cried Olivier, "your Grace must pardon me, it would be too cruel."

"If you will not, others will," said the Duke.

He soon after set off to join the King in Normandy, and Montauban again sent for Olivier, promising him large rewards if he would cause poison, which he would send, to be administered to Gilles.

For this poison he had sent to Italy; and Méel seems to have been no longer trusted, for the Duke assured him before going to Normandy that the dungeon full of water had been only proposed in joke, and Gilles was in consequence placed in a dry one, which had a barred window looking into a dry moat.

Four servants of Montauban and a Milanese arrived at the castle, and for many days the unhappy prince was left unvisited, and was heard crying and lamenting loudly, "I am hungry! I am hungry! Bread! bread!" The cries ceased; and at the end of a month they thought it time to bury the corpse, but on entering the dungeon, Gilles was found

CAMEO VI.

Death of Gilles. 1450.

alive and well. A young country girl had heard his groans, and had daily supplied him from her own meals with black bread and water. She had not been discovered, but the starvation plan was given up, and poison was mingled with the food now supplied. Still, though suffering frightfully, he lingered on, vainly imploring his jailors to let him see a priest. They would not hear him; but the faithful maiden, who still came every night, fetched a Franciscan; and Gilles, clinging to the bars of the grating, confessed his sins with deep penitence, received absolution, and related all the horrors he had undergone.

"My entreaties and my submission to my brother," he said, "have only led to greater misery, and yet I am innocent. He punishes imprudence as a crime, and will not hear the truth. Now I am about to pass from this world to another, where the Creator of men will hear my complaint."

"Son," said the friar, "the ineffable joys of heaven leave no room for earthly recollections. When you enjoy them you will pity your brother."

"I shall accuse him, Father," cried Gilles; "I shall summon him before his Judge and mine. I charge you, I adjure you, so soon as I am dead, to go to Duke François, and tell him the state he has brought me to, and the ills I am suffering unjustly at his command. You see, you see; and yet I cannot prove it before man, or obtain justice. All around me are dumb, all help is taken from me. I shall expect him before the Judgment-seat. Thither do I appeal. Forty days after me shall he appear before His just justice. God command you to carry him the summons."

Therewith the exhausted prince sank down with a heavy groan; the friar called him several times in vain, and then returned to his convent, and spent the rest of the night in prayer.

The next day, the assassins, despairing of the poison taking effect, strangled the poor prisoner with a napkin, on the 24th of April, 1450. Then they spread abroad a story that Gilles had died of a broken heart for the defeat of the English at Fourmigni, and gave up his body to the Abbot of Bosquieu for burial. The tidings reached the Duke just as Avranches had surrendered to him, and he commanded that a solemn service should be held for his brother at Mont St. Michel, at which he himself, his uncle the Constable, and the chief nobles, were present. On returning across the wide sands between St. Michel and Tombelaine, the Duke was riding alone, and somewhat sad, when a monk stood before him on a little dune of sand.

"Sir," said he, "I have somewhat to say to you."

"Speak, reverend Father," said François. "Are you of St. Michel? What did I forget——?"

"It concerns not this world," gravely returned the friar. "François, duke of Brittany, my lord, I heard the shrift of Monseigneur Gilles, your brother, before his death. By his command I announce to you, that appealing from you, in default of justice for the cruel usage he has

CAMEO VI.

Death of François of Brittany. 1450.

undergone, and the horrible death you have made him die, or allowed him to die for want of justice, I appoint you to appear in person, forty days hence, before God's judgment-seat, to answer for the aforesaid wrongs and griefs. I warn you to pray continually for God's grace and mercy. In the name of Gilles, your brother foully murdered, François, duke of Brittany, I summon you to the judgment-seat of God—I summon you! I summon you!"

Drawing his hood over his head, the monk hastened away; and the Duke was found reeling in his saddle when Richemont and the servants came round him. By the time night came on he was in a burning fever, and remained very ill, when the Constable was forced to return to aid in the conquest of Normandy. The battle of Fourmigni had really decided its fate. England was in the crisis of a terrible insurrection, and quite powerless to send succour; and the commanders of the various garrisons could only be thankful for the courtesy and honour with which King Charles never failed to treat them. Cherbourg was the last place to fall; and by the middle of July 1450 the whole of Normandy was French, thirty years after Henry V.'s conquest, which had never been a conquest of the hearts of the people.

By this time Gilles's prediction had worked its fulfilment. François pined from the moment he heard it, and never had an instant's comfort of mind or body, though authorities differ as to whether he died on the 14th of June, the exact fortieth day from the friar's summons, or whether he lingered till the 17th or 19th of June.

He left no son, and the dukedom went to his brother Pierre, a devout, ascetic man, with a saintly wife, Françoise d'Amboise. He and the Constable caused an inquiry to be made into Gilles's death, and all the particulars here given were related on the trial of Méel and of the four murderers, who were all put to death; but the chief criminal, Montauban, took refuge in the convent of Marcoussis, and finding that he should at any rate not be permitted to marry Françoise de Dinant, he further guarded himself by putting on the cowl, and by the interest of his powerful family rose in dignity, and at length ended his life as Archbishop of Bordeaux, in high favour with Louis XI.

Charles VII., who had a great regard for brave men as long as they were before his eyes, treated Talbot with great courtesy, and released him without a ransom and with rich gifts, when he heard that he wished to be present at Rome at the jubilee of 1450.

The conquest of Normandy was speedily followed by that of Guyenne. This was aggression on the French side, for it had belonged to England ever since 1136, and the inhabitants were warmly attached to their old masters; but Henry VI. was helpless, and his kingdom in confusion; no troops could be sent out, and place after place surrendered—Bordeaux after a long sad trumpet-call, and a vain appeal from the herald that the English king would come to its relief. The old Captal de Buch, true to the associations of his name, would not transfer his oath of fealty, but gave up all his lands to his little three-year-old grandson rather than

CAMEO VI.

Loss of Guyenne.

1451.

desert the English cause; but most of the nobles were forced to conform, and Calais alone was left to England in all France. The Duke of Orleans wrote a poem of congratulation to the King on the conquest, declaring that it was evident that the English had become hated of God for their pride, their outrageous language, their oppressions, and their frequent treasons against their king; therefore their strength and might had been taken from them.

"De sa verge Dieu les pugnit et bat,
Et t'a rendu Guyenne et Normandie."

Little thought Henry V. that this would be the end of his endeavour to purify France by force of arms.

CAMEO VII.

JACK CADE.

(1450—1451.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1437. James II.	1422. Charles VII.	1450. Enrique IV.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1442. Frederick III.	1447. Nicholas V.

Suffolk's unpopularity.

THE disasters of the English army in France added to the discontent of the people at home, and all losses and misfortunes were attributed to Suffolk's treason. His being raised to the rank of a duke seemed only to mark him out for greater odium, and as Gaveston, Spenser, and De Vere had fallen of old, so was he now to fall.

The first commencement of his danger came in the winter of 1450. A man named William Taillebois was found lurking near the Star Chamber door, with some armed followers; and Lord Cromwell, the treasurer, who had been appointed by Gloucester, declared that it was to murder him, and succeeded in getting the man fined 3,000*l.*, in spite of Suffolk's interference on his behalf, which only led to the conclusion that he had been instigated by the hated favourite. Soon after, Adam Moleyns, bishop of Chichester, who had been his partner in the treaty of Nancy, was sent down to Portsmouth to pay the troops who were to be sent to France; but a report arose that he was the man who had sold Maine to the French, and the mob of Portsmouth rose on him and murdered him. It would seem that in his deadly terror the Bishop had endeavoured to persuade the people that it was Suffolk's doing, and not his—even, it was reported, saying that Suffolk had a seat in the King of France's council, and was as much trusted there as here.

Whatever the Bishop had said, or whatever rumour made of it, Parliament met in a mood of bitter indignation against Suffolk. He on his part thought it best to meet the storm, and demanded leave to clear himself before the King, Lords, and Commons. It was a spirited and dignified speech, beginning thus:—

"Most high and dread sovereign lord, I suppose well that it be comen to your ears, to my great heaviness and sorrow, the odious and horrible

CAMEO VII.
Trial of Suffolk.

language that runs through your realm almost in every common's mouth, sounding to my highest charge and heaviest slander by a certain keeper of your privy seal, made at his death, as it is said."

Then, as the best refutation of the calumny, he described his father's services, ending by his death before Harfleur—how his eldest brother had died at Agincourt, his second and third at Jargeau, on which day he himself had been made prisoner, when he had to pay 20,000*l.* for his ransom, and in the meantime his younger brother died a hostage for him. "I was myself armed, in your father's days and yours, thirty-four winters, and have had the Garter thirty. For seventeen years I abode in the wars without coming home or seeing this land, and have served you since my return fifteen years. All these things considered, if for a Frenchman's promise I should be either false or untrue to your high estate, or to this your land that I am born of, there could be no earthly punishment but it would be too little for me."

Lord Cromwell seems to have been the chief mover in the attack upon Suffolk, and this honest defence went for nothing with the hotly prejudiced Commons, who, four days after, insisted that Suffolk should be committed to the Tower till he should clear himself of the charges current against him. The Lords declared that there was no ground for his imprisonment; and a declaration was then made by which he was accused of having sold England to France, and, in preparation for the coming of the French, "stuffed his castle at Walsingford with guns and gunpowder," to give them a place of refuge and succour.

On this ridiculous accusation it was necessary to arrest him; but the Archbishop of Canterbury at once resigned the chancellorship, which was given to the other primate, Cardinal Kemp.

In ten days' time the bill of impeachment was brought. It charged him with having advised Dunois and the other French ambassadors to bring their king to depose Henry, and set on the throne the little Margaret, only daughter of John, the last duke of Somerset, who was by Gloucester's death Henry's nearest heir, if the Beauforts were reckoned legitimate, she being betrothed to John de la Pole, Suffolk's son. Next, that he had corruptly procured the release of the Duke of Orleans, and had promised Maine to King René, and that he had continually betrayed the King's plans to the French.

These preposterous charges almost show the real guiltlessness of the veteran on whom national hatred had fixed. Not a word was said of Gloucester's death; and this, in the state of the public mind, was a virtual acquittal of Suffolk on that head.

However, the English mind had fallen into a state of frenzied prejudice, and demanded a victim. Suffolk was committed to the Tower, and there remained for a month, until seventeen new articles were produced against him. Most of them were details of the former ones, and the others vague hearsay matters. The Duke was brought to a house in the garden of the Palace of Westminster, with his own good will, for he had been told that the Tower was unsafe for him, and was brought before

Trial of Suffolk.

the Peers on the 13th of March. He knelt down before the House, and was asked what he said to the charges laid against him.

They were too horrible to answer, he said. First, it was treason to regard the Lady Margaret as so near the crown; then every one knew he had intended to marry his son to the daughter of Henry Beauchamp, duke of Warwick, if she had not died; as for the cession of Maine, the whole council were as much concerned in it as himself; and the other charges were frivolous.

The proceedings went no further that day. The King, the Council, and most of the Lords, were convinced of his innocence; but the Commons were blinded by prejudice, believed him a traitor, and made it known that they would grant no supplies unless the Court sacrificed him—the Queen's minion, as they absurdly fancied the old warrior who had fought in many a campaign before she was born.

The concern of the Court was then to put the Duke out of reach till this fury should overpass; and for this purpose the King sent for all the Lords, spiritual and temporal, to his chamber, and placed Suffolk before them, on his knees, again to answer for himself. He said that he had already shown the falsehood of all, swore that he knew no more of these treasons than an unborn child, and unreservedly threw himself on the King's mercy.

The Chancellor, Cardinal Kemp, then declared that, as he had not put himself on his peerage for trial, the King made no decision as to his guilt or innocence, but merely commanded him to quit the realm on the 1st of May for five years. Lord Beaumont then protested in the name of all the Lords that their acquiescence in this sentence was not to be a precedent for depriving them of their rights of being tried by their peers; and, a few days after, the King adjourned Parliament, to meet on the 19th of March at Leicester.

The populace were in a dreadful state of excitement, inflamed by political ballads and by seditious whisperers, who went about under feigned names, such as Bluebeard, and the like. Two thousand persons assembled at St. Giles, and searched the fields around it, in hopes of seizing and destroying the Duke ere he left London. He had notice, and evaded them; but they found his horse and servant, and used them cruelly.

Suffolk safely reached his own estates, set his affairs in order, and wrote a beautiful letter of advice to his son,—of which the Pastons preserved a copy,—bidding him to honour and obey God first, next the King, and then his mother; to avoid evil company, and choose good advisers:—

"Doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right, and live in right much worship, and great heart's-rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think. And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child on earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of His infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living, that your blood may be

CAMEO VII. *Murder of Suffolk.*

His grace from kindred to kindred, multiply in this earth to His servic in such wise as after the departing from this wretched world here, ye an they may glorify Him eternally amongst His angels in heaven.

"Written by mine hand
The day of my departing fro this land.

"Your true and loving father,
"SUFFOLK."

It was a longer farewell than Suffolk knew. Those who thirste for his blood were resolved not to be balked, and kept their watch o the seas.

His last measure was to call the knights and gentlemen of Suffol together, and make oath of his innocence on the Sacrament before them. Then he embarked at Ipswich, with three ships, and on approaching Calais, on the 2nd of May, sent his smallest vessel to learn whether he might land there. A large ship came out to meet him, and a messag was sent to desire him to come on board and speak with the captain. A soon as he set foot on deck he was greeted with the words, "Welcome, traitor!" and made prisoner. He was allowed the attendance of hi confessor, and wrote a long letter to the King; and thus two days passed, but his heart sank when he found that the name of the ship was the St. Nicolas of the Tower, for he had been told that he should be saf only if he escaped the Tower! On the third day he was set before a mock tribunal of the rude sailors, found guilty, and sentenced, taken out into a boat, and told to lay his head down, for he should die like a knight, and the head of this brave old gentleman was hacked off with six strokes of a rusty sword; his corpse was stripped of his mailed velvet suit, and put ashore, with his property and his servants, on the coast of Kent.

The Sheriff watched the body until word could be had from the King what was to be done with it; and it was honourably buried at Wingfield, in Suffolk. Who was the real mover in this bloody deed was never known. The sailors did indeed bitterly resent the loss of France, but if they had been the devisers of the cruelty, they would probably have slain him at once, instead of waiting, apparently, for orders. The next suspicion falls on the Duke of York, but nothing in his after life is consistent with so abominable a murder; and who was Suffolk's chief enemy—unless he were Lord Cromwell—must remain a mystery. His horrible death did not even produce any relenting, but a ballad was sung in exultation over him, putting scraps of the dirge and penitential psalms into the mouths of the friends who had been unable to save Jac Nape, as he is throughout called—*i.e.* Jack the Cnape, or knave, the origin of Jackanapes.

The populace of England were in a frightful state of lawless disaffection, and reports were rife that the men of Kent would be punished for the murder of Suffolk, by the Queen's desire. It was a monstrous allegation; but the whole country was in a state of ferment, savage at the loss of the

French dominions, and further excited to mischief by the soldiers whom the cessation of the war had turned loose upon the country, with all the lawless violence bred of thirty years' warfare. They could not rob the sturdy well-armed English peasantry, as the *routiers* did the French poor; but they excited them to discontent. To the army York had been the hero, and Somerset the object of hatred, and the notion that the French queen and the ministers had betrayed the Duke of York and sold the conquests of Henry V. with the Beauforts' connivance, excited the people to fury. How far York was responsible cannot be made out; in fact, the inner history of this reign is entirely untraceable. It sometimes seems like a parody of that of Richard II., but in that case the motives are much more evident. De Vere was a really vicious and mischievous minion, such as De la Pole never was. Richard had a strong personal animosity to Thomas of Gloucester, such as gentle Henry never felt for Humfrey of the same dukedom, and the peasantry who rose under Wat Tyler had terrible grievances, of a kind which did not exist when the faction of 1450 broke out.

The chief mover was a man named John Cade, Irish by birth, but who had been a tenant of William Ayscough, bishop of Salisbury, and in the service of Sir William Dagre. He had killed a woman in his early days, had taken sanctuary, and then escaped to France, where he had fought, some say on the French side, some on the English—not improbably on both. After the disbanding of the army he returned to Ireland, where the Duke of York was governor, and shortly after appeared in Kent, declaring that his real name was Mortimer, and apparently professing to be son to an uncle of the Earl of March, a John Mortimer, who had suffered for the conspiracy of the Earl of Cambridge.

This would not have made him heir to the crown; but the Mortimers had become a favourite family since the Beauforts had been dreaded as possibly next in the succession; and the men of Kent flocked eagerly around him, to the number of 20,000, whom he marshalled not unskilfully, by the help of his military knowledge. He put forth the demands of his followers in a proclamation, called "The Complaint of the Commons of England." It began with the absurd complaint that Kent was to be ravaged in vengeance for Suffolk's death, and made into a royal forest, and then proceeded to various vexations and grievances through purveyors and sheriffs, distance of the sessions from their homes, and the exactions of the lawyers—all probably real, though petty; and to these were added the monstrous story at the beginning, and the popular cry against the royal favourites, and the losses in France, to gain the public mind. Much does seem to have been amiss. Many small exactions were made by officers of the law, and as these were almost all clergymen of inferior situation, the clerical office, and indeed all educated men, were hated as oppressors, and the people were worked up into a terrible state of rage and fury.

At first the Court seems to have thought that the county magistrates

CAMEO VII. *Cade's rising.*

could put down the riot, but when the insurgents were actually at Blackheath, in a camp entrenched with some skill, and the "Captain of the Commons" had a regular correspondence with a draper in the City, who forced the Italian merchants there resident to tax themselves to supply armour to the rebels, the danger was felt to be imminent, an army of 15,000 men was assembled, and the King took the command.

Henry was beloved by all, and Cade could hardly have brought his men to fight against their sovereign in person; while, on the other hand, he knew there was disaffection enough among the royal troops towards every one except the King to make time important. So Cade fell back to a wood near Sevenoaks, leaving ambushes in case he should be pursued: and this deceived Henry, who returned, happy in believing that his subjects would not attack him, and sending on a body of men under Sir Humfrey Stafford, great-nephew to the Archbishop, to pursue the rebels and break them up. They fell into the ambush and were all cut off, and the Court remained in much anxiety, ignorant of their fate, and only knowing that Mortimer, as he called himself, had come back to Blackheath more triumphant and glorious than ever, and moreover that Bishop Ayscough of Salisbury, the King's confessor, had been dragged from the altar at Edington while officiating, and done to death, as being of the Court party, but no doubt also to gratify an old grudge of Cade's.

The army was summoned to the field again; but there only came murmurs against fighting with fellow-countrymen, whose requests were not unreasonable after all, and a wish for the presence of the Duke of York, who was far away in Ireland. To satisfy these murmurers Henry consented to send to the Tower his chamberlain, Lord Saye and Sele, and good old Archbishop Stafford offered to go in person to this camp of murderers, promise them the redress of their real grievances, and induce them to lay down their arms.

It was bravely done of him; and with him went his kinsman, the Duke of Buckingham; but as they drew near the camp a mournful sight met them—the arms of their late friends decking the rebels, and Cade himself arrayed in Sir Humfrey Stafford's armour, set with gilt studs, and his gilt spurs.

No violence was attempted, and they were struck with Cade's ability. He refused to treat with anybody but the King, for whom he expressed infinite loyalty, nor would he lay down his arms till the ministers were dismissed and the government in the hands of the Duke of York; but if the King would come to Blackheath he would find a loyal army, ready to defend him, and choose his counsellors.

With this answer the Archbishop returned, and finding that the cry for York was echoed both in the army and in London, he advised that the King and Queen should place themselves out of reach of the rebels in Kenilworth Castle, while all the trustworthy troops were placed under the command of Lord Scales and Sir Matthew Gough in the

CAMEO VII.

Cade in London.

Tower of London, whither the Archbishop accompanied them, willing to brave the fate of Simon of Sudbury, if thus he could save the country.

Cade, as an old soldier, did his best to preserve discipline, and beheaded one of his officers for disobedience; and this encouraged the Lord Mayor and aldermen to admit him into London,—indeed, one who voted against so doing was imprisoned,—and the gates were opened on the 1st of July, in a sort of expectation that he would bring back better days, and intimidate the hated French queen into recalling the Duke of York.

As Cade crossed the drawbridge he cut the ropes with his sword, that it might not be treacherously raised behind him, set up his standard in Cheapside, and rode through the streets, causing proclamation to be made in the King's name that no one should take anything without paying for it. Riding up to what was called London Stone—the memorial certainly of the Roman Londinium, and, in the eyes of the people of old, of the King Lud who was said to have built Ludgate, and to have been coeval with Brennus—this Celtic leader struck it with his sword, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer Lord of London!"

So far his conduct had been moderate, but, as with Rienzi and Massaniello, the culminating moment proved too much for his brain.

On the 3rd he came into London again, and sent for Lord Saye from the Tower. How that nobleman came to be surrendered does not appear, but when he came to the Guildhall he was arraigned for treason, as well as the already murdered Bishop of Salisbury and Alice Chaucer, the widowed Duchess of Suffolk, who was fortunately out of reach.

Lord Saye pleaded that he could be only tried by his peers, and as the Lord Mayor could make no answer to this, Cade took the law into his own hands, and caused the unfortunate minister to be taken to the standard at Cheapside and there beheaded. His son-in-law, Cromer, who was sheriff of Kent, was also beheaded at Mile End, and the heads of both were carried about on poles.

The monster mob was learning ferocity, and robbery set in. Cade even pillaged the house he had dined in, and Southwark was in a state of terror. It was said that every one who had any knowledge of law, or even of grammar, who fell into their hands, was in danger. The aldermen saw that their reformer was a failure, and when Cade had returned to his camp they concerted measures with the royal garrison in the Tower to prevent another ruffianly visit to London. The gates of London Bridge were closed, Lord Scales and Sir Matthew Gough brought their forces down, and there was a six hours' fight in the streets, in the course of which Gough, an old captain, commonly called by the French version of his name, Matagou, was killed; but when night came on the rebels found themselves worsted, and a truce was agreed upon.

Then the two Archbishops and Bishop Waynflete of Winchester offered themselves again to endeavour to appease the enemy. They

CAMEO VII.

Cade killed.

met the ringleaders at St. Margaret's Church, received a paper of Cade's complaints, and offered pardon under the Great Seal to all who would return to their homes.

Cade accepted the pardon and retired, but in his camp at Blackheath he changed his mind, set up his standard, and tried to collect men to attack the City again; but the result of the last day's fight had dispirited his followers, and he could only fall back through Deptford to Rochester. There his men fell to quarrelling over the plunder; and he, in despair, mounted his horse and rode away. A proclamation was set forth placing a price of 1,000 marks on his head; and the new sheriff of Kent, Alexander Iden, pursuing hotly after him, found him in a garden at Heyfield, and beheaded him at once. The deluded men of Kent crept home, and were for the most part unmolested, though a few of the ringleaders were tried and executed. So ended this strange, brief rebellion.

The Queen, who never did understand English law, tried to obtain from an esquire of Sir John Fastolfe's an impeachment of his master for treason. She failed, and only added to the general dislike of her, though probably Fastolfe had been a well-wisher to the rebels, since he is known to have been a strong partisan of Gloucester, and hater of the Court.

CAMEO VIII.

THE RED AND WHITE ROSES.

(1451—1453.)

King of England. 1422. Henry VI. *King of Scotland.* 1437. James II. *King of France.* 1422. Charles VII. *King of Spain.* 1450. Enrique IV. *Emperor of Germany.* 1442. Frederick III. *Pope.* 1447. Nicholas V.

NEVER had John of Gaunt done a greater disservice to England than when he raised the sons of Katherine Swynford to the anomalous condition represented by the word "legitimated," and acknowledged by their never assuming the royal surname of Plantagenet, but contenting themselves with that of Beaufort, from the castle where they were born.

When the deed thus accepting them was obtained from Richard II., John of Gaunt was the grandfather of a numerous and promising progeny; but of all those six gallant children of Henry of Bolingbroke, the only offspring was the sickly Henry VI. and one young prince in Germany, and as yet Henry was childless. Thus if the Beauforts were princes at all, they came next in succession to the throne, and of this neither they nor the populace, who had always hated them, were forgetful. Whether this hatred was reasonable, or merely the result of misunderstanding, prejudice, and intrigue, it is hardly possible to discover. The probability is that there was much haughtiness about them, and that the early ambition and avarice of Henry Beaufort, together with his devotion to the See of Rome, had given his nephew Gloucester occasion both for his own dislike, and for that which he infused into the people, during the statesmanlike and patriotic old age of the Cardinal.

Though these chief actors were removed, Beaufort and Plantagenet were still the two contending parties. There was a claim to the succession not only better than that of any Beaufort, but better than that of the King himself; and though no one would have sought to disturb the pious, tender-hearted Henry of Windsor, yet when the Beauforts paraded their grandeur, it was impossible not to recollect the rival.

CAMEO VIII. *York.*

Lionel, duke of Clarence, second son of Edward II., had left a daughter Philippa, whose son, Roger Mortimer, earl of March, was the acknowledged heir of England during the reign of Richard II., and whose death opened the way to the usurpation of Henry of Lancaster. His son, Edmund, earl of March, had patiently waived these rights; but when Anne, his sister, had married Richard, earl of Cambridge, the second son of Edmund Plantagenet, duke of York, youngest and dullest of the sons of Edward III., the claims of the House of Mortimer were asserted by her husband, and the plot cost him his life, at Southampton, in 1415. His only child, Richard, was then but three years old, and was at once committed to the Tower under the care of one Richard Waterton, probably to keep him out of the hands of designing persons. His paternal uncle, Edward Plantagenet, duke of York, was killed at Agincourt; his mother, Anne, died soon after, and his maternal uncle, Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, in 1424.

The next year the young King was knighted, and so likewise was the boy Richard Plantagenet, to whom then was granted his full inheritance from his father and uncles, as Duke of York, Earl of Cambridge, March, and Ulster. His wardship, that is, the management of his estates and disposal of his hand in marriage, was granted to Ralph Nevil of Raby, earl of Westmoreland, who, as husband to a sister of Cardinal Beaufort, had managed to secure most of the good things to be had among his twenty-two children. Among others was the marriage of his third son, Richard Nevil, to Alice, the daughter of that last Montagu, earl of Salisbury, who was killed at Orleans. Of course Westmoreland gave the young duke, his ward, in marriage to a daughter of his own, Cecily Nevil, a beautiful maiden, of lofty demeanour, called by her friends the Rose of Raby, by her enemies "Proud Cis." In spite of the Beaufort connexion, however, the Nevils greatly disliked that whole family, and young York was put forward by the Duke of Gloucester in opposition to them, as first prince of the blood. Even in 1435, when only seventeen, Gloucester obtained his appointment to the Regency in France; but his extreme youth and the Somerset opposition brought affairs to a dead lock, and he came home in 1437 with a tale of misfortune.

But in 1440, when he was sent out again for five years, he prospered fairly, keeping court at Rouen with his beautiful wife—and both being much admired for their grace and affability.

Duke Richard was small in stature and very slightly made, a true Plantagenet in fairness of skin and regularity of feature, but dark eyed and haired; and his manners were at once gracious and graceful, so that he exerted great fascination over all who approached him. When he went to Rouen he had already two children, Anne and Henry—the latter godson to the King; and three more were born at Rouen, Edward, Edmund, and Elizabeth.

He had just been re-appointed in 1448, after a short sojourn at Fotheringay, in the course of which the Duchess Cecily gave birth to three more children, Margaret, William, and John, when he was urgently

requested to exchange the government for that of Ireland, much to the discontent of the army in France. He obtained extraordinary powers as Lord Deputy, and his Irish rule was excellent. He was one of the very few English who had any sympathy for the "mere Irish," and treated them with justice or kindness, and they loved him with all the fervour of their nature. When his next son was born, and baptized by the name of George, he invited the two great Irish earls, Ormond and Desmond, to be his sponsors, and the Irish notions of the close relation of "gossipred" made them exceedingly proud of the request. Whether these friendly feelings would have borne the test of time was another question; but York's badge, the white rose, was rapturously worn by the Irish, and has continued in favour ever since.

CAMEO VIII. *York in Ireland.*

This same year, 1450, was chosen by Nicholas V. for sending to pious Henry one of those golden roses which are still consecrated yearly on Refreshing Sunday, and presented to the sovereign whom the Pope chiefly delights to honour. Was it an omen of the thornless roses of Paradise, to which the thorny path the earthly roses were strewing for him would conduct the gentle King?

When the unfortunate summer of 1450 saw the commons of Kent in insurrection, and the followers of Cade on their trial spoke of instigations from the Duke of York, he declared his resolution of going to justify himself, made over the deputyship to Ormond, and, embarking in haste, landed in Wales, and set out for London with four thousand men, who came to meet him on his summons. One person to whom he wrote as he passed through Northamptonshire was a certain William Tresham, the Speaker of the House of Commons, who had shown such determination in hunting Suffolk to death. Just as this man set out from home, he was set upon by one hundred and sixty armed men belonging to Lord Grey of Ruthyn, and murdered—apparently in revenge for Suffolk's persecution.

Talbot's son, Lord Lisle, was sent with some troops to stop York's advance, but missed him, and in the end of September arrived at Westminster, where he came attended by his armed men into the King's presence, beating down "the spears and walls in the chamber" (whatever that may mean), and forcing his way to the King. So say the rolls of Parliament; and they add that Henry spoke to him "as if inspired by the Spirit of God," so that he remained abashed and confounded. Indeed, nothing is more probable than that, after having worked himself up for years past to look upon Henry as a fool and a tyrant, and having burst into his presence with violence, the serene dignity and perfect gentleness of the King, ever placid, mild and just, would have embarrassed him, nor could it have been easy to make any reply when he was asked what were his grievances, or why he had hurried away from Ireland. Blustering having fallen flat, he had little to say, but that a Parliament ought to be summoned; and to this Henry agreed.

He then held a family council with the chief malcontents, who were John Mowbray, duke of Norfolk; Richard Nevil, earl of Salisbury, and

CAMEO VIII. *The Nevils.*

his eldest son, another Richard Nevil, whose wife was the daughter of the good Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick.* On the death of her infant niece and namesake Anne, daughter to the King of the Isle of Wight, in 1449, she had carried to him the mighty possessions and the title of Earl of Warwick; and her descent from Edmund of Langley was another link with York. Cecily of Raby also connected her husband closely with this powerful Nevil family, and they were all resolved to maintain his pretensions against those of Somerset. For the present, however, it was agreed that the should retrea to Fotheringay Castle and wait there for the meeting of Parliament, writing a letter about his complaints beforehand.

The Queen wished to have taken severe measures at once, but the Duke of Buckingham interfered, and she waited eagerly for the arrival of the Duke of Somerset from France; but unhappily his hot temper, and the losses he had just met with in France, made him exceedingly unpopular; and, besides the old rivalry between him and York, he had given recent personal offence by the surrender of Caen, which was the individual government of York, and though hard necessity had left no choice to Somerset, it was the custom to say he had only yielded it because his duchess was frightened by the mangonels of the besiegers.

As if to bind the Court more closely to the House of Beaufort, Edmund Tudor, the son of the King's mother, Queen Catherine, received the hand of Margaret Beaufort, daughter of Somerset's elder brother, and nearest of kin to the King, and there was much in this to excite York's jealousy. Queen Margaret, used to see the court of France ruled by turns by whoever could get the mastery, did not perceive that the true duty of the King was to hold the balance; and Henry, in his extreme gentleness, and at this time, moreover, becoming partly affected by the insanity he had inherited from his grandfather, left affairs far more in her hands than was seemly in the eyes of a prejudiced nation.

The Parliament met on the 30th of November, and the conflict of parties was plainly indicated by the white roses that the Yorkists wore and the red roses of the adherents of Somerset. Tradition and Shakespeare have attributed these badges to a dispute between the two leaders in the Temple Gardens, when York exclaims—

* We cannot but give Dugdale's quaint history of this worthy:—"Richard Beauchamp in 9 Henry IV. went on a pilgrimage, jousted at Verona, set up his arms on the north side of the Temple at Jerusalem. At the time of his being thus at Jerusalem, a noble person called Baldredam (the Soldan's lieutenant), hearing that he was descended from the famous Sir Guy of Warwick, of whose story they had books in their own language, invited him to his palace, and royally feasting him, presented him with three precious stones of great value, besides divers cloths of silk and gold given to his servants; where this Baldredam told him privately that he faithfully believed as he did, though he durst not discover himself, and rehearsed the Articles of the Creed. But on the morrow he feasted Sir Baldredam's servants, and gave them scarlet with other English cloth. Which being shewed to Sir Baldredam, he returned again to him, and said he would wear his livery, and be marshal of his hall; whereupon he gave Sir Baldredam a gown of black peak furred, and had much discourse with him, for he was skilful in sundry languages."

"Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me."

And Somerset:

"Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

But in effect both had long used these cognizances. The red rose had been one of the many badges adopted by John of Gaunt, Somerset's great-grandfather, and the "pale and angry rose" of the other House had been adopted by Edmund of Langley, grandfather of the present York. Shakespeare places the plucking of the rival flowers at an earlier period, when Suffolk was alive to "pluck this red rose with young Somerset;" but though November was no favourable moment for gathering the natural flower, the "rose of snow" and "her blushing foe" do not seem to have come into direct collision till this autumn, when every one was wearing one or the other, made in ribbon or silk, and the Queen very imprudently identifying herself with Somerset, by showing herself and the King adorned with the crimson rose.

York came with a large force to Westminster, and the stormy session began. Somerset was impeached for treason in the loss of Normandy, and for having left the Earl of Shrewsbury a prisoner; and upon this the mob hunted him, upset his barge on the Thames, and would have drowned him had he not been picked up by the Earl of Devonshire, a Yorkist, when they wreaked their fury on his house at Blackfriars, which they completely plundered. The Commons likewise demanded that the murdered Duke of Suffolk should be attainted in blood, and his lands declared forfeit for the murder of the Duke of Gloucester, of which they had never dared to accuse him in his lifetime; and another bill was brought in to banish for twelve miles' distance from Court his widow, the Duchess Alice, Chaucer's grand-daughter, the Duke of Somerset, the Bishop of Chester, and the other most intimate friends of the King.

The Duchess was tried before the Peers, and acquitted; Somerset was also found to have been justified by the plea of necessity, and the prosecutions all failed except that against the murderers of Tresham, who were outlawed. The King declared that he would never consent to the attainder of his dead friend Suffolk, and to the demand for the removal of his ministers; that he could not spare those who were in immediate attendance on his person, and that he never meant to be surrounded by any save virtuous persons, but to content the people the others should absent themselves for a year, unless he should need them in case of a rebellion. Also, a bill brought in by the member for Bristol, demanding that the Duke of York should be declared heir to the throne failing children of the King, was thrown out, and the mover imprisoned for treason. Somerset's absence was softened by the government of Calais, and altogether matters went against the Duke of York.

CAMEO VIII. *York's retirement.*

Angry and bitter, he held many consultations with the Nevils and his other friends, and the result was that he withdrew to the Mortimer estates on the Welsh border, and bided his time for what appears to have been intended at first partly as an armed demonstration against the ministry, and partly as a means of obtaining a recognition of the superiority of his claims to those of Somerset.

Was there really misgovernment? It is hardly possible to tell, unless the discontent of the people be accepted as evidence. The finances were no doubt in a very bad state, drained by the expensive wars in France, and the supplies most reluctantly doled out by the Commons; the personal estates of the Crown had dwindled to 5,000*l.* a year, and were absolutely insufficient, even with the rigid economy practised by both King and Queen. Henry, simple, and even ascetic, never was lavish save in alms; and Margaret, bred up to poverty, cheerfully used all personal economies to avoid the demands that were sure to be met with bitter reproach. But a needy Court, especially with a King without strength, was likely to be annoying, and the subordinates were probably rapacious. Moreover, the clergy were devoted to the pious King, and these were the very worst times in all clerical history. Law being almost wholly practised by clerks, the pettifogging arts of attorneys were carried on by many of the lower functionaries, and charged on the whole order. Dues that belonged to ministers of parishes were apt to be rigidly enforced, above all, when the monasteries had managed to get the rectories into their hands, and starved the vicars or appointed none; and thus there was, no doubt, much extortion practised all over the kingdom. There were also frequent complaints of the judges and sheriffs, with what reason is not clear; and whatever was wrong the people charged on the French queen and the Duke of Somerset; whereas the fact seems to have been, not that they perverted either the laws or the supplies, for their hands were tied, but that they were powerless to prevent petty vexations from unscrupulous subordinates, and that Margaret's attempts to right matters were those of a hasty-tempered foreigner.

In contrast with the poverty-stricken Court was the magnificence of the Earl of Warwick. He kept open house both at his castles in the country—Warwick, Middleham, and the rest—and in his London abode at Warwick House. Six oxen were daily slaughtered for breakfast, and other cattle in proportion; and no wonder, for not only was his following in yeomen alone—exclusive of knights and squires—six hundred in number, who all were maintained at his table, but any of their friends or kindred might come in and take away as much meat as they could catch or carry off by a thrust of a long dagger into the cauldron where it was boiling. All the six hundred were clad alike in red jerkins, with the Beauchamp cognizance, the bear and ragged staff, embroidered before and behind; and the retinue of the Earl and his Countess consisted of a splendid band of gentlemen and ladies, holding offices like those in a royal court. They themselves were well fitted to preside over so mighty a household; the lady was noble, virtuous, and

hospitable, the Earl brave and able, hitherto of unstained honour, an encourager of pious and learned men, and of frank, courteous manners that made him to be as passionately loved and followed by high and low as had been Earl Godwin, Simon de Montfort, or Thomas of Lancaster; for, in truth, such a mighty baron was sure in England to rise up to eclipse, oppose, and sometimes extinguish a weak sovereign.

The want of a strong government was visible enough in the disorders that prevailed, and which almost recall those days of Stephen, when all the barons were making war on their own account. In the spring of 1451, Courtenay, earl of Devon, besieged Taunton Castle, which was held by Lord Bonville, a friend of Somerset's; and the Duke of York coming to his assistance, forced it to surrender. Apparently in revenge, a body of men from the western counties set upon York, and would have slain him, had not Sir William Oldhall saved him at the risk of his own life. Again, Thomas Nevil, brother to Warwick, was married in August to a niece of Lord Cromwell, Suffolk's enemy; and on the way home his father the Earl of Salisbury had a hot dispute with Lord Egremont, one of the nine sons of the restored Earl of Northumberland, son of Hotspur; and this conflict was looked back to as the beginning of the evil times. Good old Archbishop Stafford died in this summer of 1451, and was succeeded by Cardinal Kemp, a less popular man, as being more inclined to the Red Rose party.

The two offences above mentioned seem to have furnished York with an excuse for taking up arms; and just as the year 1452 began, he raised his tenants round Ludlow Castle, and actually marched against the King, putting forth proclamations professing loyalty to him personally, but declaring that the attack was for the general welfare.

Henry was driven at length to take up arms, and marched westwards to meet him; but York took a different road, and reached London, where, however, the citizens had loyalty enough to close their gates against him; and crossing the Thames, he entered Kent, where Cade's old adherents joined him in numbers. The King followed him, and the two armies were both on Blackheath together; but anxious to prevent a battle, Henry sent the Bishops of Winchester and Ely to ask what were York's grievances. The old story was reiterated, that the royal councillors were "blood-suckers of the nobility, plunderers of the clergy, oppressors of the commonalty, and that Somerset was a traitor." Therefore it was demanded that all persons suspected of treason should be imprisoned in the Tower, and a new council summoned, of which York should be a member.

The King, by the advice of the Bishops, granted all this; and the adverse army, as yet reluctant to face the saintly King in battle, was disbanded, and the Duke came himself unarmed and bare-headed to visit Henry in his tent. But in the meantime, Margaret, with womanish haste and imprudence, had listened to Somerset's arguments against sacrificing a friend to please a foe, released him on her own authority, and hid him behind the tapestry of her husband's tent.

CAMEO VIII.

The meeting at Blackheath.

Soon he heard York accusing him of crime and treason, and bursting forth, he hurled back again the imputation in his rival's teeth, and the two nobles bandied words with all the fury of the old Plantagenets; while the poor King sat speechless, amazed, shocked, and forced to hear York's unmerited reproach to him for having broken his royal word. But the Queen's manœuvre succeeded; York was arrested as he turned to leave the tent, and she and Somerset would have had a hasty trial and sentence upon him, had not the King, grieved, ashamed, and always resolved against revenge or bloodshed, insisted that no harm should be done to him. He was kept in custody for some days; and then came a report that his eldest son, Edward, earl of March, was coming with an army to deliver him. The boy was only eleven years old, but he might have been put forward by his father's partisans, and he was tall and precocious. On this rumour, it was determined to release the Duke, after he had again sworn fealty to the King upon the Holy Eucharist at St. Paul's, before all the Lords; and he then retired to his own estates, where was born, at Fotheringay Castle, October 13th, 1453, that son who was to close, in murder and in blood, the career of the once glorious House of Plantagenet—a child born with two teeth, hair down over his neck, and uneven shoulders; and who received the name of Richard. He was the last of the twelve children of Richard and Cecily, except one little daughter, named Ursula, who died an infant. Of the sons, Henry, John, Thomas, and William also died early, so that the survivors were seven in number. They were very carefully educated in all learning, and much practice of piety, for the Lady Cecily was a very religious woman so far as observances went; but she was intensely proud and ambitious, resolved from her earliest youth to be a queen, and always stirring up her husband to ambition, and keeping up his connection with her numerous brothers, no less than nine of whom were peers of the realm. Her hopes and those of York could, however, wait for the present, since the King was sickly, the Queen childless; and it was plain that the nation would never endure any Beaufort sovereign, least of all the direct heiress, the child Margaret, who had just been wedded to the King's half-brother, Edmund Tudor, earl of Richmond. Already, indeed, York issued his letters with his title at the top in royal style, and Cecily gave audience in her throne room at Fotheringay with all the state of the Queen herself.

CAMEO IX.

(1437—1457.)

THE STEWART AND THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*Kings of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1437. James II.	1422. Charles VII.	1406. Juan II. 1450. Enrique IV.

Emperors of Germany.	*Popes.*
1438. Albert II.	1447. Nicholas V.
1442. Frederick III	1455. Calixtus III.

James II. of Scotland.

THERE was some peculiar element of unpopularity in the House of Beaufort. For three generations they were the bane of Henry the Sixth's popularity in England; and the Beaufort queen of James I. of Scotland seems to have been hated by his subjects both as his wife and widow. Her barbarous revenge upon his murderers, all gentlemen of high rank and widely connected, had been such as to excite the dislike and distrust of the nobility, who had always chafed against King James's measures of repression, while he was heartily beloved by those of lower rank.

The new king, James, a boy of six years old, spirited and handsome, save for a broad red mark on one cheek, whence his nickname of Fiery-face, was crowned a few days after his father's burial, in the Lent of 1437. It was the first coronation at Holyrood Abbey, instead of at Scone, because the neighbourhood of the Highlands was not deemed safe. Queen Joan was made guardian of his person and of those of his five sisters; but the government was placed in the hands of Archibald, earl of Douglas, son of the old Earl Tyneman who had been slain at the battle of Verneuil; and Lord Crichton, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, where the young King had been lodged in the first panic on his father's death, kept him in jealous custody, and seemed to be intending to seclude him from all other influences, and become absolute governor in his name.

Queen Joan obtained, with difficulty, permission to visit her son before going on pilgrimage by sea to Our Lady at Whitekirk, in East Lothian. Amongst the luggage that was carried out of the castle to be embarked in the Queen's ship was a large carved chest, and within this lay the little King, who was thus conveyed to her jointure castle at

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Joan Beaufort's Marriage.

Stirling. This was then commanded by Sir Alexander Livingstone of Callender; and a fierce rivalry between these two, Crichton and Livingstone, commenced: Douglas did not interfere; he was probably failing in health, for he died of a malignant fever on the 26th of June, 1439; and his son, being only seventeen, did not come forward into the arena where the struggle was going on. Livingstone had for a time the advantage; he then, making friends with Crichton, obtained from him the keys of Edinburgh Castle, making him Chancellor in return, and the Queen found herself again powerless.

Hoping to obtain a protector, she followed the example of Catherine and Jaquetta, the two royal widows of England, and privately married another James Stewart, third son of Lord Lorn, and commonly called the Black Knight of Lorn. When this wedding was discovered, in 1439, Livingstone is said by an old Scots history to have seized the bridegroom and his brother, and put "thaim in pittis and bollit them," an operation which could not have been so fatal as it sounds, since they do not seem to have been the worse for it. Queen Joan herself was a second time beset in her own chamber by armed men, one of her gentlemen wounded, and herself imprisoned.

However, at a convention held shortly after Joan was released, and seems to have obtained her husband's freedom, by surrendering the charge of her son and of Stirling Castle to Livingstone; but before this strange wild year was out, the royal boy, while hunting, was surrounded by Crichton and his attendants, and stolen away again to Edinburgh.

Crichton again reconciled himself to Livingstone, and then became supreme for the time; but his chief anxiety was respecting the Douglas family. Ever since the time of Good Lord James, this mighty House had grown in numbers and in possessions; the necessities of Border warfare had kept them constantly armed, and the long period of anarchy—only broken by the thirteen years of James the First's reign—had only added to their power and insolence. Nor had James I. attempted to put them down as he had his own dangerous kindred. In his reign the chiefs of the name were fighting in France; and though, no doubt, if he had lived longer, their turn would have come, his having crushed so many other dangerous nobles had only made them tower above all the rest; and the great dukedom of Touraine, in France, had added to their wealth and dignity. Moreover, the brother of Bruce's friend, Lord James, had been married to the sister of John Balliol, and the Balliol family having become extinct, her descendant, the present Earl, actually represented the Balliol claim, which was really preferable to that of Bruce, from whom the Stewarts inherited. The mother of the young Earl was descended from Euphemia Ross, the second wife of Robert II., a marriage which had been conducted with so much more legality than his first marriage, with the mother of his elder sons, that one motive of the murder of James I. had been his half-uncle Athole's belief in a superior claim to the throne. The execution of the Stewarts of Athole brought

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Murder of the young Douglases.

this second claim to Malise of Strathern, young Douglas's uncle; and it would seem that young Earl William and his brother behaved themselves like hot-headed lads, rode about with more than royal pomp, often with a thousand horse, talked imprudently of their power of overawing the kingdom, and of their superior rights, and allowed all sorts of violence to be committed, as men not only superior to the laws themselves, but able to make their following superior.

Whether they intended any treason or not, Crichton resolved they should have no time to practise any. He invited them with the utmost politeness to visit the King at Edinburgh Castle, and they complied. The King received them, and seems to have taken the delight of a ten-year-old boy in the attention of two youths of eighteen and seventeen, though at the last their old friend and guardian, Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, scenting danger, tried to induce the Earl to send back his brother, lest both should be taken in one trap; but this was refused, as injurious to their trust in the King's guardians; but in the midst of the feast—so says tradition—the head of a black bull was placed upon the table, and this was well known to be the sign of death and deadly feud. The youths sprang up, and hastened to the door; but it was beset by armed men, and they were seized, the young King clinging to Crichton's knees and imploring him to spare them. But in vain; the boy was forced to sit on his throne, a mock trial of them was gone through in the castle, and they were dragged out and beheaded in the court, where Fleming suffered three days later, in 1440.

The great French dukedom of Touraine lapsed by their death to the King of France; part of their lands went to their sister Margaret, a mere child, and called the Fair Maid of Galloway; and the earldom was inherited by their uncle, a man formerly of much spirit and enterprise, but who had lately become fat and inert, and surprised every one by making no attempt to call Crichton and Livingstone to account for his nephews' murder. "James the Fat," as Douglas genealogists call him, died two years later; and his son William, young and ambitious, winning and able, was resolved to raise the power of the bleeding heart to the highest pitch. He had already been contracted in marriage, but he obtained a dispensation for breaking this treaty, and for marrying his young cousin, the Fair Maid of Galloway, though she was only eleven years old, and thus again uniting all the power of the mighty House. He obtained the consent of government through a family connection with Livingstone, and by an interview with the young King, in which James, now about fourteen, was gained by his charm of manner and professions of loyalty.

Crichton lost much power by this coalition; and the chief adviser of the monarch became Kennedy, bishop of St. Andrew's, his first cousin, and the wisest and best man then in Scotland. He had spent four years at Rome, and had much cultivation; and understanding how matters went beyond the Border, he did much to regulate the Church, and he deserved the eternal gratitude of Scotland by founding her first Uni-

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Death of Queen Joan. 1445.

versity, that of St. Andrew's, so that her scholars could at length learn at home, instead of wandering to Paris, from which, however, they brought all their forms, terms, and habits.

Queen Joan died in 1445; she had apparently been neglected by every one since her second marriage; and her second James Stewart was in exile on the Continent. She died in Dunbar Castle, then held by a noted Border thief, named Patrick Hepburn, an adherent of the Douglases, but whether she was his prisoner or had sought his protection, does not appear. It was a sad conclusion to the romantic history of the fair nightingale, wooed twenty years before by the royal captive minstrel on the slopes of Windsor. She seems, however, to have had the custody of her daughters, for on her death James sent off his young sisters, Joan and Eleanor, to their eldest sister Margaret. It would seem that on their finding that she had just been "done to death by slanderous tongues," they were kindly treated by Charles VII., and joined their other fair, dull, elder sister, Isabel, duchess of Brittany. Eleanor, who, like Margaret, inherited her father's love of poetry, married Sigismund, archduke of Austria, and amused him by translations from French poems into German. Annabel, another sister, was betrothed to the son of the Duke of Savoy; and Joan seems to have returned home in 1449, on occasion of her brother's marriage.

This took place when James was eighteen, and had shown himself strong, brave, and ready, fully able to cope with the many difficulties of his position. He had sent Crichton and two other statesmen to find him a wife among the French princesses, and by Charles the Seventh's advice they chose the daughter of the Duke of Gueldres; her mother, being a sister of Duke Philippe of Burgundy, was closely related to the French court. The marriage was highly approved by the great Duke, and the bride was brought to Scotland by a fleet of thirteen vessels, in which came also James's three brothers-in-law, the Duke of Brittany, the Archduke of Austria, and Lord Campvere, who had married his sister Mary.

When, on the 18th of June, 1449, the ships arrived in the Forth, Mary of Gueldres, the young bride, was seated on horseback behind Lord Campvere, and thus conveyed to Holyrood, where the marriage took place, and splendid feasts celebrated it, at which Earl Douglas appeared with full five thousand men. There was a great tournament, in which three Burgundian knights were the challengers, and two James Douglases and Sir John Ross their opponents. The challenge was *à l'outrance*, but on the fall of the first Douglas the King threw down his gauntlet, that no death might mar the joyful occasion.

James took up his father's work, which had been standing still for fourteen years, and did his utmost to raise the condition of the citizens and peasants, to repress the outrageous power of the nobility, and to put down wrong and violence. No one stood so much in his way as Douglas; but the Earl was at this time bent on making a foreign journey, to endeavour to recover the dukedom of Touraine, and to visit Rome during the jubilee of 1450. His brother James, who was studying for the

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Douglas's violence.

priesthood at Paris, joined him, and they proceeded to Rome with a train of six knights, fourteen gentlemen, and eighty horse, all so splendidly equipped as to be greatly admired at Rome.

While he was absent his followers committed great atrocities; but on his return, in 1451, he disowned them all, so as for a time to blind the King; but he was in the meantime closely leagued with the two Earls of Crawford and Ross, and likewise with the Duke of York. James the Second's Beaufort blood had rendered him a warm friend to Henry VI., and the House of York therefore was ready to encourage that rebel spirit in Scotland that secretly intended to put forward Douglas's Balliol blood, as an excuse for overthrowing the Stewart king and all his plans for reducing lawlessness to order.

The league was discovered, and disclosed to the King by Bishop Kennedy. In return, Lord Crawford sent a party to harry the Bishop's lands, and, if possible, to imprison himself. The harrying took place; but the Bishop was safe in his castle, and answered with excommunications, at which the Earl laughed.

However, less than a year later, the Earl was killed in a fight, near Arbroath Abbey, with the Ogilvies, and with Seton, earl of Huntley, who had joined them, because the attack was made while he was their guest, and it was part of the code of Scotch manners, that any man must fight on his host's side in a fray that began ere he had time to digest his meat. Huntley lost his son in this fight; and the old Lord Crawford was killed; but his son, David Lindsay, called Earl Beardie, or the Tiger Earl, kept up the band in full force.

The King's discovery of the league led Douglas to open measures of violence. He attacked and nearly murdered the Chancellor Crichton in the streets of Edinburgh; and soon after he, with Ross and Crawford, summoned their vassals to take up arms against the King. But one Maclellan, a nephew of Sir Patrick Gray, captain of the king's guard, and called Tutor of Bomby, as being guardian to the heir of that estate, refused to join the muster, upon which he was thrown into a dungeon in Thrieve Castle. His uncle immediately obtained letters from the King commanding his release, and galloped with them to Thrieve Castle. The Earl received him courteously, and declined to hear his business till he should have dined, quoting the saying, "It's ill talking between a fu' man and a fasting."

Dinner over, he read the letter, thanked Sir Patrick, and said he would at once grant what it requested. He then took Gray by the hand and led him to the castle court. There, close beside the block, lay a headless corpse, freshly bleeding. "There," said the Earl, "there lies your sister's son; unfortunately he wants the head, but his body is at your service."

The execution had taken place while the uncle was at dinner! He was completely in the power of the ferocious Douglas, and therefore restrained himself so as only to answer, "My lord, if you have taken the head you may do as you list with the body."

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Murder of Douglas by James II.

He then mounted his horse; but when he was beyond the gate he turned, shook his gauntlet at Douglas, and called out, "My lord, you shall bitterly pay for this day's work;" also calling him a coward and disgrace to knighthood. Douglas bade that he should be instantly followed and slain, but his horse was fleet, and bore him safely away, though he was chased up to the very gates of Edinburgh.

In the winter of 1451, soon after this outrage, King James sent an invitation to Douglas to come and confer with him at Stirling, sending him at the same time a safe-conduct, signed by himself, his ministers, and chief nobility. It would seem that the King really hoped by personal conference to set matters straight, and persuade the Earl to dissolve his confederacy with Ross and Crawford. At any rate Douglas came, with his four brothers and (for them) a small retinue, who were lodged in the town, while their lord went up to the castle, was well received, dined with the King, and was invited both to dinner and supper for the next day.

Supper was at seven; and after it the King led Douglas into an inner room, where were only old Crichton, Sir Patrick Gray, and a few other of his privy-councillors, and began to walk up and down with him, remonstrating with him on the evil his violence was doing to peace and good government. The earlier part of the conversation does not seem to have been audible; but as the two young hot-tempered men became more eager, James was heard insisting that the Earl should break his band with Ross and Crawford; and Douglas bursting forth into a passionate reply, that he heeded not the foolish brand of treason, that he could not break his band with his friends, and if he could, he would not to please the idle fancy of a king.

Then James's voice broke out, "False traitor! if you will not, THIS shall!"

This—which flashed for a moment in the air—was James's dagger, and as he spoke it was in the proud Earl's throat, the next instant in his breast, and Sir Patrick Gray, springing up as he fell, struck him on the head with a pole-axe. The corpse was thrown from the window; and about 1780, a skeleton was found in the earth of the court below, so that it was probably buried there at once. The murder was truly a terrible one, and flagrantly against the safe-conduct. If it were premeditated treachery, it was one of the foulest crimes that ever dyed a monarch's hand; but there is every reason to believe that the deed was provoked at the instant by the Earl's own fierce and insolent demeanour towards the passionate young King of twenty-two, whom he persisted in treating as a foolish lad. Had James intended the deed, he would certainly have taken his measures better, for with the morning he was beleaguered in Stirling Castle by the four Douglas brothers, who with sound of five hundred horns and trumpets proclaimed King James a false and perjured knave, nailed up his safe-conduct to the market-cross, and then dragged it about the town at the tail of the meanest horse they could find. They then pillaged and burnt the town, but

being unable to take the castle, they went off to Annandale; while James took horse and proceeded to Perth.

Half Scotland was in arms against the King. James is said to have been for a moment appalled at the might of the league against him, and to have even doubted whether he should not flee to France, and leave the realm to James of Douglas; but Bishop Kennedy is said to have reassured him, by the old fable of the bundle of arrows, impossible to break when all together, but easily destroyed singly. Accordingly James sent the Earl of Huntley, who had no small cause to hate the Lindsays, to deal with the Tiger Earl of Crawford; and there was a great battle near Brechin, where, though Huntley's two brothers and five other barons were slain on his side, the Tiger Earl was totally defeated, with the loss of his brother and of no less than sixty barons, and, of course, of hosts of meaner condition. One of the yeomen of Huntley's following, becoming too heedless in the pursuit, was carried along in the stream of fugitives, and actually entered Finhaven Castle with Crawford and those who took refuge there. He heard the Tiger calling for a cup of wine ere alighting in the court, and, with volleys of oaths and blasphemy, declaring that he would willingly roast for seven years in hell for the sake of such a victory as the Setons had that day gained; a story which the yeoman was able to take home with him when he escaped unrecognized from the castle. The Tiger consoled himself with harrying the lands of all who, as he considered, ought to have joined his banner.

Moreover, there was division among the Douglases themselves. The first Earl had married the heiress of Angus, and while their eldest son had been Earl of Douglas, the second had become Earl of Angus; and his descendants, who were commonly called the Red Douglases, were at present hostile to the elder branch, the Black Douglases of Douglasdale. Their great strongholds were Tantallon Castle, at the entrance of the Firth of Forth, and Dalkeith. The Black Douglases were so furious at Angus's refusal to join the league, that they burnt and harried all the country round Dalkeith, binding themselves by a great oath never to leave the castle till they had levelled it with the ground; but the strength of the castle, and the constancy of the governor, forced them to break their oath.

The new Earl of Douglas sent his mother to England to strengthen his cause. It was when the Duke of York was Protector, and he willingly entered into negotiations. A meeting was held between Douglas on the one hand, and Salisbury, Henry Percy, and the Bishop of Carlisle, when a treaty of mutual alliance was entered into, by which Douglas actually undertook to swear allegiance to the King of England, thus becoming, in his lust of revenge, a recreant to all the traditions of his family.

The night before the Parliament met, on the 12th of June, 1452, at Edinburgh, a defiance signed by the four Douglas brothers and by Lord Hamilton, renouncing their allegiance to King James as a perjurer and

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Overthrow of the Black Douglases.

murderer of his guest, was nailed to the door of the House of Parliament. But this open defiance and the English alliance disgusted the greater part of the kingdom; severe measures were enacted against the rebels, and so ready was the nation to carry them out, that the King was soon at the head of thirty thousand men on Pentland Moor, all well armed and equipped. However, there was no battle; only the two parties made horrible devastation of each other's crops; and Douglas, finding himself the weaker, sued for mercy, and obtained pardon and reconciliation for all his offences. James even assisted him in procuring from the Pope a dispensation for his marriage with his brother's young widow, Margaret of Galloway, on the plea that she had been a mere child at the time of her marriage and widowhood. She was now the most beautiful woman in Scotland; but from both William and James Douglas she met with nothing but harsh and cruel treatment.

Old Earl Beardie had been so thoroughly discomfited by Lord Huntley, that he presented himself before the King clad in rags, and with bare head and feet, to implore his pardon, which was readily granted, and he remained loyal for the short remainder of his life. He died in 1453; and the Chancellor Crichton did not survive a year.

The Douglas treasons were not, however, checked. In 1454, when their friends the Yorkists had gained the supremacy at the first battle of St. Albans, the Earl sent Lord Hamilton to make a treaty with him, and renew his offer of homage to the English crown, provided forces were supplied to him for another rebellion. However, before this treason could be accomplished, James was down upon Annandale: he took the castles, seized and imprisoned Hamilton, and dispersed all Douglas's following; and when, the next year, this fierce family again attempted to make head against the King, they were totally defeated by the Earl of Angus at Arkinholme, where one of the brothers was killed in battle, and another taken and instantly beheaded. The first intelligence the King received of the battle was the arrival of a soldier with the head of the first of these, so disfigured that he could not at first tell to whom it had belonged.

The Earl himself fled to England, where he was kindly received and pensioned by the Duke of York; and when James wrote to warn the King what a traitor he was entertaining, a most insolent letter was returned, in the name of Henry VI., abusing him for insolence and confident boasting, and scarcely granting him the merest courtesy due to a king.

However, James knew that this was merely the voice of York; and he himself was attached to his Beaufort connections, who had come into power again; so he took little notice of the challenge. But in 1457, Douglas, with the Earl of Northumberland, made a terrible inroad into the Merse, when he was again routed by his cousin of Angus, and his power so entirely crushed, that the saying was, that the Red Douglas had put down the Black.

The Earl remained a fugitive in England; and his wife threw herself

upon James's mercy. Her marriage having been irregular, it was dissolved, and she was given to the King's half-brother, his mother's son by the Black Knight of Lorn.

The Earl of Ross had likewise been forced into submission; and by the year 1457 James II. was really a king respected and looked up to, and triumphant over his turbulent nobility. The Universities of St. Andrews and Glasgow were in course of foundation, good laws were made and enforced, trade was advancing, and Scotland was in a better state than it had been since the death of Alexander III.; and this under a king only twenty-six years old, under whom a long course of prosperity might reasonably be expected.

CAMEO X.

BISHOP REGINALD PECOCK.

(1443—1464.)

Kings of England.	*Kings of Scotland.*	*Kings of France.*	*Kings of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1437. James II.	1422. Charles VII.	1406. Juan II.
1461. Edward IV.	1460. James III.	1461. Louis XI.	1450. Enrique IV.

Emperor of Germany.
1442. Frederick III.

Popes.
1431. Eugenius IV.
1447. Nicholas V.
1455. Calixtus III.
1458. Pius II.

CAMEO X. — *State of the Church.*

"THE sound of all bells in the steeples was drowned with the noise of drums and trumpets," quoth Fuller, speaking of this reign; and in truth historians are so much occupied with the conflicts of the rival Roses as to have little thought or time to bestow upon the affairs of the Church. Indeed, the clergy were necessarily greatly involved in the contest; and in the disturbed condition of the nation, Rome, always biding her time, was able to establish precedents and substantiate her encroachments.

The great struggle at Basle, and at the two following Councils of Pisa and Florence, had been whether the Pope was to be regarded as superior to the Council, or the Council as superior to the Pope. Even to the present day the Roman Church has but forcibly decided the question, and though a considerable portion acknowledge the successor of St. Peter as personally infallible, and uniting in his sole self the promise of the guiding Presence of the Holy Spirit, a large number of persons hold the really Catholic doctrine that the promise is to the assembly of the Church at large, such as those at Jerusalem, Nicæa, and the other original Councils. In the Councils of the fifteenth century the battle was in some sort a drawn one, but the Popes, with their consistent policy, were able to undermine the liberties of National Churches, above all of that of England, in the state of ferment and disunion of the nation.

Archbishop Chicheley, after Henry of Monmouth's death, had been forced to give way for want of a king to support his resistance. John Stafford, who succeeded him, was a good and patriotic man, who did his best for king and country, but was forced to be rather the peacemaker in civil broils than the defender or advancer of Church progress, and the fearless, chivalrous nature, the ease and affability he inherited as a

CAMEO X.

Pecock's Sermon. 1447.

man of noble blood, made him beloved and followed with the instinctive allegiance of the English nation to a true gentleman.

He had no quarrel with the Pope, and he held as a matter of course authority from him to act as legate. This was in fact acknowledging that the Pope had the supreme power, and that the Archbishop was only his commissioned agent, instead of the true Primate of the English Church; but though the bit had been put on, the rein was held so loosely as to be hardly felt, and every one was both amazed and disgusted when, in 1447, the full claims of the Papal see were openly advanced in a sermon by Bishop Reginald Pecock.

This ecclesiastic was a Welshman, born at Laugharne in Carmarthenshire, and when studying at Oxford became noted both for his great learning and ability, and for his excessive vanity. He was a Fellow of Oriel College, and became Chaplain to the Duke of Gloucester, and in 1444 he was made Bishop of St. Asaph. He seems to have been disgusted by the strong, steady, proud attitude of the high-born statesmen bishops, and equally so with the murmurs of the Lollards against the Papal application of English wealth to purposes foreign to English interests: and he took up a line of his own.

St. Paul's Cross, a grand canopied stone pulpit for out-of-door preaching, in front of the great cathedral of London, had become the place which men chose for setting forth whatever they desired to excite the widest attention; and here, to a multitude of clergy and citizens, Bishop Pecock declared the Pope not to be merely the first among equal bishops, but the head and source whence all their authority flowed; and, as the universal shepherd, having a full right to apply the produce of the flock as he might see fit—not necessarily to provide instruction for one part of the fold with what was drawn therefrom, but to use all, at his own discretion, in advancing the political claims of the Church as well as in providing for the spiritual instruction of the people.

The bishops and the citizens were alike angered by this direct contravention of the independence for which they had striven so hard, and Archbishop Stafford demanded an explanation. Pecock sent it in writing, and his defence was even more amazing, since, finding no support in the early Fathers for the supremacy of the Pope, he absolutely abused with violence the four great doctors of the Church, SS. Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, and Gregory.

However, it would not have been possible to degrade a bishop for upholding the Pope, and Pecock not only escaped censure, but became Bishop of Chichester after the unfortunate Adam de Moleyns had been murdered in Jack Cade's insurrection.

Archbishop Stafford himself died two years later, but not till he had shown the King the first printed book seen in England, and begged him to procure that a "printing-mould" should be brought from Germany or Holland, that the Scriptures and other good books might be the more easily dispersed.

Good King Henry willingly assented; and Mr. William Caxton, a

CAMEO X.
Invention of Printing.

young London merchant, was accordingly sent to Haarlem to learn the art which should henceforth supplement the tardy pen with a swift, multifold, and cheap mode of copying, so as to store up words and bear them about so rapidly, that every voice for good or evil has thenceforth obtained universal hearing and examination.

So runs the tale; but printing was too wonderful a step in the history of the world, too remarkable a revelation, ordained in its own time by God's providence, for its origin not to be the subject of curious and conflicting myths, even respecting men whose names stand in the registers of grave old business-like cities, and in the title-pages of their own printed books.

The first of these stories comes from Haarlem, and tells of a good old burgher named Laurentz Koster, in Latin *Custos*, a keeper either of the cathedral or the town records, who, walking in an avenue of beech-trees without the town to recreate himself after dinner, was wont to amuse his grandchildren by cutting out letters on bits of birch bark, filling them up with ink, and taking the impression off on vellum or paper. Then came the idea of using more glutinous ink, and casting the letters in metal moulds, then in separate types, and gluing the printed sheets together to form pages. One manuscript might thus be copied a hundredfold; and the old Custos was on the point of giving his invention to the world, when one Christmas Eve, when all the household were at church, his faithless apprentice Johann Fust ran away with all his types, and balked him of his fame. So affirmed, years on years after, Cornelius, the fellow-apprentice, who could never speak of Fust's treachery and his master's disappointment without tears of indignation, as he bound the books that others printed by the secret stolen from old Laurentz.

So says Haarlem; but Mentz, where Fust assuredly reappeared and printed, has a different story. Fust, it there is said, was a burgher of the place and a wealthy goldsmith, who, in conjunction with Johann Gutenberg, devised the invention. It is possible that Fust may really have been an apprentice on his travels, since in Germany all artificers, of whatever wealth, were bound to spend a year in studying their craft in other cities; so that the two stories *may* be consistent.

Gutenberg has his own legend. He is said to have been on the verge of the invention, when he beheld in a dream an Angel standing on either side of his bed, each bearing a scroll. That on one side bade him persevere, and all should read and hear. That on the other was a grave warning against that which should set the world on fire, and overturn faith, piety, and obedience. Between the two he must choose—whether to continue the art that should diffuse knowledge for good or evil, or leave it unwrought out, that Wisdom might continue to contend with ignorance.

Gutenberg's choice led him into continued experiments and achievements with Fust, and another partner named Schaffer, and they do not appear to have treated him very well, but to have used his skill and wealth without due acknowledgment. Books from time to time came

CAMEO X.
Faustus.
1466

forth—Alphabets, Psalters, Bibles; and excited such amazement, that Fust, or Faustus, as he Latinized his name, was suspected of dealings with Satan. Thereupon, just as when Bacon discovered gunpowder, a popular tale grew up of Doctor Faustus and his bargain with the devil—a story which became the more notable as the source of one of the most weird and wonderful of metaphysical dramas ever produced.

The real Fust, whether honest or not, was an ingenious hard-working man, who sent forth his Bibles and Psalters until he died of the plague at Paris in 1466, having left his secret to many who rapidly carried on the work.

These Bibles were all in Latin, but translations of portions were scattered among the people, and no inconsiderable knowledge of Scripture narrative was conveyed in vernacular rhyming versions, both of the Bible and of the Legends of the Saints.

Bishop Pecock translated sundry portions of the Scriptures, and this has led to his being regarded as a Lollard, though he seems to have held as little to their side as to that of any one else. He was a wonderfully clever man, who delighted to upset and overthrow ordinary arguments, even when he believed in what they proved; and in the ten years following his sermon at St. Paul's Cross he wrote a book called the "Repressor," defending episcopacy against the Lollards, but not on the ground that the whole band of Apostles were divinely appointed, but that St. Peter was, and that the Pope was, like the high priests of the Jews—one, and the fountain-head of all authority among his subordinates. All this was of course most distasteful to the English prelates, and was rendered still more so by the ironical manner in which their quick-witted Welsh brother made game of their tardier arguments and lack of research.

At last, in 1457, matters came to a crisis. At a Council held before Henry VI. the Lords Temporal refused to proceed to business in the presence of the Bishop of Chichester, and called in some doctors of divinity, who demanded copies of his works that they might examine into them. Pecock agreed, provided the books written within the last three years should be considered to represent his opinions; and Archbishop Bouchier summoned him to appear at his court in Lambeth Chapel on the 11th of November, bringing his books with him. Meantime, the Archbishop silenced the clergy, who were preaching against the accused, and selected as his assessors or fellow-judges, Waynflete, bishop of Winchester, and the Bishops of Lincoln and Rochester. Before these Pecock appeared with nine volumes of his books, which were given to twenty-four doctors of divinity to report upon.

Thereupon the Bishop demanded to be tried according to English law by his peers.

"Of course," was the reply.

"Then," he said, turning a keen glance and satirical look upon the bishops and doctors in whose hands his cause lay, "I have a right to require that my judges should be my equals in understanding and learning!"

CAMEO X.

Judgment on Pecock.

1457.

Whether earnest or jest, this did not dispose the doctors to pass over anything in his works capable of bearing a heretical sense. Treason there certainly was in his exaltation of the Pope and contravention of the acts that bound the clergy to loyalty to the King instead of to the Pope; but the bishops knew that a sentence on such a ground could not be carried out in the teeth of Rome under so ineffective and scrupulous a king as Henry; when, moreover, Pecock had deserted the Yorkist party for poor Suffolk, Henry's friend. So heresy was diligently sought for, and a sentence was found that might bear the sense that it was not necessary to believe that our Lord descended into hell, and also lessening the authority of the Holy Catholic Church and the Communion of Saints, which of course he had done in his zeal for the Pope, by declaring that a General Council was not infallible, but that the Pope was.

On the 28th of November the court met again, and Archbishop Bouchier addressed him, without once mentioning the name of the Pope, but explaining the heresy charged on him respecting the descent into Hades, and the negation of the divine authority given to the Holy Catholic Church universally, and then gave him his choice of either abjuring his errors, or being degraded and handed over to the secular arm.

Pecock sat silent for a time; then rose and said he was in a strait. If he defended himself he should be burnt; if he did not, he should be a gazing-stock; but he had rather suffer reproach than desert the law of faith and suffer eternal punishment, and he therefore chose to abjure.

It was rather the language of a man who felt that his enemies had found a pretext for his condemnation in his unguarded language, than that of one who had a great cause to defend; and he no doubt believed that it would be expedient to bend to the fierce Yorkist spirits, and give time for tidings of his persecution to reach the Pope, for whom he was suffering.

So on the 4th of December there was a great concourse at St. Paul's Cathedral. Archbishop Bouchier appeared with his cross borne before him, and accompanied by the Bishop of Chichester, and those of London and Durham, late his judges, but not by the Bishop of Winchester, who apparently did not approve of this extreme severity, in a matter that was really rather one of opinion than of faith, and that had more to do with Church government than Church doctrine.

Twenty thousand people surrounded the Cathedral and the Cross where they had once listened to Reginald Pecock's famous sermon, and which had since been repaired and beautified by the intervening Archbishop Kemp. A fire was burning before it, and the Primate and his Bishops slowly came forth in full robes, with their mitres on their heads, and seated themselves beneath the Cross; after which Pecock rose, threw himself at the Archbishop's feet, and renounced his errors in a voice inaudible to the populace. Then he rose and stood by the fire, while eleven quarto and three folio books of his own writing were one by one placed in his hands, and resigned by him to the executioner, who threw them into the flames.

CAMEO X.

Pecock's Appeal.

"My pride and presumption have brought on me these troubles and reproaches," he said, as he watched the ascending fire—and trouble and reproach indeed was around him, for the multitude clamoured, and hooted him; and as they worked up their fury against the traitor Bishop, who they fancied wanted to give them over to the Pope, they rushed upon him to throw him into the pile that was consuming his books.

His brother prelates rescued him from this violence, but he was sent as a prisoner first to Cambridge and then to Maidstone, while it was ruled that as these condemned writings dated before his consecration as bishop, that consecration was therefore null and void, and the See of Chichester was vacant.

On this Pecock appealed to Rome, as well he might, being a sufferer in her cause; and Calixtus III. sent three bulls, vindicating Bishop Reginald, and enjoining his restoration. But this did but make his case worse. Thomas Bouchier, with Plantagenet blood in his veins, was no man to submit to Papal dictation; indeed, in so doing he would have been committing the very act for which Reginald Pecock had been condemned.

So he refused to receive the bulls, as contrary to English law, and at the same time called on Pecock to resign his see. But this the Bishop refused. "If you degrade me, you insult the Pope," he said. "I leave the battle to be fought between you and him."

Thereupon Bouchier ordered the recusant into closer custody at Thorney Abbey, in the Isle of Ely. He was to have a room with a chimney, so situated that he could see an altar where Mass was said without leaving his chamber, only one "sad and well-disposed" attendant, no books save a portuous, a Mass-book, Psalter, Legend, and Bible, and no writing materials, but plenty of fuel, and such provisions as were served to a brother of the Abbey dining apart, somewhat better after the first quarter.

No doubt the spirited champion of the Pope expected freedom long before this improvement in his diet could take place.

But in the meantime Calixtus III. died, in the August of 1458; and the new Pope, Enea Silvio Piccolomini, called Pius II., the same who wrote the account of Bâle, and who was one of the best and most single-minded men who ever sat on the chair of St. Peter, was wholly and solely bent on collecting Christendom to stem the fearful progress of the Turks, and had no heart nor thought to spare for the details of Church government in the far West.

So Reginald Pecock was left to fret his ardent spirit, or to bewail his presumption, in his chamber at Thorney, apart from the encounter of wits, and deprived of the ironical weapons he loved so well. A good and pious man he evidently was; and it may be hoped he bore his mortification in a humble spirit, though whether he felt himself a martyr for the visible head of the Church, or whether he repented of his bitterness and vanity, we know not. He knew, at least, that his works had not really perished in the flames at St. Paul's Cross, since

CAMEO X.

Death of Pecock.

copies of them remained, and are to this day considered as wonderful specimens of deep learning and close reasoning; they are moreover written in English; and indeed it was one of the accusations against him that he had degraded holy things by writing of them in the vernacular.

This, as well as the fact of his having translated portions of the Bible and been condemned for heresy by his fellow-bishops, has led to his having been chosen as a hero by Protestant writers, and supposed to have been a Lollard, whereas no one could have been more alien than he to their doctrines. He was a Papist in contradistinction to a Catholic, and his so-called heresy was nothing akin to Protestantism, but was merely an unguarded use of arguments to exalt the Pope at the expense of the Church.

He died in his captivity, neglected alike by all parties. Some report that foul means were used; but solitude, mortification, imprisonment, and the air of the Fens, were surely enough to account for the death of the fiery, disputatious, and active-minded Welshman.

There were probably political as well as ecclesiastical grounds for his having been so universally hated and neglected. He had deserted the Nevil and York party, without having joined the Beauforts long enough to be regarded as one of themselves; but his history is a curious episode in this stormy reign, and a feeble parody of the course of Anselm and Becket. They had Church rights to stand out for; he had but those of the Pope.

And the Pope was striving to collect Europe to aid the Christians of Greece, and drive the Turks back from Europe. Six years of hard struggling were his portion, striving vainly to recall Burgundy and France from their personal struggles to a sense of the common danger of the blight of Mahometan conquest. He would fain have led a crusade in his own person, declaring that though he could not fight, he could pray, like Moses, for the success of the Christian arms: but the effort of the struggle and the disappointments it involved wore him out; and just as he had succeeded in obtaining a fleet from the Venetians, he died at Ancona in 1464, carrying away with him the last spark of the old crusading spirit.

Old eras were closing, and new ones beginning; while scholars read Greek and sought after old classic curiosities in Italy; while kings and bishops founded colleges and schools in England, and while that mysterious printing-mould at Mentz continued to send forth its volumes. If convents continued to absorb wealth from among the more ignorant; if friars circulated among the people with gross impositions, and the secular clergy were constantly fretted by the assumptions of the regulars—a spirit of resistance was gradually growing up, and inquiry was becoming awakened; so that, though the clash of arms deferred the crisis for some time, a reaction was slowly and surely preparing.

CAMEO XI.

THE BATTLE OF CASTILLON

(1450—1459.)

King of England. 1422. Henry VI.
King of Scotland. 1437. James II.
King of France. 1422. Charles VII.
King of Spain. 1450. Enrique IV.
Emperor of Germany. 1442. Frederick III.
Popes. 1447. Nicholas V. 1455. Calixtus III. 1458. Pius II.

ENGLAND and France were curiously contrasted at that moment. England, with the most conscientious of kings, was in a fearful state of turbulence and ruin, fast losing everything among the dissensions of her princes and nobles; while France, with a king of little conscience and wonderful inconstancy and ingratitude, was constantly consolidating and uniting her power, and in spite of the cruelest neglect on the King's part, he continued to be Charles the Well-served.

Antoine de Chabanne, count de Dammartin, was the reigning favourite, and he was determined to enjoy the spoils of that wealthy but most patriotic minister Jacques Cœur. Their first attack was on Jean de Xaincoings, his subordinate, the receiver-general, whom they caused to be arrested at Tours in 1450, on the accusation of peculation, fined him sixty thousand gold crowns, imprisoned him, and confiscated all his property, of which, to his shame be it spoken, Dunois accepted a handsome "hotel," or house, at Tours.

The success of this crime encouraged them to fly at higher game—at Jacques Cœur, the greatest merchant and most skilful financier in Europe except Cosimo dei Medici, and the man to whom the King was most indebted both in gratitude and in treasure, the man who more than any warrior had rescued France. Dammartin knew that the King trusted this great man in money matters, and that it would be useless to try to shake his confidence unless he first insinuated something that might touch the King more nearly; and so, of all improbable things in the world, he caused him to be accused of having poisoned Agnes Sorel, and found a lady who made a formal deposition to that effect.

On this absurd slander, the great merchant was thrown into prison on the 31st of July, 1451, and the case inquired into. He was completely

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Fall of Jacques Cœur.
1451.

acquitted, and the lady was condemned to make him *amende honorable*, but he was not released from prison. The slander had served its purpose; he was out of the King's presence, and, with Charles VII., out of sight was out of mind. While Henry VI. was defending from the brand of infamy the memory of the friend he had tried to save, Charles, a man of far more force, was abandoning his most faithful servant to the spoilers. Cœur's wealth was taken into the hands of so-called justice, fresh charges were trumped up—of extortion, of malversation, and of having sold a Christian slave in Egypt to the Saracens. The most infamous witnesses were examined, and when the prisoner appealed to the King for the authority he had given him for his levies, Charles answered that he "did not remember!" His wife died of grief. He was not allowed to see his son the Archbishop of Bourges, the Pope's intercessions on his behalf were refused, and, after a miserable trial lasting two years, he was found guilty of treason, and was to be imprisoned till he had paid a fine of four hundred thousand crowns, though all his goods were confiscated. His place of confinement was a monastery at Beaucaire, whence, in 1455, his son-in-law contrived to carry him off to Rome, where he was received by the Pope with the respect that was due to him, and soon after, like the brave old man he was, joined an expedition against the Infidels, but died at Chios on the voyage, in 1456.

Long before this, Louis the Dauphin had taken alarm, and was resolved that if the favourites should attack him, they should find him prepared. He kept his province in excellent order and prosperity, and filled his castles with troops on whom he could rely. Also he made arrangements for his second marriage without a word to his father, the lady being Charlotte of Savoy, daughter to the reigning Duke of Savoy, and grand-daughter to him who had resigned and become an Antipope. He was extremely rich, and Charlotte, who was but twelve years old, was to have two hundred thousand gold crowns as her portion. The King was both offended and alarmed, and at once sent off the herald, Normandy King at Arms, to put a stop to the affair; but he found that the Dauphin was already at Chambery, and going thither he was most affectionately greeted by the gentlemen of the Dauphin's suite, who desired to know his errand, and, when he said it was for the Duke's ear alone, assured him that it was impossible that he could have an audience, and the next morning conducted him to a church, where they placed him in a corner whence he could see a magnificent bridal train pass by, and in the midst Monseigneur le Dauphin in a mantle of crimson velvet. Two days after he had his audience; but the Duke of Savoy much regretted that the remonstrance had come too late!

Louis offered to advance the marriage portion to secure the conquest of Guyenne, provided he might hold it himself; but Charles was more afraid of him than of the English, and replied by ordering him to court to justify himself for his disobedience; Louis replied that he could not venture to a court so full of his enemies. The King was angered at his mistrusting his word; so the breach remained, wider than ever.

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Expedition to Guyenne. 1452.

Guyenne had to be re-conquered, for the nobles and burghers were discontented with the change. They had flourished under English rule, had never been heavily taxed, and had found a ready market for their wines; while the English governors spent freely in their country, and Gascon valour found employment in English armies. They had been promised exemption from the severe taxation the rest of the country suffered from; but Charles's new ministry were a faithless crew, and calls for men and money soon descended upon them. The gentlemen who had family connections in England expressed their discontent, and Pierre de Montferrant, who bore the strange title of Souldich de l'Estrade, wrote to the Earl of Shrewsbury that, if only a small force of English landed on the coast, they would be eagerly welcomed, and the duchy would return to its obedience.

There was neither peace nor truce; Charles had offered terms, but had been refused; and Queen Margaret and the Duke of Somerset hoped that they saw an occasion for silencing all the murmurs against them for having connived at the losses abroad. One man there was in England whom neither party distrusted, good old John Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, who had helped the Dukes of York and Somerset alike to their only successes in France, and had been from her first arrival a devoted knight to the young Queen. The exquisite illuminated history or romance called the "Shrewsbury Book," now in the British Museum, with its lovely portraits of the King and Queen, and its garniture of daisies, is an existing token of the veteran's chivalrous admiration of his fair young sovereign.

Talbot was eighty years old, when, in the autumn of 1452, he received the royal commission as the King's lieutenant in Aquitaine, with powers to pardon all who had entered the French service. He landed with seven hundred men at Medoc on the 18th of October, and was readily admitted into Bordeaux; and four thousand men soon followed; Lord Lisle brought as many more, and place after place was captured. By the spring almost all Guyenne had returned to its obedience; the tide seemed to have turned in favour of Henry and his friends. The Parliament of March, 1453, made liberal grants in men and money; and the King even proposed to place himself at the head of his army; and, to add to the exceeding joy of the Court, there were, after ten years of marriage, hopes of a direct heir, whose birth would silence for ever the claims of Somerset and York.

The first check upon this joy seems to have come in renewed symptoms of aberration of intellect in the King; he was not violent like his grandfather, but sat hour after hour in a sort of lethargy, which seemed to unnerve all his limbs, and to render him insensible to everything around him. At least it shielded him from the tidings that came from France. Charles had slowly collected a vast army, and his lieutenant-general, the Count of Clermont, was entering Gascony. Chalais was first besieged and taken, and every Frenchman in it hung by the provost-marshal, Tristan l'Hermite. Then the troops marched

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Battle of Castillon.

on to Castillon on the Dordogne, and the inhabitants of Bordeaux, in great terror, began to represent to Lord Shrewsbury that he had promised to defend them from the French King, and that he had engaged to resist the whole French army with ten thousand men. Talbot coolly answered, "Let them come nearer. Take it quietly. By God's good will, I will discharge my promise at a fit time and place." But the citizens were in a fright, and would not trust the judgment of Henry the Fifth's old warrior; and Talbot was too dependent on their goodwill not to endeavour to satisfy them, so he marched out and found the enemy raising entrenchments before Castillon. Marching all night, he surprised the franc-archers and their leader, the Sire de Ronault, who were lodged in the Abbey, and fell on them in early morning of July 20th, driving them out with great loss, which would have been destruction had Ronault not rallied them with great valour, and brought them safe into the camp.

It was still very early, and Talbot called for a chaplain to sing morning Mass, and permitted his soldiers meantime to broach the casks of wine in the Abbey. Just as Mass was beginning, a Gascon ran into the church crying, "Monseigneur, the French are deserting their camp, and flying. Now is the time for your promise!"

Up started Talbot, crying, "May I never hear Mass again if I do not rout yonder French!" And he immediately arrayed his men, and gave orders to advance.

An old knight, Sir Thomas Conyngham, who had borne his banner for many years, saw that the intelligence was false, and looking at the strength of the French position, represented to his lord that it would be far wiser not to attempt an attack, but rather to wait and starve them out.

But the old man's blood was up, and brooking no opposition, he struck Sir Thomas across the face, and dashed on, bidding his banner be planted on the very border of the trench. The enemy were strong in artillery; great bombards, or cannon throwing huge stone balls, had been brought for the siege, and these were turned on the English. The Talbot banner soon went down, and Sir Thomas was killed; but the old general, on his little hackney, rode along the trench, directing the desperate efforts of his Englishmen, who charged again and again over the deep trench in the face of the stone balls and of a hail of arrows, and with a hedge of lances and axes to meet them on the other side. With dogged bravery they came back and back again to the assault, until a shot from a culverin struck Talbot's horse, and brought him to the ground with a broken leg. His son Lord Lisle sprang to his side, striving to bear him away, while he said, "Leave me, the day is against us. It is your first battle, and there is no shame in flight for you."

Lord Lisle—"young John Talbot"—would not, however, move from his father; and thirty more brave knights closed round them both, while the French sallying out fell furiously on them, dispersing

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the rest of the army, and utterly destroying the whole of the thirty. So mutilated were they, and disfigured by blood, that it was hard to tell one from another after the bloody work was over; but in the midst was found the corpse of a very old man, with his armour covered with red velvet, and this was placed on a shield and carried into the camp.

Death of Talbot.

Presently an English herald came to ask leave to seek for Lord Shrewsbury's body. "Should you know him?" said the French. The poor man, hoping that he was alive and a prisoner, cried, "Let me see him!" but when he saw the corpse, bloody, disfigured, stripped, and laid on a table, he almost fainted, but even then was not sure it was his lord, till he had knelt down and put his hand into the mouth to feel for the well-known gaps in his teeth. Then, with loud sobs, he stripped off his tabard with the Talbot colours and arms, and reverently laid it over his master, kissing him, and crying aloud, "Ah, my lord and master, is it you? God pardon your sins. For forty years have I been your officer-at-arms, wearing your colours. Now I restore them to you!"

After this fatal battle the lot of Gascony was decided; one city fell after another, only holding out long enough to make terms. Bordeaux would have been allowed no capitulation if autumnal fevers had not been so severe in the King's army as to make it needful to shorten the siege; and as it was, the place yielded on the 19th of October, 1453, six days after the birth of the Prince of Wales in England. The grandson of Henry V. was born just as the death of the last of the warriors of Agincourt had led to the loss of all that Henry had held in France save the two towns of Calais and Guynes. Great numbers of Gascons, who had disliked their two years' experience of French rule, migrated into England, where the Duke of York did what he could for their relief; and in the meantime Bordeaux remained almost depopulated, and devoid of her once flourishing trade in wines.

Birth of Edward of Lancaster. 1453.

With this conquest Charles VII. seemed to lose that brilliant prosperity which had attended his reign in spite of himself. He met with no losses, indeed, but he sorely distrusted all his great princes and nobles, his son the most of all. The Count de Dammartin hated Louis with a deadly hatred, and almost every other person of high rank almost equally so; in fact, he seems to have been the most pernicious of all Charles's many favourites, from Du Chastel downwards. On an accusation of treachery, he caused to be arrested the Duke d'Alençon, who, with the Count of Clermont, had been the only princes constant to Charles in those his worst days at Bourges, ere the Maid of Orleans awakened France. This arrest much alarmed the Dauphin, who, though a bold intriguer, was timid and cautious; he expected to be the next victim, and began to arm his vassals in Dauphiné. This of course alarmed the King and his Court; complaints and commands arrived and were unheeded, and then Dammartin was sent with such a force into the province that Louis saw it was vain to

CAMEO XI.

The Dauphin flies to Burgundy.

resist, and thinking himself safer anywhere than in his father's hands, he galloped away from a hunting party, and arriving almost alone on the frontier of Burgundy, wrote a polite letter to sue for the protection of Duke Philippe.

Nothing could more delight that prince than to become the protector of the heir of France; he sent the most generous of invitations, and as he himself and his son were in Holland when Louis arrived with only ten horsemen at Brussels, he caused him to be received in the most courteous manner by the Duchess of Burgundy and her daughter-in-law the Countess de Charolois—Isabelle de Bourbon. They knelt to receive the guest, and when Louis would have given the Duchess his right arm, king's daughter as she was, she said, "Ah! sir, you would make me ridiculous by giving me an honour that does not belong to me."

"Should I not do you honour," said the Dauphin, "since I am the poorest man in France, and know not where to take refuge save with my uncle Philippe and you?"

With prodigious ceremony then the Duchess treated her visitor. She was a good, sensible, and learned woman, but the stateliest of dames; etiquette never reigned in greater magnificence than at her court, and its regulations for the order of precedence, for christenings, for marriages, for the reception of visitors of every degree, were collected by one of her ladies, and remained for many years the standard hand-book of princely state. So when Madame de Bourgogne would not permit her train to be carried, save on her own arm, or her food to be tasted ere it was served to her, in the presence of her thin, keen, cool, ironical guest, it was no small honour in her own eyes, or in those of her court.

The King was as angry at first as it was in his nature to be, and there was a sharp correspondence between him and the Duke; but as he could not obtain the expulsion of his son, he merely said in his cool way, "My cousin of Burgundy is cherishing the fox that will eat his hens."

The castle of Jemappe was given to Louis for a residence, and thither he sent for his wife, Charlotte of Savoy, whom he had left at her father's court till she should be grown up. She was now seventeen, a gentle, commonplace person, without the intense and sensitive spirit of poor Margaret Stewart; and if she were unhappy, her troubles made no show in history.

His other faithful though rude and violent servant, the Constable de Richemont, had become Duke of Brittany on the death of his surviving nephew Pierre in 1457, but only reigned sixteen months, and the duchy passed to a distant cousin, François II., who had married a daughter of the first François.

CAMEO XII.

YORK AND LANCASTER.

(1453—1460.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1437. James II.	1422. Charles VII	1450. Enrique IV.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1442. Frederick III.	1447. Nicholas V.
	1455. Calixtus III.
	1458. Pius II.

CAMEO XII

Insanity of Henry VI.

ONLY once in England was an heir to the throne to be born under circumstances as inauspicious as those under which the child of Henry VI. saw the light—at a time when an unpopular government was barely endured in the hope that change would come with the popular heir-presumptive; and in both cases the reality of the birth was disputed, in both it led to the ruin of the parents. The existence of the new Prince of Wales changed the opposition from York *versus* Somerset to York *versus* Lancaster.

When Margaret of Anjou gave birth at Westminster to her only child, on St. Edward's day, 1453, his father had been sitting for more than a month like a stone statue, unable to move hand or foot, to speak or to hear; and the Queen and Somerset, who had for a few months been popular on account of Shrewsbury's successes, were again regarded with hatred for the sake of his death and the losses that had followed. It was a mournful christening, when the babe in a chrysom robe costing 554*l.* was baptized by Bishop Waynflete, the Cardinal Archbishop Kemp and the Duke and Duchess of Somerset being his sponsors; and the absence of the King had a most sinister effect upon the minds of those who were prepared to imagine that an infant had been fraudulently imposed on the realm, since his high and saintly character would have made his acceptance of his heir conclusive testimony.

Nothing, however, broke his stony trance; and Margaret on her recovery found herself obliged to admit the Duke of York to the Council with which she had hitherto administered the affairs of the realm. In January, 1454, his influence was such that the Duke of Somerset was committed to the Tower "for the surety of his person"

CAMEO XII.

Recovery of Henry.
1454.

by the advice of the other lords, who probably apprehended violence in some brawl. In March she lost another friend, by the death of Archbishop Kemp; and on the meeting of Parliament, the King's malady was openly avowed, and a committee of lords sent to examine his estate. They visited him three times, spoke to him, called, and even handled him, without making any more impression than if he had been a dead man. He ate, and he breathed, but these were all his signs of life.

Upon this the Parliament appointed a Council of Peers, such as had ruled in his minority, with the Duke of York as Protector; Somerset remained a prisoner, and the government of Calais was taken from him and given to York.

This state of things lasted throughout 1454, and probably York expected that the King would die, and that the nation would, when used to the Protector's rule, gladly set aside the infant Edward for the full-grown Richard; but on Christmas Day King Henry suddenly awoke. His first thought was to send an offering to St. Edward's shrine by his almoner, and on the Monday, Margaret ventured to present to him his beautiful child, now fifteen months old. He asked the name, and was told it was Edward; he held up his hands and thanked God, and said he had never known the child till now, nor wist what place he was in, nor what was said to him; then he inquired who were the Godfathers, and was well pleased. The Queen told him of the Cardinal's death, and he said, "One of the wisest lords in the land is dead."

Bishop Waynflete and the Grand Master of St. John saw him a few days later, and found him still weak in body, but so clear in mind that they came out with tears of joy, and happy to hear him say "he was in charity with all men, and so he would the lords all were."

No doubt remained of his recovery, and in a few weeks he appeared in the House of Lords, a sound man both in mind and body, resumed the government, dissolved the House, and, with the consent of his Council, liberated Somerset as having been committed without sufficient cause. As to Calais, he took it into his own hands, and appointed eight lords to arbitrate between York and Somerset by the 20th of June.

York and his party could not bear this change. Full of indignation, he took counsel with the Earls of Warwick and Salisbury, declaring that Somerset intended his death, and that measures were being taken at Leicester for the purpose. He again collected an army in Wales, and in May 1455 marched against the King—or rather, as he still persuaded himself, against Somerset.

Henry had only awakened to the horrors of a civil war, but he did not flinch. He placed himself at the head of his friendly nobles and their retainers, and about two thousand men proceeded to St. Albans, where, as he entered the city, he perceived the banners of York, Warwick, Salisbury, and Devon, in the fields beyond. He halted, planted his own banner in St. Peter Street, caused Lord Clifford to

guard the entrances to the town, and awaited the contest, though still hoping that, as at Barnet Heath, negotiation might prevent bloodshed. He was, however, most unusually excited, and more wrathful than at any other time, for York's use of his illness to imprison his best friend had grieved and chafed even his gentle spirit most sorely.

CAMEO XII.

The first battle of St. Alban's.
1444.

The morning of the 22nd of May arose, the first that was to see blood flow in this cruel war. Still there was hesitation. At seven o'clock the Yorkists were holding council, when the Duke of Buckingham arrived from the King to demand their purpose. It was the usual cry; the King was to be worshipped, but Somerset and the other ministers were guilty of treason, and must be given up to them, and "we will not now slack for such promise or oath until we have such as have deserved death."

This answer, reported to Henry, so angered him that he swore by St. Edward and his crown that he would deliver up his crown as soon as the Duke of Somerset, and that he should treat any man as a traitor who durst fight against him. A proclamation to that effect was issued, and York with three thousand men resolved on the attack. Clifford and his men kept the gates gallantly against them, but the Earl of Warwick broke in with his archers on the gardens on the other side of the town, and the deadly hail of arrows, with loud shouts of "A Warwick! a Warwick!" came in on the rear of the defenders of the barriers. There was a hand-to-hand fight in the streets, but the arrows did the most execution. Somerset fell dead, so did Lord Clifford and Northumberland, dying in the cause of the man for whose grandfather his had fallen at Shrewsbury. Buckingham and his son were severely wounded; the troops were seized with a panic; Sir Philip Wentworth, who had charge of the royal standard, cast it shamefully down and fled, and the King was left alone, an arrow piercing his neck, and the storm still flying about him. He entered the nearest house, which was that of a tanner; and while his hurt was being looked to, York came in, bent his knee, and with cruel courtesy bade him rejoice that the traitor Somerset was slain.

"For God's sake, stop the slaughter of my subjects!" was all the poor King could say; and York, having gained the victory, at once did so, and indeed only one hundred and twenty men on Henry's side had perished. York threatened to hang Wentworth for his abominable desertion of the King; and then taking Henry by the hand led him to the Abbey, where he spent two nights, and then was taken by the victor to London, weak, bewildered, and with a fresh access of his malady fast overpowering him in the reaction from the excitement before the battle, and grief for his friends. He simply did York's bidding, issued writs for summoning a Parliament, made Warwick Captain of Calais, and allowed York to be appointed Protector.

For two years York held the reins of government, while Henry's health was in a fluctuating state, and everything was done by the Queen to keep him amused and soothed; minstrels were summoned to play to him, sweet-voiced boys to sing to him, and chemists and alchemists

CAMEO XII.

The King resumes authority.
1456.

made their experiments, to occupy a mind alive to the researches of science in an inventive age. This period of rest had so beneficial an effect, that in the February of 1456 he came forward in Parliament pronouncing himself perfectly recovered, and discharged York from his office of Protector.

Again Henry sat on his throne and administered his affairs, with Waynflete for his Chancellor, and Henry Beaufort, the young duke of Somerset, as his chief adviser, his Tudor brothers likewise assisting him; while the Queen, in her anxiety to raise a party counter to York's, travelled constantly about consulting her adherents, and trying to win friends,—measures which had the effect of making the opposite party always suppose that mischief was intended; everybody armed their retainers, garrisoned their castles, and watched suspiciously and angrily.

In 1457 both King and Queen, with their son, came by a succession of hunting parties to Coventry—a town so well affected to them that it went by the name of Queen Margaret's Safe Harbour—and there convoked a council, to which they invited all the lords of both factions, with an earnest desire to reconcile them. The old chroniclers declare that York, Salisbury, and Warwick had almost reached Coventry when they discovered a plot for capturing them, and retired in haste to their several castles: but this cannot be true, since by the Rolls of Parliament it is evident that the Council took place; that the Duke of Buckingham, who next to the King was the most impartial man in the kingdom, made a speech against violence; that the Peers on their knees besought the King never again to show mercy to anyone who should disturb the peace; and that York and Warwick renewed their oaths of fealty, while all the Lords bound themselves henceforth to seek redress for grievances by law instead of by their own hand.

It must have been after this that the three hostile lords thus hurried away; but Henry was earnest in endeavouring to promote a real reconciliation, and invited all the malcontents to meet in London in the ensuing winter, that their complaints might be inquired into and a full reconciliation effected. Each brought a select body of retainers: York, one hundred and forty horse with the White Rose; Salisbury, four hundred with the Nevil bull and eighty knights and squires; Warwick, his five hundred red jerkined men with the bear and ragged staff, and twenty-four foreigners besides. On the other side, the young Duke of Somerset had four hundred to bear the Red Rose; and the Earl of Northumberland, with his brother Lord Egremont, and Lord Clifford, all of whom had lost a father at St. Alban's, had fifteen hundred retainers at Charing, where the Percy lion still keeps guard.

The Lord Mayor had five thousand citizens armed to keep the peace, and he did keep it very fairly for two whole months, while the Archbishop Thomas Bourchier and Bishop Waynflete came and went between the two parties and the King, who, with several of the judges, remained at Berkhampstead.

The decision was that the three White Rose lords should found a

CAMEO XII.

The Love Day. 1457.

chantry where prayer might be offered for the souls of the three Red Rose nobles who had died at St. Alban's, that York should pay a large sum to the widowed Duchess of Somerset for a provision for her younger children, and that Warwick should make like compensation to the Cliffords; Salisbury and Egremont likewise made up their dispute; and on the 25th of March, the Annunciation, London had a happy day. A court was held, the King sat on his throne, the Archbishop set the crown on his head, then repaired to St. Paul's to receive the grand procession in his full robes, all the other Bishops robed and mitred around him.

Then entered the King, crowned and sceptred; the Queen, led by the Duke of York; Somerset and Salisbury, Warwick and Exeter, hand in hand—all the enemies paired; only the King alone, as having never been at enmity with any man—and his face was observed to have never looked more beautiful or illuminated by so bright a smile.

Each one's lips moved in silent prayer as the train moved to the choir, where all knelt; incense floated over them, Mass was chanted and a grand Te Deum was sung—over this bloodless victory.

This was called the Love Day, and the songs of the people proved their exceeding joy:—

> "Awake, wealth, and walk in this region,
> Round about town and city,
> And thank them that brought it to this conclusion;
> Rejoice, Englande, to concorde and unity!"

Alas! who was in earnest on that day? The King, the Archbishop, and many more, were verily so; but suspicion and hatred could not be laid aside in a day, the tinder only needed a spark.

Warwick withdrew to Calais, and while there made an attack upon a fleet of twenty-eight ships that were seen in the Straits; he captured six, but was completely defeated; and as the ships belonged to the merchants of Lübeck, who were at amity with England, he was summoned to explain his unprovoked attack. While he was in the council-chamber at Westminster, there was a kitchen squabble between one of his serving-men and a scullion of the King's. The scullion was hurt, whereupon the whole "black guard," as the kitchen establishment was called, rushed out with spits and cleavers to avenge their comrade, and the Earl, coming down in the midst, had some difficulty in reaching his barge in safety.

Squabble at Westminster.

Upon this the Earl, believing the attack to have been deliberate and aimed at his life, went to hold council with his father and with York, and then proceeding to Calais, gathered round him as many men-at-arms as he could collect who had served in Normandy or Guienne. On the other hand, the Queen made a progress into the Midland counties, where the King much enjoyed hunting—a sport that always benefited his health; and the little Prince, now five years old, was shown to all as the strongest plea against York's pretensions. He was a beautiful, intelligent, and spirited child; and when his mother caused him to

CAMEO XII.

Battle of Bloreheath.

1459

distribute his badge, a little silver swan attached to a collar, an enthusiastic feeling arose for him and his parents. The whole of England was by this time divided, county against county, city against city, even family against family, some arguing that York was a gallant patriotic Prince down-trodden by a savage Frenchwoman, because he had resisted her treacherous favourites, and because his claim in equity stood before her husband's; while others viewed him as a domineering plotter, and deemed that under the mask of patriotism he was endeavouring to make good that claim to the throne, which but for the birth of the Prince he might have allowed to lie dormant till King Henry's death.

In all probability, York had fed on the hopes of the succession, and dwelt on plans of asserting it in spite of the Beauforts, till, when he was disconcerted by the birth of Edward, the idea had become too dear to him to be laid aside, and though hitherto it had never been openly avowed to the people, yet his sons were growing up under a fierce vindictive sense of injury; and he, though as yet with undecided views, and a certain habitual reverence for Henry's person, was constantly urged forward, both by his own family and by the proud and angry tempers of the Nevils, father and sons.

Each side was gathering troops, but who made the first move is always doubtful in such cases. It seems, however, that, in the September of 1459, Warwick prepared to cross from Calais, with his foreign mercenaries, and Salisbury and his retainers set off from Middleham, intending all to meet York and his Welshmen at Ludlow Castle. Margaret heard the tidings at Chester, where she was with her son. She instantly accompanied Lords Audley and Stanley with ten thousand men to intercept Salisbury and protect the King, who was at Coleshill, ill not in mind but in body. Stanley was a time-server, and kept himself and his men six miles from the rest, but Audley's numbers were still superior.

Salisbury drew up his men behind a stream at Bloreheath in Staffordshire. The attack was made by Audley on the 20th of September, the Queen looking on from Muccleshall church tower. Salisbury's men shot their arrows across the stream, and then pretended to fly; Audley pursued, but when half his men were separated from the rest, Salisbury veered round, fell on Lord Audley, killed him, and totally defeated his troops. When the Queen saw Audley's banner go down, she fled to Eccleshall Castle, and the King was likewise brought thither, so ill that he merely asked as they were moving him, "Who has won the day?"

However, he recovered quickly, and was unusually vigorous that October. In the loyal cities of Leicester and Coventry, sixty thousand persons gathered to his standard; but in the meantime the coalition of York and the Nevils had taken place at Ludlow, and knowing how unwilling the people always were to meet the King in the field, they actually produced persons who swore to his death, and a Mass was sung before the whole rebel army for the repose of his soul.

CAMEO XI

Warwick's flight to Calais. 1460.

Henry was in the meantime marching straight on them, pausing for no weather, sleeping out in the bare field like the rest of the army, and never halting save on Sundays. He sent the Bishop of Salisbury to offer mercy to all who would submit within six days; but all terms were rejected, though with the usual amount of lip loyalty. A battle seemed inevitable; and Henry exhorted his troops "so knightly, manly and comfortwise, that the lords and people took great joy." And the Yorkist party were angered at the fraud that had been practised on them—so much so, that when the position had been taken, and the cannon ranged for a battle the next day, a large body of Warwick's best men went over to the royal camp, leaving behind them such confusion and uncertainty, that at midnight the three leaders decided that they must break up. York went with his second son, Edmund, earl of Rutland, to Ireland; the Nevils took the eldest, Edward, earl of March, into Devonshire with them; and the Duchess Cecily, with George, Richard, and the daughters, remained at Ludlow, where the castle was plundered, and they were taken captive, and placed in the keeping of the Duchess of Buckingham, one of her many sisters, by whom she was conveyed into Kent.

After this victory, Henry convoked a Parliament at Coventry, where an act of attainder was passed against the three rebel lords, and York's two eldest sons, who had been in arms against the King. Kind Henry was very unwilling to confirm this act, and insisted on a clause being inserted enabling him to restore them at his will, nor would he allow Stanley to be punished for his treason at Blorcheath. The captaincy of Calais, however, he gave to Somerset. It proved, however, not so easy to obtain it as to grant it.

Warwick, his father, and Edward of March had obtained a ship at Exeter, whence they reached Guernsey, and thence made their way to Calais, where Lord Falconbridge (a Nevil of Raby and uncle to Edward) admitted them by a postern door. There they were joyfully greeted; and when, in January 1460, Somerset came to demand the city, they fired upon him and repulsed him. Lord Rivers, once the handsome Sir Richard Woodville, who had married by stealth Jaquetta of Luxemburg, the gay young widow of John, duke of Bedford, collected some ships at Sandwich to oppose Warwick, but one of their party made a sudden descent, captured Rivers, ships and all, at night, and brought them across to Calais.

Rivers was placed before the leaders by the light of a hundred and sixty torches, and was treated with insolence that contradicts Warwick's character for gentlemanly courtesy. Old Salisbury called him knave's son; Edward, a lad of eighteen, rated him sharply; and Warwick taunted him with being only son to a squire, and his having only made his fortune by marriage.

Warwick was such a favourite with the sailors, that Somerset only fitted out ships to have them run away with to Calais; and in the spring Warwick even sailed to Dublin to confer with the Duke of York, whose old popularity had made him most prosperous there. The result of the

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CAMEO XII.

Battle of Northampton.
1460.

conference was that a landing was made by Warwick and Edward in Kent, where the Archbishop, who had been raised by York's influence, received them favourably, and gave his sanction to their self-deceiving professions of loyalty to the good King whom they merely wanted to deliver from his bad advisers, *i.e.* his faithful wife.

Kent had always been disaffected, and the fifteen hundred men with whom Warwick landed were forty thousand by the time he reached London, where the gates were opened to them, and after a convocation, where the like declarations of respect to Henry were made, they advanced to meet him as he advanced from Coventry.

At Northampton they came upon his camp, which was well entrenched and fortified, but Lord Gray of Ruthyn played the traitor in the early morning of July 10th, 1460, and actually caused his men to hold out their hands to help the enemy across the ditch. Still there was a sharp fight for two hours, in which Buckingham, Egremont, and the Earl of Shrewsbury, the surviving son of the Great Old Talbot, were killed, for Warwick made it his policy to strike at the nobles and spare the common men.

The defeated were, however, driven back on the river, where many were drowned; and the Queen and her son were hurried away in the flight, while the King was left alone again in his tent.

There Warwick and Edward found him alone—as York had done at St. Alban's five years before—not terrified for himself, but grieved at the slaughter of his people. Warwick still believed himself loyal; Edward Plantagenet, though burning with the sense of injustice and excited by his first taste of blood, was still a boy under restraint, and both knelt reverentially before the royal captive, assured him of their respect, told him that they were his true friends, and brought the Archbishop to him.

He rode with them to Northampton, and attended a service of thanksgiving for his own deliverance from all those whom he loved best; and after three days of rest was taken to London, which he entered in regal state, Lord Warwick riding before him bare-headed and carrying the sword of state, and the people in an ecstasy at seeing their good King apart from the Frenchwoman and the Beauforts. Edward was lodged in the palace of the Bishop of London, and a Parliament was convoked, and his father sent for from Ireland; while his younger brothers, George and Richard, remained in the law chambers of Sir John Paston, where he visited daily.

The Parliament met in October, and reversed all the acts made at Coventry, declaring—with what truth is uncertain—that the knights of the shires had been hastily sent up by the sheriffs without legal election. The mob at the same time rose, and behaved most uproariously, instigated probably by young March, who was determined that his father should not rest at his old demand of being Protector during Henry's lifetime, but should take care that Edward of York, not Edward of Lancaster, should be the next to reign. Young Edward possessed the Plantagenet

CAMEO XII.

Parliament of 1460.

beauty of feature in its utmost measure. Unlike his father, he was blue-eyed, fair-haired, and had the majestic stature of the first of his name; and moreover he possessed all the talents of his race; he was merry and free-spoken, and the coarseness, self-indulgence, and lurking savagery of his nature were as yet kept under. The sight of a youth of such splendid promise was enough to inspire half the nation with the feeling that it was hard that so genuine an Englishman, so true a descendant of the mightiest kings of old, should be kept from the throne for the sake of the young child of the hated Frenchwoman—perhaps, as malice had whispered, a beggar's brat foisted on the nation; and there was no difficulty in raising a tremendous riot, intended to intimidate the King.

The day after his attainder had been reversed, the Duke of York entered London, with a great retinue sounding horns and trumpets, and followed by a shouting crowd. The King, who occupied the Queen's apartments at Westminster, seated himself on a chair of state, the Archbishop stood at his right hand, and they thus awaited the arrival of York. But he came not. He had gone straight to the House of Lords, where he entered in his full armour, and slowly walked up to the throne. There he stood for some minutes with his hand upon the cushion, as though expecting some voice to bid him seat himself thereon. But none was raised; all were silent. He turned, bowed, and seemed about to descend the steps. Then the Lords shouted their applause, and at that moment the doors were thrown open, and the Archbishop appeared and bowed to him; then asked, in a tone of some reproof, "Will not my Lord of York pay his devoir to the King?"

"I know no one in the realm who ought not first to visit me," rejoined the Duke, sullenly, and then marched out of the House, and caused the King's apartments at Westminster to be prepared for him, Henry being in those of the Queen. He had evidently been led by his son's youthful hopes and representations to expect the general voice to hail him as the rightful King, and was much disappointed at the strong attachment to Henry which still existed, and to find his own conduct was exciting much displeasure.

After nine days' consideration, he placed in the hands of the Chancellor, who was Warwick's brother, George Nevil, bishop of Exeter, a statement of his claim to the crown, tracing his lineage through the Mortimers to Lionel of Clarence, the elder brother of the present King's ancestor John of Gaunt. The Lords decided to hear the petition, since every man had a right to a hearing, but declared that it would be treason to discuss it without the royal permission; and on York's pressing for an answer, they repaired to the King.

When they came to Henry, he replied thus: "My father was king, his father was king; I have worn the crown forty years from my cradle; you have all sworn fealty to me as your sovereign, your fathers have done the like to mine. How can my right be questioned?"

Then he bade them search diligently into the chronicles and records, saying he had seen many that established his right.

CAMEO XII.

York declared heir. 1460.

The question was submitted to the judges, but they said it passed their learning, and it was argued before the Lords. Of course York's lineage was indisputable; but the Lords, who had all sworn fealty to Henry and really loved him, would not break their oaths to him and dethrone him. Only they decided that the House of York should have their rights after him, and that his son should descend to his natural position as Duke of Lancaster. Henry does not seem to have made any contention for his son's rights. He probably felt that it was proved that his crown had come to him through usurpation, and that it depended on the judgment of the supreme court of the realm to decide in what manner the wrong should be redressed. He had submitted himself to that judgment, and by it he meant to abide, being too much an interested party to interfere. He had made no effort to retain the crown for himself; but if his Peers considered it against their conscience to cancel their oaths of fealty to him, he was not the man to make them do so, and declare that he and his son must stand or fall together. He had been too long the shuttlecock of opposite factions to view his elevation as a post worth struggling to leave to his young child. So, glad that there should be no more bloodshed, he spent the time of the Parliament's deliberation in hunting and hawking at Greenwich and Eltham, gave his royal assent to the decision of Parliament, and then, on the 31st of October, 1460, rode in state with York by his side to St. Paul's, to return thanks for this peaceable settlement.

York had hitherto refused to visit him, declaring while the cause was pending that he was subject to no man, and owned no superior save God; but afterwards, the two cousins, who were almost of an age and had been knighted at the same time, consorted together as usual, and the Duke persuaded Henry to send for his wife and son to join him and keep his state as before.

CAMEO XIII.

HOW HENRY BORN AT WINDSOR LOST ALL.

(1460—1465.)

Kings of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*Kings of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1460. James III.	1422. Charles VII.	1450. Enrique IV.
1461. Edward IV.		1461. Louis XI.	

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1442. Frederick III.	1458. Pius II.
	1464. Paul II.

Margaret's flight. 1460.

QUEEN MARGARET of Anjou, though the child of a man who had resigned a kingdom rather than prolong his people's suffering, was by no means of the same mould of meek submission.

In the dreadful rout of Northampton her boy had been her first care, and she fled at first towards Durham, but finding herself insecure there, she went to Wales, and on the way was actually plundered of all her jewels and made prisoner by John Cleger, a servant of the waverer Stanley; but while her baggage was being rifled she escaped with her son, and soon after meeting the Duke of Somerset, safely arrived with him at Harlech Castle in North Wales, where a tall Welshman called Dafyd ap Jenan ap Einion was her champion, and all the Tudor interest was in her favour. A Welsh song called *Farewel iti Peggy ban* is said to have been in honour of her.

Thence crossing the Menai Straits privately, she repaired to Scotland, and had an interview with King James, who, remembering the insults that York had heaped on him, was well disposed to take up her quarrel and that of his cousin of Somerset. He even offered to invade England in her behalf, since he was now triumphant over all factions at home, and would have been well pleased to make Richard of York rue his insulting letter and his support of the rebel Black Douglas. Margaret, or Somerset, had, however, sense enough to perceive that nothing could be so ruinous to the Red Rose as to be brought back by a Scottish invasion, and she therefore declined this offer; and after taking counsel with the English Lords Marchers, Clifford, Dacre, and Percy, she returned to Wales.

James II., however, resolved on an enterprise that might result to his own benefit or to hers, as the case might turn out,—namely, on

CAMEO XIII.

Death of James II. 1460.

besieging the Border city of Roxburgh, which had been held by the English ever since the Battle of Nevil's Cross, and was now governed by Lord Falconbridge, one of the Nevils of Raby, brothers to the Duchess of York. He was joined by the whole force of his realm, the Earls of Huntley, of Ross, and of Angus, the last of whom had lately married his sister Annabel, whom Charles VII. had caused James to recall from Savoy, in his displeasure at the alliance with the refractory Dauphin.

James employed against the city some of the rude cannon of the time, one piece in especial which had been made in Flanders for his father, but had never been used. It was made of bars of iron fastened into hoops, and rendered tight by great oaken wedges. The King was inspecting his artillery, and watching the effect of the shot, when this great Flemish cannon, having been overcharged by the engineer, suddenly burst, and one of the timber wedges striking the King, he fell dead on the spot, and the Earl of Angus, who stood behind him, was severely hurt. Thus, on the 3rd of August, 1460, died the second James Stewart, when scarcely twenty-nine years old, just as he had begun to heal the wounds of his distracted kingdom. He left seven infant children, the eldest of whom was only eight years old. The mother, Mary of Gueldres, no sooner learnt the direful news than, taking her boy with her, she travelled day and night to reach the camp ere it could break up in consternation, and leading the little King James III. by the hand, she presented him to the army, and, as they hailed him enthusiastically, she told them with streaming tears that her husband's memory would be better honoured by carrying out his designs than by bewailing him helplessly. Her spirited words so stirred their hearts that the whole army hurried to the assault, and actually took the fortress on this very day of the widowed Queen's arrival. Wark Castle had been taken by another division of the army, and then all marched to Kelso Abbey, where young James was knighted and crowned, and then the Court repaired to Edinburgh to celebrate the funeral of their King at Holyrood; but even now Mary did not sit down with her sorrow, but hastened to the aid of a queen almost as unhappy as herself.

Margaret of Anjou had just received the letters which informed her of the Act of Parliament setting aside her son from the throne, and her husband's letters inviting her to return to him. From that moment Margaret became a lioness. That settlement, which to conscientious Henry seemed the only means of redressing a grievous wrong, appeared to her an insult to herself and an outrage on her helpless child, confirming the old report that made him an impostor. Her gentle husband was in the hands of tyrants, who had no doubt abused his meekness to make him disinherit his own child. There were many to feel with her; the three gallant young Tudors, as well as Somerset, Northumberland, and Clifford, each with the death of a father to lay at the door of the victorious Yorkists, and many more who had either hated York and the Nevils on their own account, or loved the King too much to leave him

in the hands of the domineering faction which had isolated him from all his personal friends.

CAMBO XIII.

Battle of Wakefield. 1461.

She hurried to the North again, and from her husband's grave Mary of Gueldres hastened to Dumfries to meet and comfort her. The conference was, however, short, for it was but eight days after Margaret had received her husband's invitation to join him that she was on her way, but at the head of eighteen thousand men of the North and West. The Yorkists were taken by surprise. They hurried to the defence; and while Warwick was left to guard the King in London, the Duke of York and Earl of Salisbury hastened to Sendal Castle, and the young Earl of March to Shrewsbury.

Margaret advanced with Somerset to besiege Sendal, and York decided on marching to meet her. His faithful servant, Sir David Hall, represented that his forces were so inferior that it would be much wiser to stand a siege till young March could come to relieve him; but York was uplifted by success, and answered, "Hast thou loved me so long, David, and wouldst thou see me dishonoured? Thou never sawest me keep castle when I was in Normandy, though the Dauphin himself came to besiege me; and shall I be shut up like a bird in a cage for a scolding woman, whose only weapons are her tongue and nails?"

Out then he sallied, in the midst of Christmas, and taking his post near Wakefield sent his defiance to Somerset, and fixed a day for the battle. But the revengeful lords and angry Queen had brought themselves to regard York as a traitor past all terms; and on the 30th of December, before the appointed day, dividing their force into three, with Clifford on the left and Wiltshire on the right, fell upon him suddenly, so that he was "enclosed like deer in a park or fish in a net."

York fought desperately; but, enclosed on all sides, his state was hopeless; and a horrible ferocity had mastered the Lancastrian leaders, especially Clifford, whose father had been slain at St. Alban's. On Wakefield bridge this noble found Edmund, earl of Rutland, York's second son, a youth of seventeen, in charge of a chaplain.

"Save him," said the priest, as the boy fell on his knees and entreated for mercy; "he is a Prince's son, and may do thee good hereafter."

"York's son!" cried Clifford. "Thy father slew mine, and I will slay thee and all his kindred;" and he stabbed young Edmund to the heart.

Two thousand and eighty Yorkists perished. Of Richard of York himself one account says that he died fighting bravely; another, that fierce Clifford captured him, dragged him to an ant-hill, enthroned him there crowned with twisted grass, and did him mock homage, crying, "Hail, King without a kingdom! Hail, Prince without a people!" and then swept off his head. Popular fancy and Shakespeare make Margaret participate in this horrid scene, and even offer him a napkin

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Slaughter at Wakefield. 1460.

dyed in Rutland's blood; but this is certainly false, and all that is certain is that, after the fight was over, his head was brought by fierce Clifford on a pole to the Queen, with the words, "Madame, your war is done. Here is your king's ransom." She, in her wild feeling of exultation mixed with horror, burst into a laugh, and bade the traitor's head, a paper crown around it, to be hung on the gates of York. All that was forbearing or chivalrous died with Richard of York, and with old Nevil, earl of Salisbury, who was beheaded at Pontefract the next day; and room was left between the two heads for those of their two sons, March and Warwick—it was said by Margaret's desire.

It was true that, according to Margaret and Somerset, York, Rutland, and Salisbury were all under attainder, and were also in arms against the royal cause, and thus were liable to die without trial; it was true also that few women could have felt themselves and their dearest more atrociously misused and oppressed than Margaret had been by York; but there was another side to the question. York really was the direct heir: the attainder had been regularly reversed by Parliament, with the King's full assent, and the King was in his keeping, not in the opposite army. The treason was not defined; the decapitation, whether upon a living or a dead body, was an act of unauthorized barbarity, prompted by mere revenge; the murder of Rutland absolute wickedness, and Salisbury's execution a matter of doubtful justice. The feelings of the whole country were aroused. Hitherto the Red Rose had been the injured party—now it had rivalled or exceeded the other in bloodshed; for hitherto all the victims had fallen in honourable battle, and no corpse had been insulted. Wakefield was the true ruin of the House of Lancaster.

Horrible retaliation on either side had set in, and blood was held to demand blood; and yet even then the able French contemporary writer, Philippe de Comines, praises the English for their humanity in this civil war, because they neither slew the wounded lying on the battle-field nor wasted the fields and cottages of the peasants. The death of York made a terrible exchange from the knightly noble bred in the habits of chivalrous warfare with the brave French, to his fiery son, a far abler man, but born to civil war, and brutalized by the cry of revenge and thirst of ambition. He was at Gloucester when he learnt the dreadful tidings of Wakefield, and that his mother and younger brothers had fled to Utrecht. Thirsting for revenge, he completed the muster of his adherents, and, though barely nineteen years of age, showed himself the only man of any real military instinct then in England. He marched forwards, hoping to check the Lancastrians on their way to London. On the road he was attacked by a force of Welsh under the Tudors, which he totally routed at Mortimer's Cross, on the 2nd of February, 1461, taking prisoner Owen Tudor, whom he beheaded by way of reprisal; but whether this were the father, Queen Catherine's husband, or his youngest namesake son, is not clear. On that morning,

Battle at Mortimer's Cross. 1461.

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Second Battle of St. Alban's. 1461.

as Edward was going forth, he beheld the appearance called a perihelion—two suns on either side of the true one, which afterwards joined in one. Deeming this an omen of good fortune, he adopted as his badge a sun with streaming rays.

Margaret meanwhile pushed on towards London, and Warwick came forth to meet her, bringing the King with him, as Montfort had brought another Henry two hundred years before.

The two armies met at St. Alban's, February 17th, and a second battle was fought in the same streets, with this difference, that Warwick was within the town; the Queen, with the Somerset and Clifford whose fathers had here died, were outside and attacking. But Warwick's army were chiefly citizens of London, the trained bands of whom were under a captain favourable to the Queen, and held aloof; while the rest were no match for the terrible Borderers brought by Percy, Clifford, and Dacre. Not only did these fierce marauders put Warwick's troops to flight, but they rushed through the town in search of plunder; and Henry, who, according to his usual fate, was left nearly alone in the confusion to become the prize of the victor, was almost in personal danger; but he besought Lord Montagu and the old soldier Sir Thomas Kyriel to remain with him, assuring them on his royal word of his protection. The Lancastrians did not even know that he was at hand, till his servant, Howe, found Lord Clifford, who summoned the Queen, and Margaret with her son flew to him, and were embraced by him with tears of joy, after which he conferred knighthood on the seven years old Edward, who had borne himself fearlessly throughout the day.

But Henry found Margaret changed; her vehement affection for him was the same, but she viewed him as a being to be protected, not obeyed, scarcely to be consulted so much as his little son. She had taken the reins into her own hands, and scouted his promise that Montagu and Kyriel should be spared. Their heads and that of Lord Bonville were struck off, and another deadweight was added to the English hatred of the foreign Queen.

Margaret was out of herself; she had lost all sense of consideration, and kept no terms. She sent a haughty requisition to the Lord Mayor to provide her army with salt-fish and bread; but the Londoners were mostly devoted to the handsome and winning March and to the open-handed Warwick, and were horrified at the thought of the two fathers' heads at York waiting for those of the two sons; and hearing that the two armies of March and Warwick had coalesced, they stopped the waggons at Cripplegate; and Margaret, partly in indignation, partly no doubt from actual lack of necessaries, gave permission to her soldiery to help themselves and plunder the country. The Lord Mayor and Recorder, much distressed, obtained an interview with the Queen by the interposition of the Duchess of Bedford and her daughter Lady Grey; and while the Lord Mayor was representing to her that he was almost the only Lancastrian in London, and that she could not worse serve her own cause than by angering the citizens, the King hurried in to implore

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Edward in London. 1461.

her to come and save the glorious Abbey of St. Alban's from fire and plunder by her savage Borderers, who seemed to think themselves let loose for a raid in Scotland. The fire was hindered, but not the spoliation; and Margaret thus made a Yorkist of Abbot Whethampstead, who had hitherto been a friend to the Red Rose. She had literally made St. Alban's too hot to hold her, and finding that the enemy were approaching with forty thousand men, and that the City would not open its gates to her ruffianly northern spears, she drew off northwards.

Edward of March entered London on the 25th of February, and was received with gratitude as the deliverer of the City from Clifford's cruel army, and with enthusiasm as the brave son of a father slaughtered not two months back.

His splendid looks and bearing, joined with his frank, free, gracefulness and familiarity, transported the whole of the populace; and when the nobles, lawyers, and prelates conferred with him, they were amazed to find how much this handsome lad surpassed his father in intelligence, decision, and resources. In fact, Richard Plantagenet had never been devoid of scruples; Edward Plantagenet had none.

Lord Falconbridge summoned the trained bands to meet on Clerkenwell Common, ostensibly for a muster, but really to give the Chancellor, Bishop Nevil, an opportunity of haranguing them on Edward's right, and on the impossibility of obtaining good government while Henry was continually mastered by the Queen, who had shown herself to be in her hour of victory all that she had ever been supposed to be. The acclamations of the whole multitude showed that their hearts were with the new hope of England, and proclaimed Edward as their king. The Peers then in London met the next day at Barnard's Castle, and decided that Henry, by joining the Queen and Somerset after they had destroyed the Duke of York, had violated his engagement, and forfeited his crown to the heir of Richard of York.

Upon this, on the 4th of March, 1461, the young man thus elected rode in grand procession to St. Paul's and thence to Westminster Hall, where he mounted the throne, which eight months before his father had only touched, and holding the sceptre in his hand announced his claim amid the shouts of "Long live King Edward!" Thence he repaired to the Abbey, and took the sceptre of the Confessor in his hand, while the nobles took the oaths of fealty, and the people rapturously hailed him king. He was rowed back in his barge to the City, and again proclaimed formally there; and from this day, the 25th of February, 1461, the reign of Edward IV. is dated.

But he had still more than half the kingdom to conquer. The wealthy Midland Counties and the North loved Henry and Margaret, and they lay at York with an army of sixty thousand men. Edward only waited to gather his army, and marched after them. Margaret remained with her husband and son within York, while Somerset and Clifford went forth to the battle.

CAMEO XIII.

Battle of Towton. 1461.

The battle which ensued on Palm Sunday, the 28th of March, 1461, at Towton on the Moor, was the most terrible in the whole war, and was fought in the midst of a great snowstorm. It began by an attempt in early morning on the part of Lord Clifford to surprise Lord Fitzwalter, who was in charge of Ferrybridge; Fitzwalter, who was in bed at the time of the alarm, did not wait to put on his armour, but rushed into the *mêlée* with his battle-axe, and was killed. Warwick, learning the disaster, repaired to Edward, and a summons was issued to the whole army to get under arms, Edward bidding all depart who doubted his right, promising rewards to his friends, and commanding that no quarter should be given. "May God receive the souls of all who die in this battle!" Warwick is reported by Monstrelet to have said; then kissing the cross of his sword, "Let him turn back who will, for I shall live or die with those who remain with me." And therewith he killed his horse, according to the same chronicler; a proceeding that is so improbable that it was probably the Frenchman's invention. Edward then sent Lord Falconbridge forward, while it was still dark, to recover Ferrybridge. Clifford was forced to retreat, and had not gone far before an arrow-shot revenged the blood of young Edmund of Rutland.

Still the battle did not actually begin till nine o'clock, and then it raged with deadliest fury for hour after hour. The snow was in the faces of the Lancastrians, and thus they could not see that their arrows fell short, while the Yorkists picked up the shafts and returned them. Till three o'clock the Lancastrians were unbroken; then they began to give way, and were pushed back into the river Cock, where many were drowned, and the others were slaughtered like sheep. Even when darkness came down on them the butchery still continued, and almost all the next day.

Somerset and Exeter made their way to York, and took the King, Queen, and Prince, and Henry's chaplain Dr. Morton, parson of Blokesworth, with them to Alnwick Castle, which had lost its lord; for a second Northumberland had fallen for the Red Rose, and lay on the field among the thirty-eight thousand men whose corpses were stretched amid the snow, or choking the rivers, after the most savage, most obstinate, most bloody battle ever fought by Englishmen. Edward wrote letters to his mother in London, and then entered York, under the gateway where his father's and brother's heads had hung since Christmas, and whence they, with that of Salisbury, were taken down to give place to those of Devon and Wiltshire, who had been taken in the flight. He advanced to Newcastle, searching for King Henry and his family, but they were beyond his reach, and he therefore returned to London, was received in great state, and was crowned in Westminster Abbey by Archbishop Bourchier on St. Peter's Day, 1461, exactly a year since his father had touched the cushion on the throne. At the same time his two young brothers, George and Richard, were created Dukes of Clarence and of Gloucester.

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Margaret in Scotland. 1461.

The Duchess Cecily seems, from the time of her husband's death, to have resigned her personal ambition, and led a retired life of great devotion, rising at seven, spending many hours in chapel, dining at noon, while some religious book was read aloud, which lecture she again rehearsed at supper for the benefit of her attendants. She seems to have felt the evils of her past ambition, but she had yet to behold many dreary consequences of the pride she had taught her sons.

Meantime, Henry, Margaret, and little Edward were safe over the Border, and being comforted by Queen Mary, who ruled conjointly with the wise Bishop Kennedy. Margaret endeavoured to purchase assistance from Scotland by yielding up Berwick, and by promising Angus an English dukedom; also the two mothers agreed that the little Prince of Wales should wed Margaret, the eldest daughter of Scotland; and at the same time King Edward tried to make terms for himself by offering his own hand to Queen Mary; and not succeeding, he made an engagement with the banished Earl of Douglas, the Earl of Ross, who was also Lord of the Isles, and Donald Balloch, a great chieftain of the Hebrides, by which they were together to conquer Scotland, divide the estates between the three traitor nobles, and make Edward king of the whole island.

However, Edward was hardly firm enough on his throne for such an attempt, and the only person who stirred was Lord Ross, who proclaimed himself King of the Hebrides, whilst his son and Donald Balloch horribly forayed Athol, the Earl and Countess of which shire he tore from the sanctuary of St. Bridget at Blair, and sent off to a prison in Isla. Balloch then tried to burn St. Bridget's church, but each time the flames became extinguished, and as he endeavoured to sail away a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning came on, and sunk almost all the ships that carried the spoil of St. Bridget's shrine. Fully persuaded that he was visited by the wrath of the saint, he turned back, caused all his men to strip to their shirt and drawers, and with them performed penance at the shrine. He then set the Earl and Countess of Athol free, and returned to his allegiance, thus causing the failure of Ross's attempt.

Mary of Gueldres was reported to have herself fallen in love with Somerset; but he was at this time sent on a mission to Charles VII., and Margaret resolved to follow him thither with her son, and endeavour to obtain assistance from the uncle who had parted with her so affectionately. French historians say the means were supplied to her by a French merchant whom she had befriended in her girlhood, but Scottish records declare that she sailed from Kirkcudbright with an escort of five ships of war.

She did not know at that time that Charles had already expired. He had continued very restless at the favour his son Louis enjoyed in Burgundy. His favourite Dammartin, the Count de Maine, and all those who dreaded the vengeance of the new heir when he should

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Death of Charles VII. 1461.

come to the throne, inflamed the King's mind against him, in hopes of causing him to be cut off from the succession; and when Charles was suffering from an abscess in the mouth, they insinuated that his son had bribed his physician to poison him.

The idea worked more strongly than they had intended. The King brooded on it day and night, imprisoned his physician, and at length worked himself into so piteous a state of mistrust that he took no food at all, and thus actually starved himself to death for fear of his son. He died in this lamentable manner on the 22nd of July, 1461, in his fifty-eighth year, leaving a memory loved more than it deserved in France, partly because his reign had seen the expulsion of strangers, and still more because he had been favourable to the burgher class. The true glory of his reign belongs, however, to Jeanne d'Arc, whom he deserted at her utmost need, and Jacques Cœur, whom he allowed to be basely ruined.

Margaret first resorted to Brittany, where she learned these tidings, and also that Somerset and his companions had been at first arrested on their arrival in France, but had then been liberated, and that the new King, Louis XI., had returned from Burgundy, and was at Chinon in Normandy.

She repaired to him, and kneeling at his feet with floods of tears, implored his pity and assistance; but Louis, though treating her courteously, made her understand that she must not expect aid for nothing, and he would only lend her twenty thousand livres on condition of her engaging that when her husband should recover his throne she would appoint Jasper Tudor Governor of Calais, and surrender it to the French on the payment of another large sum. The best thing, however, that she obtained on this journey was the championship of Sir Pierre de Brezé, the Seneschal of Normandy, the same who had resented the wrongs of the poor Dauphiness Margaret Stewart. He had maintained the honour of Queen Margaret's daisy at her bridal tournament, and now devoted himself to her service as a true knight to an errant princess in distress. With two thousand foreign troops she sailed for Northumberland in October 1462, and had landed at Tynemouth, but hearing a report that Warwick was close at hand, and finding the cannon pointed against them, they fled in a panic to their ships, leaving Margaret, her son, and Brezé alone on the beach, and only able to obtain a little fishing-boat in which to escape to Berwick; but this desertion proved their safety, for a terrible storm arose, in which most of the foreign ships, unacquainted with the coast, were wrecked on Bamborough rocks and on Holy Isle, where the five hundred men who got ashore were all killed by Sir Robert Ogle and his force, while the little native boat was able to ride out the storm and bear the Queen in safety to Berwick.

Again she obtained succour from the Scots, and with King Henry entered England in the depth of winter, leaving their son at Berwick. Angus was collecting his troops to follow her, and she took Bam-

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Death of Mary of Gueldres. 1463.

borough, Alnwick, and Dunstanburgh, placing Brezé's son, Ralf Percy, and Somerset, in command of these fortresses, with French and Scottish garrisons. These of course were abhorrent to the English, who were delighted when Edward and Warwick hurried to the north. Edward, however, was taken ill at Newcastle, it was said in consequence of his unbridled excess; but Warwick, dividing his army into three, besieged all the three fortresses, and Somerset amazed everyone by not only surrendering Bamborough, but by himself coming over to Edward, and fighting in his cause, being probably offended at the influence of Brezé. Suffolk and Exeter followed his example, and the King and Queen were forced to retreat into Scotland, having been joined by young Brezé after much danger.

Mary of Gueldres and Bishop Kennedy seem to have come to the conclusion that the Lancastrian cause was hopeless; and the Queen had an interview with Warwick, who made further proposals to her on Edward's part; but on the 16th of November, 1463, this Queen, still young, beautiful, and spirited, died suddenly, and the Earl of Angus dying about the same time, leaving only a young child as heir, the Yorkist interests gained the upper hand under the influence of the Boyds, a family who rose into great power at this time.

This apparently occasioned the removal of the hunted royal family to their faithful friend Dafyd ap Einion's Castle at Harlech in Wales, but the story of their wanderings is exceedingly confused. They were often in want of the merest necessaries of life, and one meal of the whole family, King, Queen, and Prince, is said to have consisted of a single herring between the three; but all the time King Henry not only preserved his intellect, but his exceeding patience and sweetness, so that well might the blind poet Awdlay write—

> "I pray you, sirs, of your gentry,
> Sing this carol reverently,
> For it is made of King Henry."

Battle of Hedgely Moor. 1464.

Whether Margaret went abroad at this time or not is uncertain, but at any rate a fresh army had gathered in her cause in the April of 1464, and Somerset, Exeter, and Percy were all up in arms again on Henry's behalf; the King himself in Somerset's camp on the Dilswater near Hexham. But Lord Montagu (Warwick's brother) defeated and slew Percy at Hedgely Moor,* and then marched on with five thousand men, and fell upon Somerset's camp, April 25th, 1464, where there were only five hundred. There was a short, hot contest, ending in a disastrous flight and dispersion. Somerset was overtaken and beheaded that same night, the third Beaufort who had perished; Henry rode headlong northward, closely pursued by Montagu's retainers, who managed to plunder the King's baggage and array themselves in his blue velvet gowns, in which their master found them, and also discovered in their

* Percy's last words were, "I have saved the bird in my bosom," meaning his loyalty to King Henry, which would have been truer but for his submission at Alnwick.

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possession Henry's cap of state, embroidered with two crowns in gold and pearls, and called a bycocket.

The battle of Hexham. 1465.

The Lords Roos and Hungerford were also taken and executed; but Lord Gray, who shut himself up in Bamborough, would have held out for some time against Warwick, had not a wall fallen upon him, and his garrison surrendered, thinking him dying; but the victors tended him carefully that he might be degraded from his knighthood, and carried with his scutcheon reversed to die a traitor's death at Doncaster.

Strange to say, it is really doubtful whether the Queen were in this battle or on the Continent. Tradition declares that it was in her flight with her son that she was set upon by a band of robbers, and making her escape with young Edward while they were disputing over the booty, lost their way in the forest. Presently they saw a tall robber, sword in hand, approaching them; but Margaret, ever ready and resolute, stepped forward, saying, "My friend, save the son of your king." The outlaw fell at her feet, explaining that he was a ruined Lancastrian gentleman, who had been driven to the forests; and, taking the Prince in his arms, conducted her to a cave, where she was sheltered for three days till the outlaw fell in with the faithful Brezé and his squire; and she soon after met the young heir of Somerset and the Duke of Exeter. The cave is still shown, near Hexham, but the difficulty is that the story is told by contemporary chroniclers as having happened in Hainault, where Margaret was quite as likely to find ruined Lancastrians driven to robbery as in any English wood.

However, the account which makes her present at Hexham further says that she reached Kirkcudbright in disguise, but was there recognized by an Englishman named Cook, who arrested her and her son, Brezé and his squire, and put them on board a small vessel to be conveyed to England; but Brezé and the squire overcame their captors, and brought the boat safe to land at Cantyre, whence she embarked for Flanders. As usual, she encountered stormy weather, but landed safely at L'Ecluse.

In the meantime, Henry was passed from one refuge to another in Lancashire and Westmoreland, sometimes hiding in a cave, sometimes in a house at Crackenthorpe, until, after a full year of such wanderings, a wretched monk betrayed him to Sir James Hamilton; and he was taken as he sat at dinner in Waddington Hall in the June of 1465.

Capture of Henry. 1465.

The Earl of Warwick met him at Islington, and disgraced himself for ever by his base revenge on this most unoffending man. No semblance of respect was permitted; his ankles were bound to his stirrups; he was placed on a miserable horse, and thus entered London, where, before being taken to the Tower, he was three times led round the pillory, a crier proclaiming, "Behold the traitor!" Meek as ever, he made merely one complaint as a ruffianly fellow

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1465.

struck him on the face. "Forsooth and forsooth, ye do foully to smite the Lord's anointed."

Such was the last appearance of him, who forty-three years before had been proclaimed over two royal graves on the same day in two capitals—Henry, King of France and England! What was his present inheritance from his grandfather and his father? Nothing but the feebleness of the first, but most blessedly nothing but the pure heart and earnest piety of the other.

CAMEO XIV.

THE YORKIST WEDDINGS.

(1464—1471.)

King of England. 1461. Edward IV. *King of Scotland.* 1460. James III. *King of France.* 1461. Louis XI. *King of Spain.* 1450. Enrique IV.

Emperor of Germany. 1442. Frederick III. *Pope.* 1464. Paul II.

THE House of York was regarded as firmly established among reigning families, and its scions in the splendour of their newly won fortunes, and with the lustre of their high personal endowments about them, were thought of as fit matches for the greatest houses in Europe.

The Earl of Warwick, who believed himself to have at last a king amenable to his will, without any counter influence, began to cast about in search of a foreign princess, who might ennoble King Edward in the eyes of the people, and strengthen him by her connections abroad. Bonne of Savoy, sister to the queen of Louis XI. of France, was the lady he chiefly desired to place on the throne of England; and he was actually beginning to open negotiations for her, when it suddenly burst on the whole court that the King was already married, and, of all persons in the world, to a Lancastrian lady, the daughter of that very Richard Woodville whom Edward and Warwick together had taunted at Calais with being a knave's son.

It was even so. Elizabeth, the eldest of the many children of the marriage between Jaquetta of Luxemburg, widow of the Regent Duke of Bedford, and Richard Woodville, created Lord Rivers, had, when quite young, been dowered by Queen Margaret to enable her to marry Sir John Grey, eldest son of Lord Ferrers of Groby. He was mortally wounded at the first battle of St. Alban's, and left her with two infant sons, whose lands were confiscated by the Yorkists, so that she returned destitute with them to her parents' home at Grafton.

When Edward was returning from his victory at Towton, the Duchess Jaquetta, one of the cleverest women of the day, bethought her of appealing to his mercy by placing the lovely young widow and her orphans in his way, to entreat for the restitution of their inheritance.

In Whittlebury Forest still stands the tree called the Queen's oak,

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—
Marriage of Edward.
1464.

where stood in all her charms the fair Elizabeth, who had inherited the extreme beauty of her father as well as the dazzling complexion and flaxen tresses of the Luxemburgs, holding in each hand a beautiful child, with whom she threw herself at the young conqueror's feet.

At once Edward became passionately enamoured of this beautiful vision. He would have added her to the long roll of fair ladies whom, though only twenty-two years old, he had already loved and cast away; but resolution and ambition on the part of the daughter, and skilful manœuvring on that of the mother, prevailed; and after three years' pursuit, which only inflamed his passion, he secretly wedded Dame Elizabeth Grey at Grafton Castle on the May-day morning of the year 1464.

The fact was made known a few months later, and great was the general indignation. The King had been entrapped, it was said, by the sorceries of Duchess Jaquetta, who had studied magic with her sister-in-law Eleanor Cobham, and was moreover descended from the fairy Melusina! It was her descent from the house of Luxemburg that was Edward's justification. He took care to make it known that the Luxemburgs reckoned emperors and kings in their line—the saintly Heinrich VII., the chivalrous blind Johann of Bohemia, and many another crowned head; also that Jaquetta's brother, the Count de St. Pol, was Constable of France, also one of the princely vassals of the Roman empire, and had been so angered by his sister's match with Richard Woodville, that neither had dared to venture beyond seas, since he threatened to slay them both. Now, however, an invitation was sent to the Luxemburg family to be present at Elizabeth's coronation, and Count Jaques, the Duchess's youngest brother, arrived with a retinue intended to dazzle the English.

Precontracts on the King's part were indeed talked of, with Eleanor Talbot, daughter to old Lord Shrewsbury, a contract no doubt made between the two fathers in France when they little thought the banners of York and Shrewsbury would ever be arrayed against one another; and again to Elizabeth Lucy, whom he had deserted for the fair widow: but the King laughed these to scorn, saying that what might disqualify a man for a priest did not disqualify him for a king; and he persuaded his mother, "proud Cis," as she had once been called, to accept the daughter-in-law who must have been so distasteful to her.

All the young Woodvilles, who being poor, numerous, and Lancastrian, had hitherto found their beauty, grace, and ability of little avail, were early sought in marriage as securities for the King's favour. Margaret wedded the heir of Arundel; Katharine, the Duke of Buckingham; Jaquetta, the Earl of Essex; another sister, the Earl of Kent; and the fifth, Lord Herbert. John Woodville, the eldest brother, scandalized the whole court by marrying the enormously wealthy Duchess of Norfolk in her eightieth year; while, on the other hand, Antony, the second brother, secured a little child, almost equally rich, as being the heiress of the Barony of Scales, the title of which

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Woodville power. 1465.

he took. Little John Grey, the Queen's eldest son, was contracted to the daughter of Henry Holland, duke of Exeter, and of Anne Plantagenet, the King's eldest sister. She had been betrothed to George Nevil, the nephew of Warwick; but her father, a staunch Lancastrian, was in the utmost poverty, almost reduced to begging his bread, in Burgundy, and the Queen bribed the mother to break her word to the Nevils.

The two Woodvilles were brave and highly accomplished knights, and Sir Antony was the favourite of all the court. The ladies beset him one day coming out of the chapel, and bound about his knee a garter formed of the letters SS. with the forget-me-not flower in enamel hanging to it, as a token that some emprise was expected of him. One of the ladies added "that he ought to take some step befitting the time." What this step was to be was indicated in a letter written on vellum, and bound with a thread of gold, which was laid in his cap.

It was that he should send a challenge to some noble foreign champion; and he accordingly selected the Count de la Roche, one of the illegitimate sons of the old Duke Philippe of Burgundy, and esteemed one of the bravest knights in Europe. Antony wrote the whole adventure to him, beseeching him to touch the enamelled Fleur de Souvenance, which he did, in acceptance of the challenge; but he did not come to England as had been expected with Jaques de Luxemburg, who brought three hundred men with him, all paid for their appearance by King Edward.

The old nobility, with Warwick at their head, despised and hated the gay and brilliant Woodvilles, and on their account, all the connection with Luxemburg and Burgundy, which they regarded as Lancastrian; while Warwick desired to obtain support from France, and to deprive Queen Margaret of the sympathy and shelter she derived in right of her father being uncle to the King of France. The King's two brothers had always been designed for Warwick's own two heiresses, but his beautiful and stately sister, Margaret of York, might, as Warwick thought, be advantageously married to Charles, the only brother of the still sonless Louis XI., while the Woodvilles pointed to a much more certainly brilliant marriage with Charles, Count de Charolois, the only legitimate son of the splendid Duke Philippe of Burgundy. Charles had lost his wife, Isabelle de Bourbon, eleven years previously, and had mourned her with unusual constancy and purity of affection; but as she had left him only one daughter, it was almost a necessity that he should marry again, in the hope of leaving a male heir to the accumulation of states that he had already begun to hope to form into a kingdom.

On the one hand, Warwick was gone to meet King Louis for a secret negotiation; and on the other, emissaries from Burgundy were treating with Edward, when Duke Philippe had a second attack of apoplexy at Bruges, and was soon in extremity. His son Charles,

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Death of Philippe le Bon. 1467.

who, though the fiery tempers of both had often led them into furious collision, nevertheless loved him deeply, instantly galloped from Ghent; but he found his father speechless, and could barely obtain from him a feeble sign in reply to his vehement entreaties for pardon for all his past offences.

Duke Philippe died on the 15th of June, 1467. He had been the most wealthy and magnificent prince of his day, with the qualities of liberality, good nature, and ostentation, that were fittest to dazzle the multitude and obtain applause; and though there lay behind a dark reserve of passion, harshness, and self-indulgence, he had always preserved a most brilliant exterior, and it had fallen to him to act on occasions that made a great noise in the world. His adherence had given the French crown to England, his defection had taken it away; he had restored the King to Paris, released the Duke of Orleans, and sheltered the present monarch in his exile; and in effect he had been the observed of all observers during the forty years of his rule. The apparent openness and heartiness of his character, his readiness of speech and action, his warmth to his friends and generosity to his enemies (if high born), were a favourable contrast to the far more complex natures of the indolent, facile, inconstant Charles VII., and to the subtle, sneering, untrustworthy Louis XI., so that he won and kept the name of Good.

His funeral was in character. It was lit up by six hundred torches borne by men in black, and all the magnificent nobility of Burgundy and Flanders mourned there, while his son was so utterly exhausted and worn out by his agony of grief, as to be unable to appear at it.

Charles was a man of much deeper and more earnest nature than his father, with wider aims and a grander ambition, but with none of that facility of carrying men along with him which had so much assisted Philippe. Though not more really harsh and unforgiving than his father, he had none of Philippe's gay easy grace of deportment, and took much severer views of life, especially in dealing with himself. His father's sensuality formed no part of his nature; he was strict and abstemious in all things, and kept all about him under the sternest discipline, so that he was more feared than loved, save by those who knew him best. Inordinate ambition, fiery temper, and an iron unbending severity, were his greatest errors; but he had a true and honourable heart, and much real nobility of character. The two great rivals, Louis of France and Charles of Burgundy, have both been set before us in Scott's wonderful portrait-gallery of history; but unfortunately he misread the character of the Burgundian prince, and has given us merely a coarse daub of a brutal and ferocious clown, instead of the refined melancholy gentleman of indomitable will and boundless ambition, who ruled the Low Countries and the northern slopes of the Jura. On the other hand, his likeness of Louis XI. is a piece of speaking truth: the strange, cunning, wary king, heedless of appearances, utterly devoid of

heart or conscience, and yet full of the most absurd superstitious devotion; audacious, and yet timid; astute, yet imprudent; no warrior, yet always successful; silky-tongued, yet venomous; hated and dreaded beyond any man who ever sat on the throne of France, and yet obeyed; parsimonious, yet lavish; quarrelling with everyone, yet powerful with everyone; surrounded not by his own gallant nobility, but by attendants of the lowest birth, and guarded by Scottish archers; cautious and complimentary, but always with a covert sneer: a man as terrible as a poisonous serpent.

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Warwick cajoled by Louis.

1467.

If Louis had ever loved anyone, it was his mother; and he had designs on the inheritance of her brother, old King René, that made him show a certain amount of friendliness towards the exile Margaret of Anjou. To detach him from this family tie was the Earl of Warwick's great desire; and Louis had known enough of the dangers of a close alliance between Burgundy and England to be willing to do his best to traverse the marriage treaty between the new Duke and the Yorkist princess.

So, though himself unwell, he set out for Rouen to meet the Earl, who, he gave orders, should be everywhere received as though he were the King of England himself. On arriving, Louis assigned to Warwick a house next to his own lodging, and caused a door to be broken through the wall, that they might meet and confer in private, when the King could flatter the stout overbearing Earl to the top of his bent. The huge train that the Nevil as usual brought with him were equally well pleased, for orders were sent to the manufacturers of the place to make them a present of whatever they happened to admire; and as Rouen was famous for the weaving of velvet, damask, and fine cloth, magnificent robes were packed up by all the knights and gentlemen of the Ragged Staff, while the givers were cheaply rewarded by licence from the King to purchase fiefs to which titles of nobility were attached—a privilege hitherto withheld from burgher blood except at Paris.

Warwick's heart was completely won, and he agreed to all that Louis proposed, with as much confidence as though he had been king himself, since he still regarded Edward as his pupil; and he returned home in company with a party of noble ambassadors to demand formally the hand of Lady Margaret of York for Charles, duke of Berri.

But when he came home, he found himself looked coldly upon. It had been alleged by the Woodvilles that Louis was such an Angevin at heart, that Warwick could not have had so many secret conferences with him for any good purpose, and that it would be prudent to deprive George Nevil, the archbishop of York, of the chancellorship. Edward, weary of the dictation of his cousin, easily yielded, and, so far from attending to Warwick's recommendation of the French alliance, scarcely exerted himself to be civil to the ambassadors, but merely told them he must advise with his Council, and sent them away with no better gifts than hunting-horns and leathern bottles. This, after his own splendid

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reception, seemed to Warwick a personal insult, and he retired to Middleham in great ire.

Marriage of Charles the Bold. 1468.

Meantime, the negotiations with Burgundy were continued; and in the June of 1468 Margaret of York set forth for her new home, escorted as far as the coast by the King and Queen and their whole court, and across the sea by her youngest brother, Richard, duke of Gloucester, and by Lord Scales, together with a splendid retinue.

She landed at Sluys, where she was met by the Duke Charles's mother, the stately and ceremonious Isabel of Portugal, and by his daughter Marie, a bright affectionate girl of twelve or thirteen. Two days later the bridegroom himself arrived, and the ceremony of espousals was performed by the Bishop of Salisbury.

A week later the marriage itself took place at Bruges, on the 2nd of July, 1468, at five o'clock in the morning, to leave ample time for the festivities. The bride appeared in a crown of diamonds, and a mantle of cloth of silver loaded with precious stones; and the splendour of the banquet was almost unrivalled, including a sort of dramatic enterprise of chivalry, in which the Knight of the Golden Tree, otherwise Count Adolf of Cleves, rescued a distressed damsel from a giant dressed in cloth of gold and a Provençal hat! The *entremets* were unusually fantastic. A unicorn came in with a leopard on his back, carrying in one paw a daisy, in the other the standard of England. A little dwarf girl belonging to Mademoiselle of Burgundy appeared in the garb of a shepherdess, riding on a golden lion, who opened his mouth and sung a carol in praise of the bride; and the last day of the festival week was crowned by the most wonderful contrivance of all, being no other than a whale sixty feet long, who entered the hall escorted by two giants, wagged its tail and fins, glared with its two great looking-glass eyes, and opening its mouth, emitted first a party of singing sirens, and then twelve sea-horsemen, who fought till the giants drove them in again.

The old and the new were meeting here, for while these queer old pageants of chivalrous romance were being exhibited, one of the spectators was that Master William Caxton, who was said to have been sent by King Henry VI. to learn the art of printing abroad. Some say that he only went in Margaret of York's train; and he certainly held an office in her household and was much in favour with her; but it is evident that he must have been in the Netherlands long previously, since he had partly forgotten his English. He tells us himself that when he carried her the translations from romances, classical and chivalrous, which he intended to print and send to England under her patronage, she would often correct his language; and even with her aid there is still much more French idiom about them than there is in other English works of the same era.

Margaret's marriage was happy so far as all due honour, esteem, and respect from her husband could make it so, together with the warm filial affection of her gentle and spirited step-daughter, Marie of Bur-

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The meeting at Peronne. 1468.

gundy, and great splendour of all surroundings, but she was childless; and her lord, always a grave and gloomy man, met with an almost unexampled series of misfortune in the few years during which she was his wife. Indeed, he was never the same man after a strange event that occurred in the first months of their marriage. Louis XI. had renewed the war with Charles's ally, François, duke of Brittany, who wrote to reproach Burgundy with not coming to his assistance. Charles threatened war, and the Burgundian and French nobility were alike burning to come into collision, while Louis was determined to do anything rather than gratify them; and finding that embassies were unsatisfactory, he decided on using his own arts of cajolery, and amazed the Duke by suddenly requesting from him a safe-conduct, in order to come and have an interview with him at the town of Peronne la Pucelle, so called because it was a virgin fortress, never having been taken.

He arrived close upon the reception of Charles's answer, attended merely by Cardinal Balue, the Constable de St. Pol, a few nobles and knights, and eighty Scottish archers. Charles met him on the way, and both, dismounting from their horses, warmly embraced; and they rode side by side into the town, the King with his hand on the Duke's shoulder. A lodging was appointed in a large commodious house, whither the Duke ceremoniously conducted the King, and left him to rest after his journey, and prepare for the evening's meeting.

Presently the ducal court was amazed; for a messenger came from the King entreating that he might be placed not in the town but in the castle, with a strong Burgundian guard. Now the castle was the last place a monarch of France was likely to prefer, for it was a grim old impregnable pile, built not for habitation but for defence, with massive walls, and minute chambers scarcely furnished; and moreover, it had served as a prison to the weakest and most unfortunate of the Karling princes, the unhappy Charles the Simple, when upset from his throne, if less literally, yet more effectually, than by the Norman vassal, and from that captivity he had gone to his grave, not without suspicion of violence.

Yet here Louis desired to sojourn. He had looked from his window, and had beheld the street of Peronne full of men whom he had made his enemies—men whom he had deceived by his false promises, who had tasted of his dungeons at Loches, or whom he had stripped of their lands; and, seized with a sudden panic lest a blow from one should avenge the wrongs of all, he insisted on being placed in the fortress, with a double file of Burgundian men-at-arms in the courtyard, much as if he had been the Duke's captive instead of his guest.

A day passed while Charles and his councillors tried to listen patiently to his cajoleries, and to gather his purposes in coming, when suddenly on the third evening, that of the 11th of October, tidings arrived which put all Peronne in an uproar. While Louis was here, trying to blind his rival's eyes by an excess of confidence and affection,

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Revolt of Liège. 1468.

his agents had, it was declared, stirred up Charles's city of Liège to revolt; the Bishop, his clergy, and Hymbercourt, the commander of the Burgundian garrison, were murdered, and the city was in insurrection.

This city of Liège had, like all the Flemish towns, always been on bad terms with its feudal princes; and there had been a long quarrel in consequence of the refusal of the citizens to accept a profligate bishop of the House of Bourbon, who had been forced upon them by the joint power of the Pope and the Burgundians. There had been strong resistance, and Charles, acting for his father and the Pope, had brought in the Bishop, Louis de Bourbon, with a high hand, and had ever since ground down the citizens with his unrelenting severity. Baron d'Hymbercourt overawed them with his soldiery, and such heavy fines were exacted from them that all commerce was checked and nothing but misery prevailed. Attempts had been made to induce the Bishop to intercede for his formerly reluctant flock, but he turned a deaf ear to their lamentations, and lived at his palace at Tongres surrounded by dissolute companions, for whom he had provided by shameless presentations to the canonries of Liège. As surely as French malcontents took refuge with Charles, so certainly did all who were oppressed by Burgundy look to France; and Louis had his secret messengers in Liège as in every disaffected city, encouraging resistance, and secretly promising his assistance. He had laid the spark to the train, but without anticipating that the explosion would take place so quickly, and at the most perilous moment for himself at which it could possibly have happened for him, when he was absolutely in a snare into which he had gone of his own accord, and entirely at the Duke's mercy, with nothing between him and destruction save the safe-conduct, to which he had little right to trust.

Charles's wrath at first was fearful. The King could not be more in prison than he was already, but many persons expected that the Duke would lay hands on him at once. A more correct account of the affair soon came, and it was found, that though the Bishop's palace at Tongres had been sacked, and Liège was in a state of revolt, yet both he himself and D'Hymbercourt were alive and well, and the persons murdered had been his archdeacon and his profligate canons.

This was bad enough, and for three days Charles remained in a state of the utmost anger and perplexity. He longed to gratify his resentment against the treacherous old fox who had come into the trap, and all his advisers told him it would be absurd not to make his profit out of the predicament his adversary had put himself into; and yet respect for his safe-conduct, and loyalty to his suzerain, were a heavy counterpoise; and he spent his nights in fierce struggles, walking about his room, throwing himself on his bed, talking wildly to himself, or debating with his chamberlains, one of whom, the shrewd and wily Philippe de Comines, has preserved the history of this scene. All this time Louis remained closely shut up in his tower; but he had brought

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Sack of Liège.
1468.

fifteen thousand crowns with him, and his attendants, who went freely in and out by the little wicket, made use of them among Charles's courtiers. Comines himself, attracted by the King's wonderful sagacity, was strongly favourable to him, and the delay gave every chance of softening the Duke's anger. Still, however, Charles seemed only to work himself up into further indignation at each recollection of the French king's treacheries and acts of ingratitude, until on the third day his fury came to a height, and a courier was ready to be despatched to summon the King's much injured brother—probably to take his throne—when he suddenly decided on going in person to visit his strange captive.

Louis's partisans had barely time to warn him before the Duke entered his chamber, trying to control himself into due courtesy to his sovereign, but trembling with passion, and only able to speak in brief sharp sentences, the sound of which was menacing whatever the words might be. Nor was Louis able to keep from turning pale, and shuddering, as he said, "Brother, am I not safe in your house and country?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the Duke; "so safe, that if I saw a cross-bow bolt aimed at you, I should throw myself before you! But will you swear to the treaty?"

"I will," said the King, "and thanks for your good will."

"And will you come with me to Liège, to aid me in punishing the treason of those Liègeois? The bishop is your near kinsman."

"Yea," swore the King; "and I am amazed at their malice. But let us begin by swearing to the treaty."

A precious fragment of the true Cross, which Louis was supposed to respect more than any other relic, was produced from his mails; the treaty was sworn to and signed; and Charles ever after bore with him a sense of having failed in chivalrous generosity, however great the provocation. The two princes, however, showed themselves on the most cordial and affectionate terms, though Louis still felt himself virtually a prisoner, and knew that he could only earn his freedom by hearty co-operation against Liège. In sooth he was not unwilling, for the danger in which the untimely revolt had placed him was not a thing to be easily overlooked. His army was sent for, and before the end of the month the King and Duke together had taken the miserable city and sacked it with the most horrible ferocity. Nay, it was not merely the fury of a storm that raged in those streets, but there was a deliberate intention of rooting up the entire city. When Charles asked his unwilling guest what he should do with the conquered town, Louis answered him by saying, "My father's rest was broken by the crows upon a certain tree. He drove away the birds and took their nests, but they returned again. He cut down the tree, and was annoyed no more."

And so, except the churches and convents, the grand old city was levelled with the ground, and such of the miserable inhabitants as had

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Return of Louis.

1468.

not perished in the sack were driven out to die by a worse fate—by famine in the fields and woods, unless they were captured by the soldiery and drowned. Most horrible and most savage was the treatment of the wretched place, exceptionally frightful even in those days of cruelty. No wonder the Sieur Philippe Comines, the shrewd Burgundian statesman, who wrote the memoirs of this time, thought even our bloody Wars of the Roses were carried on with singular mercifulness. Philippe de Comines was a genius far more in unison with the subtle Louis than with the straightforward Charles; and from the combined influences of his admiration for Louis's dexterity, the share of the fifteen thousand crowns that found their way to him, and the instinct that divined the gaining side, he soon after deserted his master Charles for the service of Louis, whose machinations he closely depicts in his history with all the simplicity of admiration.

Louis was allowed to return to his own dominions after the destruction of Liège. He never forgot or forgave the absurd predicament in which he had placed himself; above all, when he found that it had so amused the Parisians that they had taught their tame jackdaws and starlings to cry "Peronne!" and the unwelcome cry resounded from the cages that hung from the balconies. Poor birds! There was a general examination of their accomplishments, and all that uttered the obnoxious word paid the forfeit with their necks!

CAMEO XV.

THE KING-MAKER.

(1467—1471.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1461. Edward IV.	1460. James III.	1461. Louis XI.	1450. Enrique IV.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1442. Frederick III.	1464. Paul II.

CAMEO XV.

Liberality of Warwick.

RICHARD NEVIL, earl of Warwick, occupied the chief place in the eyes of the nation, from his exceeding bounteousness to the poor, and the splendour of his household, as well as the enormous force that he was able to bring into the field, by the uniting of so many great feudal estates in his person, and by his immense family connection.

Otherwise his personal greatness is not very apparent. He was esteemed a patriot, but he maintained no national right, and seems to have chiefly earned his fame as representing the universal hatred to Somerset. His sword was regarded as ensuring success to his cause, but this was more from the overwhelming mass of followers that he could bring into the field than from any qualities of generalship. In this he seems to have been inferior to his father, Lord Salisbury; and to have been greatly surpassed by the young King Edward IV. He was also viewed as a man of piety, and he certainly had devout observances in his household, and expressed himself piously; but his religion did not withhold him either from oath-breaking or savage revenge. His really great merit seems to have been that he seldom allowed any pillage of the country people, being able to supply his armies from his vast resources; and also, that he preferred attacking the nobles and gentry to harrying their followers, who, of course, depended on them; and thus, until Towton, the battles in which he was engaged, though deadly to the nobles, numbered comparatively few dead amongst the commonalty. His wife, Anne Beauchamp, was a gracious, pious, and excellent lady, to whom no doubt much of his popularity was due; but a second time were the two great earldoms of Warwick and Salisbury devoid of a male heir. Two daughters only, Isabel and Anne, had been born to them, and these, the greatest heiresses in England, seem

CAMEO XV.

Discontent of Clarence. 1469.

to have been from the first destined to King Edward's two young brothers, George and Richard, the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, so soon as they should be of an age to marry.

The Woodvilles, who always wanted to keep all the heiresses for themselves, and were jealous of the Warwick influence, led Edward to show much displeasure at the proposed marriage between Clarence and Isabel. During Warwick's visit to Louis XI. in 1467, they caused the King to deprive Warwick's brother, the Archbishop of York, of the Chancellorship; and when the French ambassadors were sent back insulted by Edward's scanty gifts, the Earl retired in displeasure to Middleham, while they reported that he had become his master's bitter enemy.

Agents of Margaret of Anjou were continually being arrested; and one poor shoemaker, in London, was pinched to death with red-hot pincers for refusing to betray those whom he had assisted in her correspondence. Jasper Tudor, earl of Pembroke, made an attempt in Wales, but he was defeated by Lord Herbert, and lost the old Red Rose fastness, Harlech Castle, where a prisoner was taken who reported that Warwick was regarded in the French court as a Lancastrian. King Edward sent the man to Middleham to be confronted with the Earl; the charge was adjudged frivolous, and a sort of reconciliation ensued; but Edward kept a body-guard of a hundred archers about him. Warwick bided his time, and held under his influence his intended son-in-law, George, duke of Clarence. The Prince was far less clever than either of his brothers, and was weak and unprincipled; but he seems to have really loved Lady Isabel Nevil, who was besides the greatest match in the kingdom, and Edward's interference extremely angered him. "I'll let Edward know that we are all one man's sons, however near he brings strangers," grumbled Clarence; and his rage and that of Warwick were inflamed to the greatest degree by a report that Edward did not merely forbid the marriage out of jealousy, but because, fickle and licentious to the last degree, he himself admired the lady, and had insulted her by his attentions.

Isabel was sent with her mother and sister to Calais, where, shortly after, her father and lover following, she was married, at the church of St. Nicholas, by her uncle, the Archbishop, July 1st, 1469.

It was at this very time that a great insurrection broke out in Yorkshire. It does not seem to have been Lancastrian, and the immediate cause was an old due of a portion of corn to the Hospital of St. Leonard's; but therewith came violent complaints of the Woodville nobility; and the whole peasantry of the North took up arms and marched on York, under command of a leader called Robin of Redesdale. Warwick's brother, now created Earl of Northumberland, saved York by defeating them, and putting Robin to death; but otherwise he did not follow up the victory, and the peasants not only remained in arms, but were joined by all Warwick's tenantry.

Edward, roused into full activity, marched against them, and wrote

CAMEO XV.

Warwick's presumption. 1469.

orders with his own hand to Warwick and Clarence to join him, while he advised the Woodvilles to leave the army, hoping thus to content the people. Lords Herbert and Stafford were with him at Nottingham, and were despatched by him to reconnoitre the insurgents, who were near Northampton. The nobles had become terribly insolent and lawless, all the chivalrous courtesies of war had been forgotten, and a sharp dispute broke out between Herbert and Stafford about quarters, the consequence of which was, that Stafford marched off with all his forces, and Herbert, being left alone with merely his own seven thousand men, was attacked by the insurgents at Edgecote, near Banbury, and though he fought bravely, and his brother with a pole-axe twice cut his way through the enemy, both were taken, and immediately beheaded. Then the victors, dispersing, captured Lord Stafford, and pounced upon Grafton Castle, where they seized Lord Rivers and his son John Woodville, and beheaded all, pretending, truly or falsely, that they had authority from the Earl of Warwick.

He, with his new son-in-law, was already in England, and found the King near Coventry; at first they treated him with respect, but soon he found, to his rage and fury, that he had no choice, but was in fact a captive, and was carried off against his will to Middleham; so that England was in the extraordinary condition of having two kings, both captive in different places, under the charge of one Earl!

This eclipse of the White Rose seemed favourable to the Red, and Sir Humfrey Neville, who, in spite of his name, was an ardent Lancastrian, and had spent the five years since the battle of Hexham in a cavern on the banks of the Derwent, came forth, and collected all the old borderer partisans of King Henry.

Warwick found that while he kept Edward a prisoner no one would join his standard, and he therefore restored him to royal honours at York, under the surveillance of the Archbishop; he himself marched northward, routed the Lancastrians, and brought the gallant Sir Humfrey a captive to York, where he too was beheaded.

Then all returned to London, and spent Christmas in a grand state of reconciliation. Edward and Clarence embraced under their mother's eye; and the King, before all his council, proposed that his eldest daughter Elizabeth—and he had as yet no son—should be given in marriage to the son of Warwick's brother John, the only male heir of all the Nevils. Moreover, he gratified all the English by a proposal to invade France, after the fashion of the glorious days of old, and alarmed Louis XI. so much that he issued summonses to all his vassals to prepare for the defence of the country.

Warwick and the Nevils felt that Edward was not the puppet they wanted upon the throne; and they had learnt to believe that they themselves were the state and the country. It was a horrible period of mutual distrust, bloodshed, and broken faith, and no one had the slightest confidence in anyone's word.

In the course of this spring, Archbishop Nevil invited the King to

CAMEO XV.

Flight of Warwick and Clarence. 1470.

meet his brother and the Earl of Warwick at the Moor in Hertfordshire. Edward came; but while he was washing his hands before supper, Sir John Ratcliff whispered to him that a hundred men were lying in ambush to capture him and throw him into prison. Edward asked no further questions, but slipped out at the door unseen, threw himself on a horse, and galloped alone to Windsor. Then came fresh apologies, explanations, and reconciliations; but in the midst another popular insurrection began in Lincolnshire.

This time it was the insolence of a royal purveyor that lighted the spark; but the whole county was soon in arms under the command of Sir Robert Welles. The King ordered Clarence and Warwick to arm, to put down the revolt; and getting Lord Welles, Sir Robert's father, into his power by a promise of pardon, beheaded him, and then defeated Sir Robert at what was called the Battle of Losecoat Fields, and put him and his adherents to death. Their last confession declared that they had risen out of an understanding with Warwick, intending to set Clarence upon the throne; and Edward believed them, and probably was not wrong in so doing. He marched at once against them, and they, finding their forces unequal to his, marched off with all speed westwards. They took Antony Woodville and Lord Audley by the way and would have beheaded them, but that a gentleman of Dorset enabled them to escape. Edward proclaimed his brother and Warwick traitors, and pursued them; but by the time he reached Exeter, they were embarking at Dartmouth, with Lady Warwick and her two daughters, and sailing for Calais, hitherto their sure refuge, ever since Warwick had wrung the government from poor King Henry.

In sore plight, and with the Duchess of Clarence in severe suffering, they hoped to reach their haven; but behold, the Gascon Vauclerc, who was acting as Warwick's lieutenant, turned his cannon upon them, and would not even allow the ladies to land. He sent a message, however, that this was the fault of the townspeople, and offered two flagons of good wine for the benefit of the Duchess. The fugitives sailed on towards Harfleur, and ere their arrival their number was augmented by the birth of Clarence's child, whose death was destined to be as wild and mournful as her birth. Vauclerc was rewarded for his refusal by being himself made governor of Calais by Edward, and by a pension from the Duke of Burgundy.

Edward's plans of invasion made Louis XI. by no means unwilling to favour anyone who could cause him disquiet, so orders were sent that the ladies should be entertained with all that Harfleur could supply, and invited the Duke and Earl to meet him at Amboise.

It is plain that Warwick's whole line of action had been dictated by his overweening love of domineering. His estates, joining in one those of Le Despenser, Montagu, and Beauchamp, were the largest ever held by a nobleman; and he was powerful enough to overthrow any sovereign who was not prepared to submit to his influence alone. On account of the influence of the Queen and her relations he had overthrown Henry

VI.; and when he found that Edward IV. had a will of his own, a queen of his own choosing, and a train of kindred despicable in the eyes of one of the proud old nobility, he would not endure it. The King had indeed taken him unawares; but he believed that the greater part of the nation loved him passionately, and were prepared to do anything to overthrow the Woodvilles, even going so far as to lay hold of a scandalous calumny on the Duchess Cecily of York, which declared Edward IV. to be illegitimate, and thus putting his brother George in his place.

CAMEO XV.

Reconciliation of Margaret and Warwick. 1470.

George was only about twenty, and showed no signs of the fire that made Edward intolerable to Warwick; and besides, his wife was Warwick's daughter, so that the Earl's design was on his behalf. But in this Louis XI. would afford him no assistance. It was utterly unreasonable to set up a third pretender, especially against so valiant a man as Edward. The only chance for Warwick to obtain his revenge on this king was to espouse the cause of Lancaster, and collect under his banners all the scattered partisans of the Red Rose.

So far as his inclinations went anywhere, Louis XI. preferred the House of Lancaster; his mother, the one person whom he had loved, had deplored the fate of her niece, Queen Margaret; and besides, Edward had threatened to invade France. Therefore he made it clear to Warwick that his aid could only be bought on condition of a reconciliation with Queen Margaret, and of his attacking Edward in her cause.

It was a condition hard to endure, but Warwick's enmity to Edward was sufficient to make him consent, and even to obtain consent likewise from his son-in-law of Clarence. Louis then sent for Queen Margaret, who came from Verdun with her son, now a fine young man of eighteen, her father, and brother-in-law De Vaudémont, to his court at Tours.

With all the hopes that now opened before her, Margaret was still hard to deal with. She did not trust this inveterate foe; she could not forget his disinheritance of her son, or his insults to her husband, and she represented to the King that she might lose quite as many partisans in England as she gained by her reconciliation with him.

Warwick, on his side, made his defence that he would never have attempted harm to the Queen had he not been plotted against by her evil counsellors, and that there was no nobleman who would not have acted in the same manner, if, like him, driven to desperation—a lame defence; but he concluded by declaring "that the King that now is" had kept such evil terms with him, that he was resolved to do everything for his undoing, and he asked the King of France to become surety for him.

Louis told the Queen he was more beholden to the Earl of Warwick than to any man living—whatever he meant by it; and he willingly offered himself as guarantee, proposing further to bind Warwick to the House of Lancaster by a marriage between his second daughter, Anne, and young Edward, now eighteen, and the most beautiful and accom-

CAMEO XV.

Marriage of Edward of Lancaster and Anne Nevil.

1470.

plished prince in Europe, with the piety of his father and the spirit of his grandfather.

Margaret was greatly hurt at the thought of such an alliance, saying it was not for her son's honour or advantage, and producing a letter she had received from England, proposing a marriage between her son and Elizabeth, King Edward's daughter. Lord Oxford, who had been forced to make submission to York, was, however, received most graciously, she telling him that his pardon was easy to purchase, as she knew he had suffered much in the King's quarrels. He united his persuasions with those of Louis, but for full fifteen days Margaret held out against them, and at last only yielded with tears, on finding all her advisers persuaded that such resistance would throw away her last hope.

Accordingly, all going to Angers, the cradle of the House of Plantagenet, Margaret swore to treat the Earl of Warwick as true and faithful, and never to reproach him with what was past. Thereupon Warwick swore to do his best to restore King Henry, with Prince Edward to act as regent; King Louis advanced forty-six thousand crowns, and raised two thousand archers; and the Prince of Wales and the Lady Anne Nevil were solemnly affianced, though they were not actually married till Warwick had crossed the sea and recovered the greater part of the realm. Great rejoicings were made; and the birth of Louis's first and only son gave an opportunity of doing honour to Prince Edward, who stood as the godfather. Edward and the Lady Anne are said to have been much attached to one another, and there was a brief period of exceeding peace and joy under the influence of good old King René.

The only malcontent present was the Duke of Clarence, who was greatly disconcerted at finding that his father-in-law no longer intended to make him king, though, being thoroughly false, he contrived to hide his resentment. A lady of his wife's suite, who had been left behind, came over from England with secret messages from Edward IV. on the folly of joining Warwick; and he sent messages in return declaring that he meant to desert Warwick and join his brother again as soon as they were in England!

The most zealous partisan then existing was Margaret of York, Duchess of Burgundy, who contrived to fill her husband with the same ardour in her brother's cause, so that he put a fleet to sea to prevent Warwick from landing in England, and sent him repeated warnings of the plans contrived against him in France.

But Edward was absorbed in pleasure and amusement, and paid no heed to warnings. He even laughed at the expense to which Duke Charles was going in intercepting Warwick, when he declared he wished nothing so much as to have him in England and to make an end of him; and he reposed the most complete confidence in Warwick's brothers, Montagu and the Archbishop of York, or at least seemed to do so, for Edward could be as false as Clarence, though being stronger, bolder, and more despotic, he seldom deemed it worth his while.

CAMEO XV. — *Flight of Edward IV.* 1470.

He was, however, completely deceived. Lord Fitzhugh, Warwick's brother-in-law, made a rising in the north for the very purpose of decoying him to a distance, and, together with Montagu and his forces, he marched northwards. The enemy were seven miles off, and Edward was recruiting himself for the battle by lying on his bed at noon-day, at Doncaster, when the sergeant of his minstrels burst in to tell him that all Montagu's men had thrown away the White Rose and assumed the Ragged Staff of Warwick, and that they would speedily be upon him to make him prisoner. While he was speaking, a priest came and confirmed the tidings; and it also appeared that Montagu and his friends were actually crying "God bless King Henry!"

Edward was in a fortified house, only accessible by a single bridge, on which he posted a guard, sending out to make further inquiries. While he still delayed, Antony Woodville burst in with news that while a storm had dispersed the Burgundian fleet, Warwick had crossed the Channel, and that all the country was up in arms. Edward could only mount and ride off, leaving Hastings to gain time for him by a brief resistance and parley.

He rode as fast as he could travel to Lynn, in Norfolk, where he and his friends found two Dutch vessels and an English one just sailing for Holland, and put off without money, and with only the clothes they wore; but their dangers were not over, for some Easterling pirates bore down on them, so that they had no escape but to run aground near the port of Alcmaer. Here the pirates intended to attack them at the full tide; but, in the meantime, the Sieur de Gruthuse, governor of the province, heard a report that the King of England was in the stranded ship, came out to him, and brought him safely into the Burgundian territories, Edward paying his passage with his gown furred with marten skins!

Meantime, Warwick and Clarence were on their way to London. Queen Elizabeth Woodville betook herself, with her three little girls, to the Sanctuary attached to the Abbey of Westminster; and on the 6th of October, 1470, King Henry's peaceful solitude in the Tower was interrupted by the entrance of the Earl, his great enemy, to kneel again in homage before him, and tender to him once more the crown he had snatched away.

These six years had passed gently away to one who had the spirit which could make his stone walls a hermitage. He had the Chapel of St. Peter-in-the-Fetters for his devotions, and was allowed books, birds, and a dog, for his recreation; and that he did not pine would appear from his having grown to be a stout, instead of a slender, man. Indeed, it was in these verses that he looked back at his past days:—

"Kingdoms are but cares;
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

CAMEO XV. — *Restoration of Henry VI.* 1470.

"Who meaneth to remove the rocke
Out of the slimy mud,
Shall mire himself and hardly scape
The swelling of the floud."

To his keeper he gave these two sentences:—

"Patience is the armour and conquest of the godly: this meriteth mercy when causeless is suffered sorrow."

"Nought else is war but fury and madness—wherein is not advice, but rashness; not right, but rage, ruleth and reigneth."

Whether he felt pain or joy when his foe bent the knee, and he found himself led out once more to the dreary experience of rage and rashness raving round him, history records not: only that he was taken at once to the Bishop's palace, and thence, on the 13th of October, walked to St. Paul's with the crown on his head. No attempt was made to molest the fugitives in the Sanctuary at Westminster, where, on the 1st of November, Elizabeth Woodville gave birth to the first prince she had borne, and to whom she gave the name of Edward; but affairs looked gloomy for his inheritance; and the year 1470 went out with Henry on the throne.

In France and in Burgundy there were earnest longings to be on the scene of action. Queen Margaret and her Edward were exhausting King René's resources to raise a force wherewith to maintain their cause; and King Edward and his sister Margaret were besetting the Duke of Burgundy with entreaties that he would bring back the White Rose with a high hand.

Duke Charles was not prepared to bring on himself a war with France on behalf of his brother-in-law, and would give him no open aid, but he made him a present of fifty thousand florins, and obtained ships for him; while Clarence, through the Duchess, sent promises of espousing his brother's cause as soon as he should be in arms again. It was terribly stormy weather that February; Warwick, really anxious for once, for the spirited Queen and her gallant son, to show to the people went to Dover to meet them, and still they came not. Margaret was at Harfleur, trying to sail. She had twice embarked, but driven back with ships sorely damaged; Edward IV. was at Walcheren, where his determination, and probably also the superior seamanship of the Dutch sailors, enabled him to embark with his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, and two thousand Englishmen, on the 2d of March. Though the winds were contrary he would not disembark, but tossed up and down for nine days in the harbour, ere he could cross to Cromer, where he sent a boat ashore for some gentlemen of his party; but they advised him not to land there, since the Duke of Norfolk was in prison in London, and the Earl of Oxford was watching the coast.

He sailed again, in the teeth of a fresh tempest, and on the 14th of March was forced, by imminent peril of shipwreck, to run in at Raven-

CAMEO XV.

Return of Edward IV. 1471.

spur, the very place where, seventy-two years before, Henry of Lancaster had landed on the same errand. He resolved to take a leaf out of Henry's book, and causing Lord Hastings and the five hundred men who were with him to assume the ostrich feather, the badge of the Prince of Wales, he declared himself te be come not to demand the crown, but the duchy of York, to which his claim was undoubted. His brother, Richard of Gloucester, and his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers, also safely landed with their men, and uniting, they all marched together inland. Great bodies of men watched them from a distance, but neither joined nor attacked them as they made for York; and when they reached the gates of the city, it was intimated to Edward that he would not be admitted if he came as king, but that he could only be welcomed as Duke of York. In fact, the country was lying spent and wearied out with the long civil war, heeding little to whom it submitted, and only regarding with enmity whoever was first in taking up arms to renew its misery. Oaths never cost the Yorkist brothers much, and Edward consented to enter the city with only sixteen men, and there solemnly swore on the altar at the Cathedral that he gave up all pretensions to the crown.

Then he advanced, passing Pontefract Castle, where Lord Montagu was in command, but never stirred, partly, it would seem, because Edward's motions had been so swift that he could not get his men together for resistance, and partly because of a real affection for the youth for whom he had so long fought, and perhaps a lingering hope that Edward might content himself with his dukedom.

On marched Edward towards the Midland Counties, the very centre of Warwick's power, and where the great Earl was collecting his forces, but they were evidently tardy of coming in to the muster; and Edward pushed on at his swiftest, and came to Nottingham before Warwick was ready to take the field. There was a challenge sent from the King to the Earl, which Warwick refused to accept, and he likewise rejected the King's offer of pardon and restoration to his favour. To be merely pardoned and endured, on sufferance, would have been too bitter to the proud king-maker; but at this very time Clarence ordered the army he had raised on King Henry's behalf to assume the White Rose, and led them all to rejoin his brother.

Both armies drew towards London, where the possession of England would have to be determined. Archbishop Nevil led King Henry through the streets to St. Paul's, but the populace were more inclined to scorn than to pity his meek helplessness, and merely guarded their gates without espousing his cause.

On Maundy Thursday Edward was admitted, and at once sent King Henry and the Archbishop of York to the Tower, while joyfully taking his queen and infant son from the Sanctuary that had sheltered them for six months.

He left the city again, however, on Easter Eve, taking Henry with him to meet the Nevils, who were fast advancing from the north. Ten

CAMEO XV.

The Battle of Barnet Heath.

1471.

miles out, at Barnet, they found themselves close upon the enemy, but it was so nearly dark that they could only lie down under the hedges. The King thought he was in front of Warwick's army, whereas in fact he was only opposite to his left wing; and the confusion proved fortunate for him, for the Earl, being under the same error, caused his heavy cannon to be fired the whole night, thinking they were making havoc in the Yorkist ranks, whereas the balls fell harmless, and the flash showed the whereabouts of the Nevil followers. Strange Easter night that it was, the first night of fair weather for many weeks, and in it Queen Margaret, her fair son, and Warwick's daughter, were sailing across to England, and coming ashore at Weymouth, while their champion was lying on his arms upon Barnet Heath.

Easter Day, the 14th of April, dawned in heavy mist; but long before light, by four or five in the morning, the King was in the field arraying his forces. Each army was in three divisions—Edward, his brother Richard, who was only nineteen, and Lord Hastings, being severally opposed to Somerset, Warwick, and Montagu.

Oxford, who was in Montagu's division, gained completely the advantage over Hastings, and pursued him into the town of Barnet; but marching back to the assistance of Warwick, who was hardly bested by the Duke of Gloucester, the radiant star of the De Veres was mistaken for the resplendent sun of King Edward, and the succour was received with a discharge of arrows. In that period of doubly-dyed treacheries, when no man durst trust in friend or brother, the mistake was fatal to Warwick's division; and as Somerset was already giving way before the King, the rout of the Lancastrians was complete, and the slaughter terrific. Warwick and Montagu fell on the field, Exeter was left for dead, Somerset and Oxford escaped to Wales, and full seven thousand were butchered.

Such were the tidings that met Margaret and her son upon the coast. The Queen swooned away on hearing them, and at once took sanctuary in Cerne Abbey; while the Countess of Warwick found a refuge at Beaulieu Abbey. But the Duke of Somerset, making his way to the Queen, encouraged her by reminding her that in Warwick they had lost one who would only be a friend if he were allowed to domineer, and that many Lancastrians would fight for her far more willingly when she was no longer encumbered by their personal enemy. There was much truth in this; but Margaret still declared that "no good would be done in the field this time," and strongly entreated her friends to allow her to take her son safely back to France, and tarry there for better hope.

Somerset, whose house was always the bane of Lancaster, made strong opposition, and hotly told the Queen that all were "determined, while their lives lasted, to make war against their enemies;" and Prince Edward, taking fire at the approach of battle, refused to turn his back without striking a blow for his father's liberty and kingdom.

CAMEO XV.

Battle of Tewkesbury. 1471.

"Well, be it so," said the Queen; and all dispersed to collect the scattered friends of Lancaster in the western counties, agreeing to meet at Exeter; but keeping their plans such a secret that King Edward could only remain on the watch at Windsor, ready to rush with all his promptitude to intercept them wherever they should make head, and march for London. He found the country unwilling to join him, the little army he had gained Barnet with was all he had to trust to, for he had been a disappointment to his friends, and the nation was sick of the war. On his own alertness all must depend.

Margaret, on the other hand, gathered strength all the way from Exeter into Somersetshire, whither the King now marched, still keeping, however, where he could fall on her when he saw whether she would turn towards London, or into Wales to join the army that Jasper Tudor had there raised.

It was for Wales the Lancastrians made, but they had to cross the Severn, and Gloucester, which stood between them and the bridge, closed her gates against them. A siege, with the King behind them, would have been too perilous, and they could only march on, pursued by the King, and thus they reached the fair park of Tewkesbury, after thirty-six miles of continuous march, without food, so that though Margaret urged that rest was perilous, the men were too utterly exhausted to go further, and Somerset doggedly declared that there they would abide and take such fortune as Heaven should send.

It was the 3d of May: Edward was at Cheltenham, his army likewise exhausted by a thirty miles' march, without "horse meat or man's meat," over the Cotswold Hills; but when he heard that the Lancastrians had stopped, he only gave his men time to eat the food they had carried with them, and led them that night to within three miles of the camp at Tewkesbury.

His battles were always fought in very early morning, and this, his last, was no exception. As soon as it was light he placed the vanguard under his brother of Gloucester, himself took the centre, and gave the rear to Antony Woodville, now Lord Rivers, placing two hundred spearmen to watch the corner of a wood, where he expected the enemy to plant an ambush.

But as in Edward himself was comprised all the military skill that the experience of this weary war had created, no one else had had the sense to think of this wood, and the party were thus at liberty to come suddenly down to his assistance, when the Duke of Somerset, by force of numbers and hard fighting, had absolutely broken Edward's lines and was pressing Gloucester hard. Small as the body was, this sudden attack so disconcerted Somerset's men that they were driven backwards into the park at Tewkesbury and into the town, where Somerset found Sir John Wenlock sitting quietly on his horse in the market-place, without having moved to his assistance. Furious at this indifference or treachery, Somerset clove Wenlock's skull with his battle-axe, and thus added to the general confusion. The attendants, seeing the day lost, ca[illegible] the

CAMEO XV.

Death of Edward of Lancaster. 1471.

Queen in a swooning state to a small convent, together with her daughter-in-law and the other ladies.

Slaughter was raging everywhere. As usual, the Yorkists gave no quarter, and no one was left alive but Somerset and some other nobles and knights who had rushed into the church. The brave and beautiful Prince Edward of Lancaster was taken alive, indeed, and dragged to King Edward's tent, where the contending cousins, for the first time, looked one another in the face.

"What brings you to England?" demanded Edward of York.

"To seek my father's crown and my own inheritance," replied Edward of Lancaster, with a gaze as bold and free as his own.

Rage alone was ruling in the King's brutalized mind, and he struck the brave youth on the face with his gauntlet; Clarence, who was present, though he had been trusted with no command, followed up the base blow with a more deadly one with his sword, Gloucester struck too, the attendants closed in, and the last of the lineage of Henry IV. lay dead upon the ground.

Some dispute the crime because contemporary chronicles speak of the Prince as simply slain in the battle; but it is not improbable that in cooler moments Edward was anxious to slur over the obloquy of such shedding of kindred blood and of a prisoner of war, and that the story may have been suppressed in records of the Yorkist party; while others in the Lancastrian interest enhance the horror, by declaring that his mother had been brought in at the same time, and that the murder took place before her eyes. This, however, is not likely, for other authorities state that Sir William Stanley rudely informed her the next day of this crowning horror. Another account leaves the whole burthen of the crime on Edward and his attendants, exonerating Clarence and Gloucester.

Edward was lashed up to a state of fury. There was something of the tiger in his nature. When gorging himself with pleasure, it was almost impossible to rouse him, and he could be almost weakly good-natured; but when once provoked, his swiftness was portentous, and his thirst for blood and revenge deadly. After the slaughter of his rival, he headed the troop of maddened warriors who were trying to break into Tewkesbury Church, where Somerset and others had taken refuge. The Lancastrians had never broken sanctuary, and for six months Edward's own wife, children, and best friends, had owed their safety to this religious awe; but it was not till a brave priest, standing in the doorway with the Host in his hands, refused to move till the King should promise not to break in upon the holy ground, that Edward swore to respect the lives of all within. On the third day, however, a party of armed men burst in, dragged out Somerset, the Prior of the Knights of St. John, six knights, and seven squires, and brought them before the Dukes of Norfolk and Gloucester, by whose command they were all beheaded.

Meantime, Thomas Nevil, a son of Lord Falconberg, who had com-

manded a part of the navy under his cousin Warwick, made a gallant attempt with his ships in the Thames to carry off King Henry before the savage victor could return to take revenge. He fought hard in the suburbs, did much harm for two days, and was only beaten off, and forced to re-embark, by the report that Edward was near at hand.

CAMEO XV.

Death of Henry VI. 1471.

Poor King Henry! His son slain, his wife a captive, it would have been a sore addition to his miseries to have been snatched from his quiet chamber in the Tower to become the toy of a rude pirate adventurer! Patience, his armour and his conquest, had done their perfect work in him; and on the day after Edward had marched triumphantly into London, with Margaret of Anjou a captive in his train—on Wednesday, the 22d of May, 1471—the fair meek face of Henry of Windsor, in the calm of death, was gazed on by the citizens in the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, after fifty years of life and forty-five years of reign, the difference being subtracted not, as usual, at the beginning, but at the end of his life.

How he died is unknown. Yorkists said it was of grief, but his patience and resignation forbade this belief, and it was almost certain that the attempt of Nevil having made it evident that as long as he lived there would be insurrections on his behalf, the rival king caused him to be put to death. When Richard of Gloucester had drawn on himself universal hatred, he came to be popularly regarded as the family executioner, and was supposed to have gone in person to stab King Henry; but it is hardly credible that a youth of nineteen would have brought himself thus to murder an unoffending old captive, without necessity; unless, indeed, any awe of Henry's anointed majesty, and exceeding holiness, made it difficult to find any person willing to act as murderer, in which case he might have undertaken the deed.

"Henry, thou of holy birth,
Thou to whom thy Windsor gave
Nativity and name and grave!
Heavily upon his head
Ancestral crimes were visited.
He, in spirit like a child,
Meek and pure and undefiled,
Patiently his crown resigned;
Blessing, as he kissed the rod,
His Redeemer and his God."

In such a spirit, no doubt, Henry died, whether it were in peace or by the dagger. His queen, her brave spirit broken at last, became a prisoner in the Tower on the day his remains were carried from it, not to Windsor, but to Chertsey, where his tomb was regarded as that of a martyr, and miracles were said to be wrought at it.

So closed the line of Lancaster—a gifted race, but ruined by their usurpation, and fatally damaged by the haughtiness and unpopularity

CAMEO XV.

Extinction of the House of Lancaster. 1471.

of the Beauforts, who had linked their fortunes with them, and whose semi-princely state was intolerable to the old feudal nobility.

That nobility, often patriotic, always turbulent, had in the long minority of Henry VI., and the licence of the foreign wars, risen to an overweening strength; and their pride was increased by the fact that few of the higher rank were unconnected with the royal blood, so wide had the ramifications of the House of Plantagenet become. There was little or no distinction between a prince and a peer, and apparently the Beauforts, uncertain of their real position, gave offence by assumptions of superiority.

The power of the nobles came to a head in the Earl of Warwick, who, collecting in one the inheritances of three great families, was the most mighty man as to position that England has ever nourished. To use that power to direct the king seems to have been the purpose of his life. When one king was influenced against this exclusive direction, he set up a rival; when that rival proved too spirited to submit to his dictation, he first tried to raise his own son-in-law, then turned back to the house he had dethroned. His course never seems to have been patriotic; it was for his own supremacy that he fought, and the sides taken in the combat were rather determined by Nevil connexions or enmities than by principle. No one cared for the legitimist claims of York, except as a handle against Margaret; and all the real principle and loyalty evinced in the conflict was on the Lancastrian side. It was a war of mere party among the nobles, not of the people, who simply acquiesced—and its ultimate effect was the utter exhaustion of the nobility—and thus the gradual emancipation of the class immediately below them from the pressure of the feudal system.

CAMEO XVI.

THE BRIDGE OF PECQUIGNY.

(1472—1477.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*Kings of Spain.*
1461. Edward IV.	1460. James III.	1461. Louis XI.	1450. Enrique IV. 1474. Isabella and Ferdinand

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1442. Frederick III.	1471. Sixtus IV.

CAMEO XVI.

Projects against France. 1472.

FULLY established on the English throne, with the House of Lancaster destroyed, not a descendant of Henry of Bolingbroke in existence, and very few of even John of Gaunt, Edward IV. began to think of the wars that had always been most popular among the English. The conquest of France had been the favourite dream of the Plantagenets ever since the blood of the she-wolf of France had flowed in their veins; and in the flush of victory, with the sense of being one of the most able and successful captains then living, Edward was emulous of the fame of his namesake and ancestor Edward III., and hoped to eclipse the memory of the Lancastrian Henry of Monmouth, and reconquer all that had been lost by the Beaufort mismanagement.

The time, too, seemed excellent. Every neighbouring prince hated the sordid, treacherous, and spiteful Louis XI., most of all Edward's own brother-in-law in Burgundy; and surely if the Burgundian alliance had once set the French crown on the head of a Lancastrian infant, it might do so again on that of a Yorkist warrior.

Only Edward was determined that if he were to be crowned it should be in the right place at Rheims, not irregularly at Paris; and this was made a special item in his treaty with Charles of Burgundy, when, after the usual custom, they shared the bear-skin before killing the bear. By this treaty, which was confirmed in London, on the 25th of July, 1474, by Edward himself and by Charles's half-brother Antoine, commonly known as the Grand Bastard of Burgundy, the Duke engaged to assist the King in the conquest of the whole of France, on condition of obtaining the western provinces for himself, and that both they, and what he already held under the crown of France, should be set free from all homage thereto, thus enabling him to found that Burgundian kingdom

CAMEO XVI.

Treaty with Burgundy. 1474.

for which he sighed. He hoped to purchase the aid of the Emperor Friedrich VI. by giving his only child's hand to Maximilian, Friedrich's son, and thus to be elected King of the Romans, reign as Emperor, and leave his dominions thus increased and ennobled to Marie and Maximilian. In his first attempt to arrange matters on the German side, he had been disappointed through the wayward caprice and avarice of the old Emperor; but his hopes were still high, and while he had the best appointed and disciplined army in Europe, and Edward was an unrivalled general, they might well think of France as already at their feet, with her unwarlike king, who was far too much hated ever to be like his father, the "well served."

Even his own sister, Yolande, Regent of Savoy for her young son, Philibert, joined the alliance against him, as did also François II., Duke of Brittany, and Scotland was prevented from openly joining him by a treaty by which Edward's second daughter Cecily was to marry the young Duke of Rothsay; and in England the expedition was so agreeable to the national vanity, that Parliament readily voted tenths to be paid by clergy, lords, and commons; and wealthy persons, at the King's direct request, made contributions which were called benevolences. Private citizens of London gave each half the pay of a soldier for a year, aldermen double this amount, and the Lord Mayor three times: for Edward could do anything he pleased with the Londoners. He really gave enlightened patronage to their commerce, and his free genial manner and easy familiarity made him very popular. He was a boon companion, familiar and good-natured, and in the coarse licence of those times, his sensual vices, while, as Fuller says, he was already digging his grave with his own teeth, made him the favourite of the populace. A king who would share their feasts, and loiter among the painted chambers of fair burgher dames, seemed to the multitude a pleasant exchange for the grave monastic piety of Henry VI.; and if the nobility were not as well pleased, some had fallen with Lancaster, some with Warwick, and all were shorn of much of their wealth by the long wars.

But this course of pleasures was enervating the mind and the health of the King. When fully roused, his swiftness was terrible and irresistible as the bound of a tiger; but though he was still young, it became more and more difficult to rouse him; and though he was willing to view himself as the future victor of France, the actual labours of the campaign he deferred again and again; and in the meantime the subtle Louis, by his secret agents, had succeeded in raising around his ally, Charles of Burgundy, a whole swarm of foes, in especial the Austrians and the Swiss.

The Swiss mountaineers—free, bold landholders as they were—were of the same stubborn unyielding nature as our English archers. More than once had they overthrown the chivalry of Austria in defence of their liberties, and they had won and held their own ground, and therewith the general honour of Europe. Burgundy had always been on

excellent terms with them, and Charles had endeavoured to mediate between them and Sigismund Duke of Austria, the husband of Eleanor of Scotland, a miserable, helpless, needy, and faithless prince. In the year 1469, distress had induced Sigismund to sell to Charles his sovereignty over the county of Elsass, or Alsace, for fifty thousand florins. It was a fatal purchase, for it brought the boundaries of his domain close upon those of the Swiss confederation; and the fierce Rhineland knight whom he sent as governor, Peter von Hagenbach, though faithful and trustworthy to his master, was a brutal tyrant, contemptuous and savage to all below him, and bringing the Burgundian name into intense hatred. Sigismund had tried to persuade Charles to join him in chastising the Swiss, and when this was refused, he began secretly to foment the murmurs of the Alsatians; while Louis had agents in Berne, who bribed the principal citizens, and turned their hearts against their old ally in Burgundy. Hagenbach, though directed to show all respect to the Swiss, could not, or did not, hinder his lawless followers from plundering their merchants, and always treated them with insolence, until at length a great revolt took place of the men of Alsace, assisted by those from Switzerland; Hagenbach was besieged at Briesach; the townspeople rose upon him, and made him prisoner, then, inviting Sigismund back again, they carried the unhappy captive to Basle, where, after cruel tortures, he was beheaded, though being no subject of Sigismund's, there was no semblance of justice or right in the proceeding.

Of course Charles could not but take up arms to avenge such an outrage; and he assembled his forces to re-conquer the county which had been sold to him, beginning by besieging the town of Neuss. The Swiss at first had refused to take any part in the war, but Louis's deputies prevailed; they were effectually stirred up at last, and declared war against the Duke. The Emperor Friedrich took up the cause of his kinsman Sigismund, and assembled his forces to raise the siege. These Charles gallantly defeated; but winter weather, the discontent of his troops, and the various perplexities that Louis had caused him, induced him to make peace with the Emperor and raise the siege, but without including in the treaty either Louis, Sigismund, Alsace, or the Swiss. All this was taking place in the spring of 1475, while Edward IV., unable for very shame to defer his crossing any longer, was preparing to cross from Sandwich, where a fleet of five hundred Dutch flat-bottomed boats had been sent to transport his army across to Calais. He had fifteen thousand men-at-arms on barbed horses, fifteen thousand archers also on horseback, and a great number of infantry and artillery and machines, among others a huge plough, drawn by fifty horses, to make trenches; but not so much as a page unable to bear arms or to be of service in the campaign. With him were his two brothers of Clarence and Gloucester, and a goodly band of nobility, besides one hundred and fifty-six knights; and he was heard to boast that with such an army he could march to the gates of Rome itself! The flat-bottomed boats

CAMEO XVI.

Edward's Expedition to France. 1475.

went backwards and forwards several times, and at length, in the month of June, this whole imposing multitude was across the Strait. Edward at the same time sent off Ireland King-at-Arms to bear his chivalrous defiance to Louis, and summon him to deliver up the realm of France, which lawfully belonged to King Edward, that the Church and nobles might be freed from the burdens that they were held under, against the laws and customs of the kingdom. In case of a refusal, all the blood-shed would lie at Louis's door!

The letter was written in such good French that it was plain that it had been indited by no Englishman, and the herald proved to be a native of Normandy. If Edward wished to avoid exposing insular French to derision, he had fallen into a far worse mistake, for the herald was not proof against the polite speeches of Louis, who took him into his chamber, and talked familiarly to him, saying he knew very well that his good brother of England was not personally desirous of the war, but that he had been led to it by his counsellors. As to the Duke of Burgundy, he was too much damaged by his expedition against Neuss to be of any great assistance to him, and the Count de St. Pol was not to be trusted; as a friend, therefore, he advised King Edward to conclude an honourable peace, and he promised the herald one thousand gold crowns if he could make him hear reason.

The herald, won over by the blandishments of his native sovereign, owned that he did not think King Edward's personal inclinations very warlike, and added his counsel that Louis should send a herald to ask a safe-conduct for an embassy, and that this herald should address himself either to Lord Howard or to Lord Stanley. Two hours were spent in this conference, and on coming out the King ordered thirty ells of crimson velvet to be at once measured off for the herald, and bade Comines take care of him, and see that he held no speech with any-one else.

On the 5th of July Edward landed in person at Calais, where his sister Margaret met him; and her husband, the Duke of Burgundy, followed her on the 14th; but he had made up his mind not to bring his troops to form one army with the English, well knowing the difficulty of keeping order in a host composed of different nations; and he therefore arrived with only his personal escort, with whom he undertook to guide Edward to a convenient spot for commencing the attack, while he would carry on the war in another quarter, namely, in Lorraine, whose young Duke, Réné, son of Yolande, old King Réne's daughter, was, like all the House of Anjou, thoroughly on the French side.

Edward, though discontented, let himself be led along the Somme, past the plains of Azincourt and Crecy, to the village of St. Christ, which lay midway between Charles's town of Peronne and that of St. Quentin, which belonged to the Constable of St. Pol, uncle to Edward's queen. Into Peronne Charles decided not to re-admit the English army; at St. Quentin, where the Count had almost pledged himself to admit them, and had offended Louis by excluding a French garrison,

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Edward in France. 1475.

they found themselves equally shut out, and were even greeted with a volley of cannon-balls.

The English remained in camp near Peronne, annoyed and disappointed; and in the meantime Louis, keeping watch with a mere fragment of an army at Compiègne, encouraged his court by observing, "These men are not the English of old; they creep, they keep close." In fact, Edward felt himself at fault, and was doubtful of his allies; and his recent way of life disposed him both to inaction and to impatience of hardships. Just at this time the English made their first prisoner—a servant, who, in honour of being the first, was released after being interrogated by both King and Duke, and on his way out of the camp was accosted by Lords Howard and Stanley, who each gave him a gold noble and bade him commend them to his master.

This was a sure token that Ireland King-at-Arms had done his work; and the prisoner further reported that the Duke of Burgundy was going immediately to meet his States-General of Hainault at Valenciennes. Louis heard the message, and sat down to dinner so pre-occupied that he made grimaces and gestures like a madman. He saw the time was come for sending the messenger, as the king-at-arms had advised; but in his contempt of all royal pomp and vain expense, he had not a single herald or pursuivant about him! But his plan was soon made. He bade Comines send for a servant named Mérindot, and instruct him to personate one of these almost sacred individuals in the English camp. The poor fellow was overcome with dismay; for such a cheat, if found out, was sure to be regarded as an outrage, and treated without mercy; and Comines tried to persuade the King that he was unsuitable both in appearance and daring for the purpose; but Louis was determined, and a few words from his persuasive tongue prevailed on the valet to do his part.

A fleur-de-lys banner was cut from a trumpet, and hastily adapted as a tabard, the rest of the equipment was borrowed, and Mérindot was smuggled out of the French camp, with the whole of the paraphernalia in a bag, and in fear and trembling made his way to St. Christ.

Charles was absent, and none of the English detected the imposition; the false herald saw Howard and Stanley, had a good dinner, was taken to King Edward, repeated Louis's messages to him about the expediency of peace, obtained a safe-conduct for ambassadors to arrange the preliminaries at a spot near Amiens; Mérindot received from the King a cup full of gold pieces, and was sent back in company with the most dangerous person he had yet encountered, the English herald. If this were the Norman before mentioned, they probably laughed together at the maladroitness of the islanders, who had never suspected the counterfeit.

The next day the conferences began, hurried on by Louis lest the Duke should return. "Give them all they ask," he said to his commissioners; "only not one rood of land. Rather than part with that I will risk all."

CAMEO XVI. — *The treaty.* 1475.

On the English side came Lord Howard, Sir Thomas St. Leger, brother-in-law to the King, and Dr. Thomas Morton, the parson of Blokesworth, who, after faithfully adhering to Queen Margaret to the last, had made his peace with Edward, and was now Master of the Rolls.

The two gentlemen were heartily weary of the expedition, and had made up their minds with their master, that from the formal demand of the crown and kingdom of France itself they would at once condescend to the more modest demand of seventy-five thousand crowns to pay their king for departing, and a black-mail of sixty thousand crowns a year for nine years under the name of a pension to the Lady Elizabeth, Edward's eldest daughter, who was to be contracted to the young Dauphin; and they even offered to betray to the French king the names of the vassals who had offered their aid.

To this the French gentlemen made no answer, shocked at the dishonourable proposal, and went back to meet their king at Amiens. Some of the councillors thought the English demands so moderate, that they imagined there must be treachery; but Louis was confident in the dulness of the English, and in Edward's distaste for hardships, displeasure and want of confidence in his allies, and in his courtiers' greediness for money. He sent in every direction to raise the requisite sum, and sent presents of wine and all sorts of delicacies to the English camp, where Edward, more than half ashamed of letting himself be thus bought off, was excusing himself to his army by talking of the treachery of his allies.

In the midst, down upon them thundered Charles of Burgundy, who had galloped from Valenciennes with only sixteen attendants, and suddenly walked fiercely into the royal tent, where Edward was sitting with his companions.

"How now, Brother! what brings you back so soon?" asked Edward.

"I am come to speak with you," said the Duke, in English.

"In public or in private?" said Edward.

"Is it true that you have made peace?" demanded Charles sharply.

"Yes, Brother. I have concluded a seven years' truce, in which you shall be included as well as——"

"By St. George—by our Lady!" burst forth Charles, still in English, "could you sign your own shame! Can you re-cross the sea without breaking a lance or killing a fly? Have you forgotten the valiant King Edward your forefather, who never landed in this kingdom, even with a much smaller army, without winning some glorious battle, as at Crecy and Poitiers? Or that great King Henry, your illustrious kinsman as well as mine, whose family you extinguished, and whose son perished in your hands—God knows by what death—had he half as many men as you, when he fought not far hence on that famous day of Azincour? Did he dream of going back to England without mastering this kingdom, which submitted to him as regent and heir to the crown?

And you—you are going without having done or gained anything! You have allowed yourself to be caught in the snares of the King of France, and have made a peace that does not give you back one peascod. 'Tis your own honour, fame, and profit, that I speak of. Was it for my own interest that I counselled you to come into France? What did I want of your aid? I can defend my own quarrel well enough alone, as I have shown you already; and to prove it, I'll have none of these truces you have thrust me into against my will. I swear to make no treaty with the King of France till three months after you are gone!" And he started up, throwing down the chair he had been sitting on, while such voices as had not preferred French gold to English honour, among them that of young Richard of Gloucester, murmured, "The Duke of Burgundy has spoken well."

But Edward was clever man enough to answer plausibly, throwing all the blame on the Duke himself: "You wanted to conquer kingdoms in Germany," he said, "and feared meantime to lose your states; so to hinder King Louis, who was ready to profit by your absence, you took it into your head to bring me over to keep him uneasy, and guard Burgundy, while you were before Neuss or in some other country of Germany. You made fair promises. I was to get mountains of gold, and you would await me with whole armies of men-at-arms and foot-soldiers. It has all melted like snow in the sun, and when I come here I find you broken so much that you seem not to have a page to accompany you. We undertook the war solely to help you; but since, not from cowardice but from folly, you cannot follow them up, we have nothing to do here; but honour and our kingdoms are not at all at stake. Certes, if we had wanted to fight for England's cause, we should have acted in another way; we should not have asked your day nor hour, we should not have waited for your delays. Having no need of your help, we should have landed where we chose, and plenty of burnt and taken towns, and men slain, would have shown your subjects that it was England's quarrel that brought us. Nothing then hinders me from seeking the good of my kingdom by a good solid truce; and if I sign it, by God's help I will observe it."

"God give you joy," replied the Duke as he departed. He did, however, return to take a formal leave of King Edward, and then set out for Valenciennes.

An invasion of France was of course a mere gratification of the lust of conquest, and as Louis continually observed, "Peace is far more grateful to Heaven than war;" yet it is impossible not to regard Edward's conduct in this affair with a sense of humiliation, since it was not mercy or humanity that checked the progress of his army, but that the baser passions of avarice and sensuality stifled his ambition.

He was now lodged only half a league from Amiens, whence Louis could from the walls see and triumph over the disorderly state into which the magnificent English army had fallen, and which he cunningly increased by placing long tables before the gates, covered with dainty

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Edward before Amiens. 1475.

dishes, and provided with the best wines, presided over too by French gentlemen of rank, who, as any English horseman came up, invited him to break a lance, and set him down to feast with them. Nine or ten taverns within the city were thrown open to such as could not find seats at the table, and of course multitudes of English flowed in, acting as English soldiers, all in good humour, would be sure to do, above all men trained in the licence of a long civil war; and the French became alarmed, and were amazed at the small respect with which they treated the name of their own king.

But Louis would not have them gainsayed in any respect, until at last one morning he was interrupted while saying his hours, by Comines, who came to tell him there were nine thousand English, all fully armed, in the city.

He sent Comines to their own captains to try to get them away, but in vain; for one who departed twenty came in, but they merely drank, sang, and slept, and showed no disposition to quarrel; and Louis's forbearance was really most sagacious and wonderful, when he was, as it were, sitting on a barrel of gunpowder, and the least dispute between the swaggering islanders and his own frightened and angry citizens might have lighted the spark in a moment. He caused his captains to keep a hundred armed men ready out of sight for any emergency, and himself sat down to dinner under the gateway, calling some English nobles to join him, and betraying no anxiety. Edward was soldier enough to be ashamed of his men, and sent word to Louis that they were not to be allowed to enter.

"No," said Louis; "to me they shall be welcome; but my cousin the King of England may be pleased perhaps to send a guard of archers to the gate, and they shall admit only those he desires."

After this the disorder decreased, but both kings were in haste to shorten this time of danger; the treaties were drawn up, and the English nobles accepted their bribes. Dr. Morton's price seemed to have been partly that he negotiated the ransom of his unhappy mistress, Margaret of Anjou, from her captivity in the Tower, for seventy-five thousand crowns; but he likewise accepted a pension, as did the Chancellor, the Lord Chamberlain, Edward's step-son John Grey (now Marquis of Dorset), Lord Howard, Lord Stanley, and Lord Hastings—all, with the King at their head, persuading themselves that it was only a tribute due to their superior strength. Hastings alone felt any shame, though it did not lead him to refuse the gold, only to say, "If you wish me to take it, you may put it into my sleeve, but I will give you no quittance for it!"

The name of the thing did not give Louis much concern; he did not stickle at Edward calling himself King of France and England, and him only prince, but agreed to everything; and Edward secured to himself the present pension, the hope of seeing his beautiful little daughter 'Lady Bessee' Queen of France, and the promise of a refuge in that kingdom if a fresh revolution should drive him from his throne.

CAMEO XVI.

The meeting at Pecquigny. 1475.

The two kings had yet to meet and sign the treaty, and the chosen spot was Pecquigny on the Somme. A wooden bridge was erected over the river, and in the middle of it a shed, divided in the midst by such a wooden grating as was wont to form the front of a lion's cage, but with the bars wide enough apart for an arm to be passed through—all this by special desire of Louis.

He brought, however, only eight hundred men to the left bank of the river, while the whole English army was on the right bank, looking—to its own shame—a grander host than had been assembled since the time of King Arthur, as says Comines.

It was the 29th of August, 1475, when the two kings met, with their cage between them—Louis accompanied by the Duke and the Cardinal of Bourbon, Comines, and other attendants; Edward by his brother of Clarence, his stepson of Dorset, his favourite Hastings, and others. Young Richard of Gloucester was so much ashamed of the transaction that he refused to be present.

There, then, they stood—the small, sharp-featured, slender, prematurely aged Louis, in his blue gown; and Edward, stately and magnificent looking, towering above all other heads, and his features still handsomer than those of any other man present, and his figure, already burly and encumbered from his way of life, clad in a cloth of gold robe, with a small black velvet cap on his head, adorned by a diamond fleur-de-lys. Both uncovered and bent the knee to the ground, then advanced to the barrier, and embraced through the bars, while Louis said—

"Welcome, my lord and cousin. Never did I desire to see any man more than you. Heaven be praised for our happy meeting."

Then came a reply in French in the same strain from Edward, a sermon-like discourse from the Bishop of Ely, about some old prophecy that there should be a great peace at Pecquigny; the reading of the treaty, the signature, and the oath made by both to observe it: and afterwards there was some merry conversation. "Come to Paris, Cousin," said Louis; "you shall find banquets and fair ladies there, and for your confessor Cardinal Bourbon, who gives easy absolution." But Louis shuddered when Edward seemed ready to take this jesting invitation in earnest. As he afterwards said, he much preferred his friend the King of England on the other side of the water; and he soon silenced Lord Howard, who remained with him as a hostage, and offered to bring his master to Paris.

A Gascon gentleman in Edward's service, whom Comines asked how many battles his master had won, answered, "Nine; but he has lost one that is a greater shame to him than the others were an honour!"

"Which was that?" asked Comines.

"This one that he is losing now," said the Gascon.

The King of France himself could hardly keep back his diversion at the ridiculous figure cut by the huge host that was going back, without having, in Burgundy's words, so much as killed a fly; but he knew the danger of rousing their sense of shame; and once, when he was laughing

CAMEO XVI.

Return of Edward. 1475.

over their huge appetite for wine and gold, he suddenly stopped short on seeing a stranger listening. The man was a Gascon wine-merchant, resident in England. The King at once bought up his wine, sent for his wife and children, and let him return no more, saying that, as to the cost, it was his own forfeit for having talked too much.

At last the English set out on their return, not without fears of being beset by the Burgundians on their route; and though this did not happen, Edward actually wrote to Louis requesting that Charles might not be admitted to a separate peace, and offering, if he refused to be included in the truce of Pecquigny, to come over again, with his expenses duly paid, and assist the King of France to subdue him! He also sent Louis a letter written by the Constable de St. Pol, who had managed irremediably to offend all parties by paltering with all, and thus left his own brother-in-law and his wife's uncle alike marked out by his own hand for the spiteful vengeance of Louis.

Thus he returned to England, two months from the time of his departure, covered with disgrace, which all the English who were not silenced by the politely named "tribute" felt most keenly.

The disbanded army went to their homes—such as had any—and there compared Edward of York to Harry of Monmouth; and such as had none turned robbers and plundered travellers and homesteads, till Edward was roused to make a circuit in the country and mercilessly hang all malefactors who fell into his hands; so that he was feared at least, if not loved.

Thus disgracefully ended the last Plantagenet invasion of France, the last attempt to place the crown of St. Louis on an English head, the last of what some call the old Viking descents on the opposite coast. Other hostile Englishmen were yet to tread the soil of France, but only in pursuance of political schemes, never with the deliberate intention of wholesale conquest which had been the dream of England and misery of France for six generations.

So ridiculous and mercenary a failure on his adversary's part rendered Louis infinitely more powerful and secure than he had hitherto been. He could afford to make peace with Burgundy, knowing as he did that the enemies secretly in his pay would deal with the fiery Charles far more effectually than he could; and by this peace the double-dealing Constable de St. Pol was given up to the vengeance his treason richly deserved, though more successful and ingenious traitors only prospered in their chicanery. He was beheaded at Paris, on the 19th of December, 1475, making the fourth near relation of Queen Elizabeth Woodville who had died a bloody death.

Death of Charles the Bold. 1477.

As to Charles of Burgundy, beset by the invincible Swiss, and embroiled in a quarrel with young Duke Réné of Lorraine, he spent the next two years like a lion baited by mastiffs, lost two terrible battles at Granson and Morat, and perished at last by some unknown hand when besieging Nancy, the capital of Lorraine. The Swiss and Lorrainers in the early morning of the Epiphany Eve of 1477 were admitted into his

camp by the treachery of an Italian condottiere in his service ; and after horrible slaughter and confusion, a piteous search was made for the great and mighty Duke.

In a pool of frozen water, mangled and stripped, was found a corpse that those who knew him best recognized as the remains of the great and puissant Charles the Bold, once the terror of France ! His tale is one of the saddest and greatest tragedies of ambition.

CAMEO XVII.

CLARENCE AND GLOUCESTER.

(1471—1483.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*Kings of Spain.*
1461. Edward IV.	1460. James III.	1461. Louis XI.	1450. Enrique IV.
			1474. Isabella and Ferdinand.
	Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*	
	1442. Frederick III.	1471. Sixtus IV.	

CAMEO XVII.

Clarence. 1471.

THE two brothers of Edward IV.—George, duke of Clarence, and Richard, duke of Gloucester—had from their infancy been in the strongest contrast to one another. There was a space of three years between their ages, George having been born in Ireland on the 21st of October, 1449, and Richard at Fotheringay on the 2d of October, 1452; they were brought up together, and shared the same instructions and the same vicissitudes of fortune, and they had the same prospects, both having been in early childhood destined to wed the two young heiresses of Warwick, and to divide the vast estates of the Beauchamp and the Montagu which had centred in the Nevil.

They were, however, very different. George had the stately beauty of his elder brother the King, and withal something of his character, but with less of manhood, resolution, or ability; and thus where Edward was strong, resolute, and ferocious, George wavered, and became "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," despicable as well as hateful; and the inbred ambition of the House of York was always leading him into misadventures, whence he only escaped by the betrayal of his associates. He was essentially a silly man, and was moreover a drunkard, while neither his elder nor younger brother erred from lack of ability.

Richard was cast in the slight, delicate mould of his father, and this of itself would have made him appear to disadvantage beside the giants his brothers, without the deformity that had marked him from his birth, namely, unequal shoulders, and arms lean and withered, but not deficient in the dexterity that compensated for weight and strength. A face with the dark eyes and regular Plantagenet outline of his father's, was marked not only by the sallow pallid colouring caused by early ill health, but by an overhanging brow, full of power, and showing that

York's little ill-favoured, crook-backed, youngest son, the delight to court pageants, had a wonderful reserve of designs for evil or for good. And those who listened to his sweet voice and winning speech, and watched his play of countenance, were apt to rate even his personal graces very high; witness the old Countess of Desmond, who lived, a hundred years later, to aver that the Duke of Gloucester was the handsomest of men. Scholars found him scholarly too, in spite of an education amid civil wars; knights found him proficient in martial exercises, in spite of his puny stature; and statesmen saw that, with all the King's marvellous readiness and cleverness, he had none of the indolence that obscured Edward's gifts.

No sooner had the Woodville influence begun to prevail at court than the good understanding that had prevailed between the good-natured King and his two younger brothers was disturbed. At first the two marriages were objected to, as likely to render the princes dangerous; and thus George was provoked into that stolen wedding and the subsequent rebellion which was the ruin of Warwick.

Richard, younger, less in love, and shrewder, held by the fortunes of his elder brother, fled with him to Burgundy, and heard of his destined wife being bestowed on the Lancastrian Prince of Wales.

Whether Richard's dagger was one of those that pierced the brave youth's breast is not absolutely certain; as little is it clear that to his unflinching nature was committed the murder of the feeble saintly old prisoner in the Tower. The first murder is not improbable—the second is.

Anne Nevil had always been intended by Richard to be his own, but she fled from him with dismay; and Clarence, who had no mind to "part the livelihood," as he called it, assisted her in concealing herself in the disguise of a kitchen-maid; but she was discovered by Richard's diligent search, and, helpless and desolate as she was, was compelled to become his wife. Clarence strove to keep the whole of the possessions, but Parliament interfered, and settled half upon Richard, with the provision that he should retain them, even though she should find means to divorce him, by which it would appear that the unhappy lady was endeavouring to find some means of freeing herself from the tie; but she probably resigned herself to endure it when a son was born to her, in the year 1473, when she was yet only seventeen, and Richard only nineteen.

Pontefract and Middleham Castles were their chief abodes at this time, while Richard stood aloof from the favourite-ridden court, and only joined his brothers on the expedition to France, when men were pleased by his disgust at the treaty of Pecquigny, although, for all his displeasure, he did not refuse his share of the French King's douceurs.

The whole of the sums spent in equipping Edward's army were so much loss; and in spite of the French pension, the King was in such a state of destitution, that he obtained an Act of Parliament which gave back to the crown all the lands that had been granted away from it.

CAMEO XVII.

Quarrel with Clarence. 1476.

The lordship of Tutbury, which Clarence had been holding, was one of these; and in spite of the huge wealth he already possessed, he was bitterly incensed. He had never forgiven Richard for claiming Anne's share of Warwick's inheritance, and Edward was now the subject of his indignation. He withdrew himself sullenly from court, refused to eat or speak with the King, and took up his abode near Tewkesbury.

There, in the autumn of 1476, his wife Isabel Nevil gave birth to her third child, Richard, and instead of recovering, fell into a languishing state, and died two months later. Her husband took it into his head that she had been poisoned, and about three months after her death he caused a lady named Ankaret Twynhyo, who had been in attendance upon her, to be apprehended at her own house by a band of his retainers, hurried to Warwick Castle, where she was accused of having given the Duchess "a venomous drink of ale mixed with poison, of which she died ten weeks later;" a form of trial was gone through, and in three hours' time the poor innocent lady was hanged, while murmurs went about among the Nevil retainers that the deed had been instigated by "Dame Bessie Grey,"—as it was the fashion of the malcontents to call the Queen—daughter to the witch Duchess Jaquetta. Poor feeble, foolish Isabel! as if it would have been worth anyone's while to poison her—except perhaps her husband's; and he, with all his many crimes, seems to have really loved her.

But when the ensuing "Vigil of the Kings" beheld the fearful overthrow of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Marie remained the heiress of his vast accumulation of states, Clarence, who was still only eight-and-twenty, bethought him of offering himself as her suitor, wrote earnestly to his sister Margaret, her stepmother, to use her interest in his behalf, and made the same entreaty to the King.

Edward, however, had no desire to see anyone so fickle and perfidious as George of Clarence raised to an almost royal eminence; and it is even said that the Woodville vanity was great enough to make the Queen attempt to secure the hand of this mighty princess for her own brother, Lord Rivers. Duchess Margaret, however, though fondly attached to her brothers, had wisdom enough to give disinterested counsel to her daughter; and Marie, hardly beset alike by her unruly Flemish and Dutch subjects, and by Louis of France, who claimed her French territories as a male fief, sent off a ring in haste to the suitor designated by her father, the high-spirited Archduke Maximilian of Austria, who came like a knight-errant to her rescue in her utmost need, and rendered her short life a golden age of prosperity and happiness, as well to herself as to her Flemings.

Clarence laid all the blame of his disappointment on his brother, and there was exceeding bitterness on either hand, augmented, it would seem, by Edward's failing health. His sojourn in the French marshes had left him an ague, which he never shook off; and his perpetual excesses were only varied by attacks of illness which rendered even court pageants oppressive to him, and made him more willing to loiter in the bower he

had given to the fair Jane Shore, a London goldsmith's runaway wife, than to share in the gay semi-chivalrous pageants by which Elizabeth and her brothers emulated the splendours of the Burgundy of old.

CAMEO XVII.

Dispute with the King. 1477.

One of the most notable of these festivities took place when the five-year-old Richard, duke of York, was wedded to the three-year-old Anne Mowbray, heiress of Norfolk, when all the splendour of the court was displayed in honour of the two little creatures, who were both in their graves before six years more had passed over their heads.

It is matter of doubt what was the real cause of the strange and fatal quarrels that prevailed in court. Some lay all to the machinations of the Duke of Gloucester, whom Shakespeare has portrayed all along as the fiendish and subtle piece of deformity appointed by Providence to act as the Nemesis of his bloodthirsty House, poisoning the mind of Edward against George, and inflaming George against Edward and the Queen's relations.

But if this be true, his part must have been played with most masterly secresy, for, strong as the tradition is, authentic history bears no trace of his intermeddling, and he apparently remained quietly at home at Middleham Castle, and let things take their course. As difficult is it to understand how far Anthony Woodville, Lord Rivers, was guilty. From all that appears of his course, he was an honourable, graceful, chivalrous gentleman, highly accomplished, somewhat over-elated indeed by his sister's elevation, and disposed to forget that his maternal descent did not rank him as high as if it had come through his father. No really evil deed is laid to his door, and he does not appear even to have been one of the companions of the King's grosser pleasures, but rather to have been the chief ornament of his sister's butterfly court. Yet he and his nephew, John Grey, Marquis of Dorset, were the objects of the bitterest hatred, not merely to the people, who were sure to detest vain men of a new family, and to the insensate jealousy of George of Clarence, but to Lord Hastings, who was esteemed the wisest and truest of Edward's counsellors. And if Rivers were the secret mover in the strange events that became fatal to Clarence, he would deserve to share universal hatred with Gloucester.

It is more likely that there was no formed design on either side; but that dislike and suspicion caused provocations and revenges, which, in characters of such slumbering ferocity as distinguished the House of York, led to far more frightful results than any malice could have devised.

Clarence had accused the Queen of sorcery; the charge was made against one of his own servants, one Stacey, who was accused of having melted certain images of lead, intending by them to destroy the health of the Lord Beauchamp. The poor man was examined on the rack, and being demanded who were his accomplices, either named or assented to those who suggested Sir Thomas Burdett, a favourite attendant of the Duke. Now it happened that the King, when hunting in a park belonging to this gentleman, had killed a tame white buck, a great

CAMBO XVII.

Death of Clarence. 1478.

favourite; and in his unguarded passion, Burdett had exclaimed that he wished the poor stag's horns were in the belly of the man who slew it.

This foolish malediction was taken as proof presumptive, and Stacey and Burdett were tried together at Westminster for sorcery and high treason, and for circulating seditious ballads—convicted, drawn on a hurdle to Tyburn, and there put to death; Burdett loudly and fully proclaiming his innocence.

Clarence, hotly angered, came fiercely into the council chamber at Westminster, and spoke violently of the horrible injustice that had been perpetrated, vehemently accused the Queen and her kindred, and called in Dr. Godard, a priest, to testify to the dying declarations of Burdett and Stacey.

The King was absent at Windsor when this outbreak took place; but on hearing of his brother's wild and furious language, he seems to have muttered his favourite threat, "He shall repent it in every vein of his heart," and hurried to London, where Clarence was immediately arraigned on a strange medley of charges—*i.e.* of setting his attendants to collect the people and feast them on venison, that they might be persuaded that Burdett had been wrongfully sentenced; of declaring his brother not to be his father's true son; and of trying to smuggle a strange child into his castle to pass for his own.

It was an old and monstrous bit of scandal that Duchess Cicely had had a lover among her husband's archers; indeed, it was one of the favourite witticisms of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold to call Edward IV. Blackburn, after this man; and Clarence when in a rage had no doubt repeated the term as mere abuse. Strange to say, Edward appeared as a witness before the council, and Clarence wrangled with him, and offered to clear himself by single combat; but this feature in the Œdipean-like tragedy of Plantagenet was not permitted;—the sentence of high treason was pronounced against George, and the Duke of Buckingham—the Stafford who had married Katharine Woodville—was appointed to see him executed.

This was on the 7th of February, 1478; but a few days after there was a demand from the Speaker of the House of Commons why it had not been carried out.

The Commons had not long to wait. On the 17th Clarence was dead in the Bowyer Tower in the Tower of London. He had been at the chapel the day before, and offered his mass-penny, but in the morning he was found dead, with his head hanging over a butt of Malmsey wine, his favourite beverage. At least, such was the most reasonable account; others declared he had been secretly dealt with; and report averred that, being allowed the favour of choosing his mode of death, he had requested to be drowned in the liquor that he loved.

He left two young orphans—Margaret, born on the stormy passage to Calais, and Edward, earl of Warwick. His third and youngest child escaped the inevitable doom of the White Rose by dying in infancy. Great part of his lands were given to Rivers, who thus drew on himself

CAMEO XVII.

Remorse of Edward. 1479.

much of the odium of the destruction of the prince. The need of vieing with princes and old nobility had certainly made Rivers rapacious, though he was never niggardly.

It would seem likely that Edward had only intended to bring his brother to submission, and would never have permitted him to be executed; but that Clarence's own intemperate habits did the work. The indictment against poor Ankaret Twynhyo was reversed, and her family restored in blood; and poor Clarence's wretched career seemed forgotten, save that one day, when one brother presented a petition for the pardon of another, the King shed tears, and exclaimed, "Alas, my poor brother, none pleaded to me for him!"

Was this a reproof to Richard of Gloucester? Men thought so.

CAMEO XVIII.

BELL THE CAT.

(1466—1482.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*Kings of Spain.*
1461. Edward IV.	1460. James III.	1461. Louis XI.	1450. Enrique IV.
			1474. Isabella and Ferdinand.
	Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*	
	1442. Frederick III.	1464. Paul II	
		1471. Sixtus IV.	

CAMEO XVIII.

James III. 1466.

EACH state and princely family in Europe seems always to have had a strange tendency to repeat the adventures of another. If France had a minor prince beset with ambitious uncles, England and Portugal soon fell into the same condition; if one prince perished by a mysterious death in a dungeon in Scotland, another soon was lost in like manner in Brittany; and the three royal brethren, Edward, George, and Richard Plantagenet, had a certain resemblance to the younger trio in the north —James, Alexander, and John Stewart.

James III. had not, however, the strength, valour, or talent of Edward, but only resembled him in his indolent love of pleasure, and in a selfishness that when aroused was reckless and cruel. Nature had given him the refined tastes of his poet-grandfather James I., but without his personal courage or strength of will, and education had only cultivated his surface accomplishments, without deepening his character. He was eight years old when his father was killed, thirteen when his mother died; and a few months later his admirable cousin and best guardian, Bishop Kennedy, reared in the school of James I., likewise expired, so that the royal boy was left to be the sport of faction.

The Boyd family took possession of him first, Sir Alexander Boyd having been his instructor in chivalrous exercises. With the aid of a league of nobles they carried him off from Linlithgow to Edinburgh, and caused him to declare before his Parliament that he had gone with his own free will—as was probably true. Old Lord Boyd, Sir Alexander's brother, helped himself to a good many estates, and caused his eldest son to be created Earl of Arran, married to the King's sister Mary, and

CAMEO XVIII.

Dispute with Arran. 1476.

sent to bring home Margaret, daughter of King Christian of Denmark, to be the wife of the King.

But no sooner had Arran arrived with the bride, a girl of seventeen, than his young wife whispered to him that the Hamiltons had gained the ear of the King, and that the destruction of the Boyds was resolved upon.

Arran immediately took her on board a Danish ship, and fled with her in safety; his father tried to stand his ground by the help of the friends who had leagued with him, but they all fell away, and he was forced to escape into England, while his brother Alexander was taken and put to death for his abduction of the King four years before. Moreover, James's remonstrances caused the King of Denmark to send his sister Mary home, probably on the plea that she had been contracted to Lord Hamilton in her infancy by her father, for her marriage with Boyd was declared null; and she carried her royal blood into the House of Hamilton, who for four generations stood in the position of heirs presumptive to the throne whenever the reigning sovereign had no child.

Hamilton ruled, but left the King to occupy himself with studies and sports, that in their place would have been elegant, but which James's exaggerated love for them rendered mischievous. Poetry, music, dancing, and dress, were pursuits that were thought to indicate a trifling and frivolous mind, though with them were coupled the severer study of mathematics and its practical branches, architecture and astronomy. The beautiful and fantastic buildings with which James decorated Stirling Castle prove that the former of these he studied to some purpose; but the chief professor of the science, one Robert Cochran, whom the proud nobility called a mason, obtained an ascendency over him which had most fatal consequences, certainly to himself, and perhaps to others.

As to astronomy, no one knew the limits between this and the more occult science of astrology. The conjunctions of the stars were fully believed to predict the adventures of those born under them, and no one hesitated to study them; and chemistry was at the same time making progress under the vain title of alchemy, bringing too often with it the pursuit of magic and sorcery. Everyone believed in the reality of these, while they condemned them as unlawful; and at this very time Maximilian of Austria, the cleverest, if not the wisest youth of the day, was studying all of these as regular parts of his education, and believing his career influenced by them. It is the fashion to consider that accusations of sorcery were both false in themselves, and only got up by way of an engine of destruction against an innocent enemy; but no one can really enter into the examination of the history of those times without seeing that both the practisers believed in the effects of what they were doing, and that their accusers were actually alarmed.

Whether evil spirits were really called or answered the call is another question, and one that is complicated by the modern achievements of mesmerism and spiritualism.

CAMEO XVIII.

Imprisonment of Albany and Mar.

1476.

At any rate, James III., who up to his twenty-fifth year had lived on good terms with his younger brothers, Alexander, duke of Albany, and John, duke of Mar, suddenly became alarmed on hearing from an astrologer that "a lion was to be strangled by his own whelps;" and at the same time an old woman informed him, on the authority of her familiar spirit, that the Duke of Mar had been making inquiries of another spirit, which had told him that the King should die by the hand of his nearest kindred.

Albany and Mar were both men of fiercer, stronger mould than James. Alexander especially is described as wise and manly, tall and broad-shouldered, "well-proportioned in all his members, and especially in his face, when he pleased to show himself to his unfriends." John, too, was said to be comely, to know nothing but nobility, and to delight in hunting, hawking, and horsemanship; and both were viewed with greater favour by the warlike nation than the King, whom they considered to love playing on instruments better than defending the Border, though after all there was no one to defend it against, since Edward and James were in profound peace; and treaties of marriage were constantly going on—the little Duke of Rothsay was to be wedded to the still younger Cecily Plantagenet; Albany was proposed for Margaret, the widow of Burgundy; and his sister Margaret for Clarence first, and, on that prince's death, for that universal suitor, Lord Rivers. An invitation, moreover, was sent to James to visit Edward on the way to the shrine of his patron saint at Amiens, whither he had vowed a pilgrimage, but finding this impossible, he sent the saint a gold medal by way of compensation.

He was hindered from going by the discovery of treason on the part of both his brothers. Albany, the Warden of the Marches, had done many deeds of violence, and was in correspondence with both the Kings of France and England, with a view to dethroning his brother; and Mar, who could have been little more than twenty, was curiously dallying with sorcerers to learn the result.

Both were arrested: Albany was shut up in Edinburgh Castle, Mar in Craigmillar, some six miles off; and shortly after the latter was found dead in a bath filled with his blood.

Most regarded his death as a murder perpetrated under the influence of Cochran, adding that, like Clarence, he had been allowed to choose the mode of dying, and had made the classical choice of an end like Seneca's. Another more probable account was that the alarm of his arrest threw him in a delirious fever, that a vein was opened in his temple and another in his arm, and that these burst out bleeding again when in the bath, and thus caused his death. Albany's friends became much alarmed; and in one of two small wine barrels, which were sent to him in the castle, was enclosed a letter, a dagger, and a coil of rope, while the other contained some excellent wine. The Duke invited the Captain of the Castle to sup with him thereon; he came with three attendants, and the liquor and heat of the fire were so potent as to make all four so drowsy that with little difficulty all were killed by the Duke and his

CAMEO XVIII.

Escape of Albany. 1478.

chamberlain, who then unlocked the door, got out on the walls, and prepared to let themselves down by the rope. The chamberlain went first, but the rope was too short, and he fell and broke his leg. Albany then fetched the sheets from his bed, which enabled him to descend in safety. He took his companion on his back to a hiding-place, and himself made his way to his strong castle of Dunbar, which he stored with stout defenders, and then hurried to France to ask assistance from Louis XI. This, however, he could not obtain; but the Castle stood a siege of some months, the artillery on both sides doing great execution. One ball from the ramparts is stated to have killed three knights at once. When at last it surrendered to the Chancellor Evandale, he found that most of the defenders had escaped by sea to England.

Albany was summoned at the market-cross of Dunbar, and also at Edinburgh, to appear and answer for his treason, but James would not declare his lands forfeited, although he resumed the earldom of Mar, and most unwisely granted it to his favourite Cochran.

Just at this time, Edward IV. became intensely provoked both with France and Scotland. His daughter Elizabeth was twelve years old, the age at which she was to have been sent for to marry the young Dauphin Charles, but Louis showed no symptoms of desiring her presence, neither did James of Scotland request the fulfilment of the contract between her sister Cicely and his young heir. The sense that Louis was too cunning for him, and some perception that he had cut a ridiculous figure at Pecquigny no doubt made him uneasy, though he regularly received the politely termed tribute from France, he discontinued that pension which he had himself been paying under the title of Lady Cecily's portion to Scotland, and loudly accused James III. of treachery and breach of promises.

James, a good deal amazed, prepared to take up arms, being further inflamed by a Scottish priest named Ireland, who had been educated at the Sorbonne, and was sent over by Louis for the express purpose of influencing the King, and keeping the nursery of the archers of his guard in a wholesome state of enmity with England. James's wisest councillors were much averse to any war with England, but they were overruled; and Spence, the good Bishop of Aberdeen, is said to have died of vexation in consequence. But to the fierce nobility a war with England was the only satisfactory state of affairs. The difference was that then they could make raids across the Border in the way of duty instead of only in the way of pleasure. So Archibald Douglas, the young Earl of Angus, head of the younger branch of Douglases called the Red, was soon over the Border, devastating Northumberland, burning Bamborough and driving off whole herds of prisoners and cattle.

Edward, wroth in his turn, appointed his brother Richard of Glocester lieutenant-general of the north to chastise the Scots, and sent for Albany to France. There the Duke had obtained no help from Louis, and had only succeeded in espousing Anne de la Tour, daughter of the Count of Auvergne, having declared himself separated from his Scottish

CAMEO XVIII.

Leagu. between Albany and Glocester. 1482.

wife on the ground of consanguinity. He was very glad to comply with the invitation of Edward, who not only took up his cause vehemently, but promised to set him on the throne of Scotland, on the plea of James III. being said to be of doubtful legitimacy. Considering the well-known scandals prevalent respecting Edward's own birth, it is remarkable how he thus enforced an evil lesson against himself and his heirs.

Albany willingly accepted the proposal, and bound himself by a secret engagement to render Scotland feudatory to England, to do homage to Edward, to follow him in war, and break the league with France: also to marry the Lady Cicely if he could "mak himself clear free with other women according to the laws of the Christian Church," a prudent reservation under the circumstances; and the bond by which he engaged to do all this he signed, not as Duke of Albany, but as Alexander R. the King of Scotland; and then set off to join the Duke of Glocester, who stood in such a curiously similar position to himself —each with one brother mysteriously dead in prison, and the other reigning by a right it was possible to question. The Earl of Angus, Lord Grey, and other Scottish nobles, were secretly in the same league, chiefly out of impatience of James's unwarlike nature; but though they had privately agreed to support Albany, they could not for very shame unite themselves to the Southron foe; so Glocester and Albany, with an English army, laid siege to Berwick, but without effect; and they proceeded into the county, burning and destroying all the villages.

Meanwhile, the estates of the realm published a proclamation against "the Reiver Edward, styling himself King of England," and summoned the whole strength of the country to meet on the Borough Muir near Edinburgh, the grand muster-place of the kingdom. "Authentic men, well horsed, and stuffed with money," were sent out, as say the Acts, to collect the troops, beginning with the most distant; and a very considerable army was collected, including Angus, Grey, and the rest of Albany's friends. The King took the command, and the whole body, fifty thousand in number, set forth across the Lammermuir hills, and encamped around the town of Lauder, upon the river Leader.

Meeting at Lauder. 1484.

The King had brought with him his favourite Robert Cochran, the architect, the mason, as the Scottish nobles called him, the Earl of Mar, as he called himself. James had given him the command of the artillery, and he was displaying splendours very offensive to the rude and homely but intensely proud feudal nobility. His tent was lined with silk, with gilt chains to fasten it; and he had a body-guard of three hundred retainers, sumptuously arrayed, and carrying light battle-axes; and the King was giving equal offence by carrying with him his other favourites—Rogers, a notable musical composer, whose pupils were long after highly esteemed, but whom the fierce lords termed a fiddler; Torpichen, a fencing master; and several more, of citizen extraction but elegant accomplishments.

The Scots could not endure the presence of this little court of favourites so contemptible in their eyes, and in the grey of morning the

CAMEO XVIII.

Murder of Cochran. 1484.

noblemen came together in the little old church of Lauder to consult what was to be done. Honest but turbulent subjects as well as the secret partizans of Albany alike seem to have been present, and all agreed that Cochran must be seized and got rid of; but the difficulty was how, since he was a brave strong man, and always well guarded. As all sat doubtful, Lord Grey could not help observing that they were like the council of mice, who agreed that a bell should be hung round the cat's neck to warn them of her approach, but could find no one of their number to undertake the office.

"Heed it not, I'll bell the cat," cried Archibald Earl of Angus, who held the traditional faith that the King was born to be the slave of the Douglas.

As the words left his lips there was a knock at the door, and there stood Cochran, in a black velvet suit, a gold chain round his neck, and another chain supporting a gold tipped hunting horn with a beryl hanging to it, and with a riding-whip in his hand, the handle encrusted with jewels.

At once Angus stepped up to him. "It becomes thee not to wear this, but a halter," he cried, snatching the chain.

"Ay, and the horn," said Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, wrenching it away; "he has been too long a hunter of mischief."

"My Lords, is this jest or earnest?" asked Cochran.

His answer was the being seized and bound, while the lords hurried off to the King's tent, and savagely seized all his other friends. He could only save one youth of seventeen, Alexander Ramsey of Balmain; the rest were hurried away to the bridge of Lauder, and there ruthlessly hung. Cochran, as Gaveston had done before him, only asked to die by a silken rope, offering one of those of his costly tent. Warwick had scornfully granted the request, but the barbarous Scot only saw in it a suggestion for adding bitterness to death, and took pains to procure a hair tether, instead of the ordinary hempen rope.

After this horrible proceeding, the Lords marched back to Edinburgh, taking the poor King with them, and shutting him up in the Castle, and leaving Berwick to fall into the hands of the English, who never lost it again. The army dispersed, and Glocester and Albany advanced to Edinburgh, where they demanded the liberation of the King.

"My Lord," said the Chancellor Evandale to Albany, "we will grant your desires; but as to that man who is with you, we know him not."

It was plain that Angus had promised more than he could perform, and that the Scottish nation had no mind either for King Alexander IV., or for allegiance to England. So Albany could only profess to have come to recover his position in the country, and going up to the Castle, he reconciled himself to his brother, so entirely as it seemed that they came down riding upon the same horse.

Richard of Glocester, seeing probably that the presence of an English army only irritated the Scots, made the best sounding terms of peace

CAMEO XVIII.

Flight of Albany. 1484.

he could with James, and marched away, leaving a whole complication of intrigues with Albany, which at length became known, and so excited the indignation of the more honest Scots, that Albany was at length obliged to retire to England, leaving his own splendid Castle of Dunbar in the hands of an English garrison. Well might he again be proclaimed an outlaw, while James proceeded to besiege the Castle.

Albany, obtaining no aid in England, returned with the old banished Earl of Douglas, of the Black or elder line, and tried to collect his retainers, and again assert his preposterous claims. But they were met by some of the King's troops and defeated; Douglas was taken and died in captivity, while Albany fled to England, and afterwards France, where he married a fourth lady, had one son, and was killed by an accidental blow in a tournament, just about the time that his more successful compeer, Richard of Glocester, had reached the height of his short-lived career.

CAMEO XIX.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

1483.

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King and Q. of Spain.*
1461. Edward IV.	1460. James III.	1461. Louis XI.	1474. Fernando and Isabel.
1483. Edward V.			

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1442. Frederick III.	1476. Sixtus IV.

CAMEO XIX.

Edward IV. 1482.

AT Christmas of the year 1482, King Edward appeared before his court in a dress of new fashion, with enormous sleeves, lined with the richest furs, and folded back on his shoulders—a garb which was supposed to conceal the unwieldiness of his figure, and to set off the beauty of his face, of which at forty-two he was still proud; and the people, who delighted in a personable king, admired and applauded him with all their hearts. "Never was king so loved," was the sentence of the next generation; and disgusting as his character is in history, with its mixture of ferocity and sensuality, it is plain that there must have been some charm about him, which attached people strongly to his person; and where neither his indolence nor his passions interfered, his great natural talent made his judgment excellent.

Printing. 1474.

London trade began to take a new start in his reign; merchants were encouraged, and the first impulse given to the spirit of naval enterprise, which became so remarkable under the ensuing dynasty; and Edward also greatly encouraged the new art of printing, partly perhaps for the sake of his sister, Duchess Margaret, and her *protégé* Caxton, who moved over to Westminster, and there sent forth many works from his press, and that of his partner Wynkyn de Worde. *Æsop's Fables* was one which is still extant; another is the *Recuyel of the Historyes of Troy*. The copy of this which he presented to Queen Elizabeth Woodville is still extant; and his *Boke of the Game of Chess* is remarkable as containing a picture of himself, presenting a book to the King, Queen, and their eldest son, a fair child with flowing curls, whose portrait exists nowhere else. *The Dictes and Sayings of Philosophres*, another work printed by him, was translated from the French by Earl Rivers, who had always been his warm patron.

CAMEO XIX.

The Grays. 1482.

To Rivers was entrusted the education of Edward's eldest son, who was brought up at Ludlow Castle, the appanage of the Princess of Wales, under minute instructions from his father, who in such a case as this showed admirable wisdom and discretion.

This excellent understanding no doubt made him more and more uncomfortable when he remembered his expedition to France, of which he was constantly reminded by the tertian ague that had hung about him ever since; but at least he had the satisfaction of receiving the "tribute," and of looking on his daughter Elizabeth as sure of being Queen of France; and he had likewise arranged—besides the Scottish contract for Cecily—that little Edward should marry Anne, the infant heiress of the Duke of Brittany; Katherine, the young son of King Ferdinand of Aragon and Queen Isabel of Castille; and Anne, the infant Philip, child of Marie of Burgundy and Maximilian of Austria.

Death of Mary of Burgundy. 1482.

Suddenly tidings came that the gentle Marie of Burgundy was dead. Her horse had stumbled with her, and she died of the effects of the fall. The Flemings had no notion of submitting to her husband, or even of letting him have the care of his own children. They took them both, Philip and Margaret, into their own keeping; and on the first offer from Louis XI., they delivered up the little girl into his hands to be married to his son the Dauphin, and at the same time the pension to the English was stopped.

Edward's wrath and disappointment were great. There was nothing to hinder him and others from feeling that he had let himself be duped and made the laughing-stock of the little mean-spirited old man, who sat wasting away in his guarded chambers at Plessis les Tours, a terror to himself and to all the rest of the world.

What could the ferocious Plantagenet think of but vengeance? He appealed to Parliament, and talked and thought of nothing but a furious invasion of France; but in the midst, his passion, together with his unbridled appetite, gave a new turn to his long-continued ailment, fever came on, and a few weeks after his fantastic appearance at Christmas, he found himself a dying man.

Death of Edward IV 1483.

He did not show himself hardened. Dr. Morton, whom he had made Bishop of Ely, was constantly with him, and declared that the Finger of God had touched his heart, and that he was a true penitent. He entreated Lords Hastings and Stanley to swear reconciliation to the Queen and her kindred; but the progress of his disorder was so rapid, that there was no time to summon either his son, brother, or brother-in-law, and he died on the 9th of April, 1483, at Westminster.

After his corpse had been exposed, uncovered, that the Mayor and aldermen might certify to the reality of his death, he lay in state, royally robed, and then was buried in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, in a spot marked by a unique and exquisite monument in iron lace-work, by the great Flemish smith, Quentin Matsys, a curious record of the influence which his sister Margaret's residence in Flanders exercised on English taste.

CAMEO XIX.

Edward V. 1483.

Edward had made no fresh will since he had embarked for France, eight years previously. He probably had no fears for his heir. His boys were now thirteen and nine years old, and Richard II. and Henry VI. had been welcomed to the throne, and tenderly guarded there by their uncles; but the dying king did not take into account the elements of mischief he had himself occasioned by his irregular contracts and his unequal marriage, nor the fierce and unscrupulous ambition that the long effort for a crown had implanted in the hearts of all his family.

In fact, as had been shown in the last minority, there was no use in a king's will. The Parliament held that it had a right to appoint the protectors of an infant prince, and the government for the time being fell to the Council left by the late King.

The Queen's eldest son, the Marquis of Dorset, was the man of highest rank at the Council; and she appeared thereat with him, and formally proposed that her son, the young King Edward V., should be escorted by a strong army to London.

The words "strong army" alarmed all the rest of the Council, who saw in it a move on the part of the hated Woodvilles and Grays to secure the government. Lord Hastings started up passionately, demanding against whom the army was intended—was it against the people of England, or the good Duke of Glocester? For his own part, if he heard of Rivers approaching with an army, he should go off to his government at Calais, and there abide the issue.

Elizabeth and Dorset saw that the matter could not be pressed, so they limited the number proposed for the escort to two thousand men. No doubt they only now began to understand how bitter was the hatred and jealousy felt for them by the old nobility and the princely families; and Dorset, in his anxiety, took the treasure out of the Tower, of which he was governor, and equipped a fleet with it.

This excited further distrust; and Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, a descendant, through Thomas of Glocester, of Edward III., agreed with Hastings that the Queen's kindred must be overthrown at any cost, though he was the husband of the Queen's sister Katharine. They held communication with the Duke of Glocester, who was on his way from the borders of Scotland, with the army with which he had marched to Edinburgh. He assured them of his determination to put down the Woodvilles, and therewith marched forward. The young King meanwhile, with his uncle Lord Rivers, his second half-brother, Richard Gray, and Lord Vaughan, his chamberlain, had set out on his journey, with his escort; and Glocester expected to come up with him at Northampton.

There, however, Glocester found only Rivers and Gray, the King himself having gone ten miles further on to sleep at Stony Stratford. Buckingham arrived at the same time with three hundred men, and all the four supped cordially together, and agreed on the programme for the King's entrance into London.

But when Rivers and his nephew went to bed, Glocester and

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Edward V. at the Tower. 1483.

Buckingham sat on with some other friends, and agreed that there was evidently a plot on the part of the Woodvilles, to keep the boy in their own hands, and exclude the older and better born nobility from power. The only chance of preventing this was, the two Dukes agreed, to seize the person of Rivers, who was really the only man of ability of the party, and with him of young Gray and Lord Vaughan.

Accordingly, early the next day, after all had ridden most amicably to the gates of Stony Stratford, Glocester turned on Rivers, and vituperating him for estranging the affections of the young King from his kindred, he caused him to be arrested, and Gray with him.

Glocester and Buckingham then went forward, and early as it was, found the young King fully equipped and just mounting his horse, as they believed to keep out of their reach.

Glocester, in his displeasure, neither bowed nor removed his cap, but summarily dismissed his nephew's servants, and caused Vaughan to be arrested. The poor boy, gently nurtured by his mother's kindred, and unused to the sight of his peremptory half-deformed uncle, burst into tears, and besought that his other uncle and his brother should be restored; but he met with no sympathy, his affection for the Woodvilles was only an offence; he was told that his father's brother was his only fit protector, and was taken back to Northampton; while Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan, were sent off under a strong guard to Pontefract Castle.

When these tidings reached London, the Queen, never a wise woman, took fright, and hurried away to the Sanctuary at Westminster, with her five daughters and the little Duke of York her youngest son; and Dorset in alarm, threw up his command at the Tower, and joined her there. Their demonstrations of terror seemed to the lookers on absurd and unreasonable, as if designed to put the two Dukes in the wrong: and the citizens turned out in full splendour to meet the royal cavalcade. The Lord Mayor and aldermen went forth in scarlet, with five hundred citizens in violet, and on the 4th of May, 1483, met the young King in a long mantle of blue velvet, followed by the Dukes of Glocester and Buckingham, in mourning as well as all their attendants.

Young Edward was taken to the palace of the Bishop of London, near St. Paul's, and there received the oaths of fealty of the Council and chief personages; but as the space was confined, he was in a few days removed to the Tower of London, while preparations were made for his coronation; and his uncle Glocester was formally declared Protector of the realm, as the nearest prince of the blood.

The Queen, however, obstinately refused to come out of the Sanctuary, though invited to come and reside at court with her children, declaring herself unsafe there. She remained at the Abbot's lodgings, in the midst of piles of household stuff, with her children round her, and her long flaxen hair streaming on her shoulders, while her son Dorset made his escape beyond seas; and her whole conduct plainly intimated the strongest determination to be an injured woman, and to put the Protector in the wrong. Whether this conduct on her part really did the mischief

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The Queen's jealousy. 1483.

—whether the plot was already hatched, and her instinct led her thus to act, must be doubtful; at any rate, it had the effect of making the nobility feel that the breach between Dame Bessie Gray and the King's uncle was irretrievable. Her wise brother Rivers was out of reach; and the young King, who was a lad of thirteen, quite old enough to have a strong will of his own, seems to have continued to show so decided a preference for his mother's kindred, that Glocester perceived his tenure of office merely as Protector would be brief; and that moreover the acclamations with which he had been personally hailed, and the general dislike to the Woodville blood, made him believe that it would be possible to snatch at the crown itself.

Old historical tradition, and its noblest mouthpiece, Shakespeare, represent Richard as having conceived this design long before, and having secretly removed his brother George from his path with a view thereto; but it is much more probable that the plot was only suggested to him by the circumstances in which he found himself in London, in the spring of 1483, passionately beloved by the people, and upheld by them in opposition to the "new men," whom the young King was longing to recall to his side, as he would have the power to do perhaps in one year, certainly in four or five.

Angered and jealous, and discussing his grievances with Buckingham and Howard, both descendants of Edward III., it seems that Richard bethought him that this child of the Woodville had not yet been anointed or accepted by the nation, that kings owed their crown to the will of the people, that the two former minorities had been evil times, and that there was a flaw in his brother's marriage, to say nothing of the scandal so often in the mouth of Louis of France.

Why not set the child aside, and begin a reign far more glorious and beneficent than had been that of the indolent pleasure-loving Edward? Richard put off the coronation, and felt his way; Buckingham and Howard both promised their aid; but Lord Hastings, whom he contrived to sound through his friend the lawyer Thomas Catesby, expressed his intention of holding faithfully to the young King, and even appears to have shown some disposition to join the Queen and her son Dorset, being now fully convinced that Glocester's intentions were disloyal. Richard had really loved and admired Hastings, and would gladly have won him over; but finding that such overtures only awakened his loyalty, he resolved to strike suddenly and violently before the two parties had time to coalesce.

Accordingly, he sent messengers to such as remained of his kinsmen the Nevils in the north, and to the Mayor and citizens of York, so as to have a strong body ready for his support; but all was done with secrecy.

On the 13th of June, 1483, the Council met as usual in the Tower of London. Lord Hastings had received a message from Stanley, telling him that he had dreamt that he saw a boar wounding and rending them both, and proposing that they should take horse and escape; but

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Death of Hastings. 1483.

Hastings was not to be disturbed by so ambiguous a warning, though as the Boar was Richard's cognizance the drift was scarcely concealed. He laughed and joked with a pursuivant about the days when he had been under arrest for a quarrel with Lord Rivers, and entered the council-chamber.

At nine o'clock, an unusually late hour, the Protector came in, asking pardon for having played the sluggard; and turning to Dr. Morton, the Bishop of Ely he talked to him of the beautiful strawberries in the garden of his house at Holborn, and asked him to send for some.

Presently, however, he quitted the chamber, and returned in about an hour's time, apparently in a state of great perturbation, knitting his brows and contorting his features, as though he had just heard some terrible news. As all sat silent and amazed, he demanded, "Say, my Lords, what do they deserve who hath compassed the death of one so near to the King, and in such charge as I?"

"Surely, my Lord," said Hastings, breaking the astonished silence, "whosoever they may be, they deserve the death of traitors."

"They are," broke out Richard, "no other than my brother's wife, and the vile Jane Shore! See how, by their sorcery and witchcraft, they have destroyed my body."

So saying, he plucked up his sleeve and showed a lean "werish withered arm," no doubt hitherto carefully concealed.

"Certainly," said Hastings, who probably well knew the true state of the case, "*if* they have done any such thing, they deserve to be well punished."

"*If*," thundered Richard; "dost thou answer me with ifs and ans? I tell thee, traitor, they *have* done it, and thou in this villany hast joined with them. By holy Paul, I swear that dine I will not till thine head is brought me."

He struck the table with his clenched fist; armed men rushed in, crying, "Treason!" the lords started up, chairs and tables fell; Stanley was struck by a pole-axe, and blood streamed down his ears; the Bishop of Ely found himself a prisoner; and Hastings was taken out to the green in front of the Tower, made a hasty shrift to the nearest priest, and then was forced to lay his head on a log of wood that happened to be at hand, and was beheaded.

As soon as dinner was over, Richard sent for the chief Londoners, and showed himself and Buckingham in old suits of rusty armour, which they said they had been forced to put on in haste on the discovery of a plot on the part of Hastings and the rest, to kill them while sitting in council. The strange witchcraft story was not alluded to. Such a withering of the arm as Richard exhibited is sometimes produced by a stroke of paralysis in early childhood; and it is just possible that Richard, who was a mere child when his brother married, might have had such an attack, and have associated it with the witch Duchess Jaquetta and her progeny; but he could only have put it forward against Hastings in the blind wild desire of inventing accusations.

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Deaths of Vaughan and Gray. 1483.

Of the truth of this extraordinary scene there can be no reasonable doubt, since it was recorded by the most truthful man of the succeeding generation, Sir Thomas More, who had it from the lips of the Bishop of Ely himself. Jane Shore was at once made the object of vengeance, not for her witchcraft, but for the supposed participation in Hastings' plot. The real reason probably was, that with all her errors, she was a warm-hearted affectionate woman, who had really loved the King, and being very rich, and rather popular among the citizens, was likely to raise a party in favour of his son. She was therefore stripped of her riches, and made over to the Bishop of London, to do penance for her evil life, and walked to St. Paul's Cross in her kirtle, with a taper in her hand, after which—her credit gone—she retired into obscurity.

The Queen remained in her sanctuary, but her brother Rivers and her son Gray were in Richard's power in Yorkshire; and he sent off, through his servant Sir Richard Ratcliffe, directions that they should be put to death. Richard Gray and Sir Thomas Vaughan were beheaded without form of trial, apparently on the same day as Hastings. Vaughan, an old man, appealed aloud to the tribunal of God; and Ratcliffe answered with a sneer, "A goodly appeal; lay down your head."

"I die in the right," he said; "take heed you die not in the wrong."

Rivers survived ten days, and had some shadow of trial before the Earl of Northumberland, for compassing the Protector's life. He spent one of his last days in composing a poem on his changed fortune. He was a gallant knight, against whom no charge can be brought but that of a little vanity at his sudden elevation, and an eagerness to support it, which made him accept Louis's pensions, and all he could gain besides; but those two months of captivity must have been a bitter time to him, when he saw himself withheld from coming to the aid of his helpless sister and her children. Thus he sung:—

Somewhat musing,
And more mourning,
In remembering
The unsteadfastness.

This world being
Of such wheeling,
Thus contraireing,
What may I guess?

I fear doubtless
Remedyless
Is now to see my woful chance,
Lo in this trance,
Now in substance,
Such is my dance.

Willing to die,
Methinks truly
Bownden am I,
And that gretely,
To be content.

CAMEO XIX

Death of Rivers. 1483.

Saying plainly
That fortune doth wry
All contrary
From mine intent:
My life was lent
Me to one intent;
It is nigh spent.

Welcome fortune;
But I ne weand
Thus to be spent,
But so it meant,
Such is her wont.

Rivers was alive till the 23rd of June, for he then put the last touch to his will, but he seems to have been beheaded the next day; and the whole of the Queen's relatives were now dead or beyond the sea, none remaining with her save her daughters, her eldest son, John Gray, Marquis of Dorset, and her youngest, Richard Duke of York. No plan of Glocester's against young Edward could take effect while his brother was at large, and in the Queen's hands; and he therefore resolved on removing the younger prince from the Sanctuary.

For this purpose he convoked the Council, and represented the Queen's folly in persisting in secluding herself there, as if any harm were intended her; and added that the young King wanted his brother's company, and that the Duke of York must appear at the coronation.

Wherefore he deputed the Archbishop, Thomas Bouchier, to visit the Queen, and bring away the Duke. If she would not consent, he must be taken by force.

Both Archbishops spoke up for the inviolability of the Sanctuary, but they were rudely put down by the Duke of Buckingham; and the Council decided that a child whom no one wished to hurt could no more be sheltered there than a boy who ran away from school would be. Both ought to be delivered up to their lawful guardians.

So the Archbishop, a kind old man, persuaded by Richard's plausible reasons, set forth on his mission, convinced that the Queen was a silly obstinate woman, and that the brothers ought to be together; and wishing, above all, to avoid the scandal of having the Sanctuary broken by armed men.

Poor Elizabeth Woodville was a weak and vain woman, but the instinct of her mother's heart was against the giving up her boy, though she had not the courage to go with him. When the Archbishop came to her in the Jerusalem Chamber, she replied at first that the young Duke was sick and needed her care.

The Archbishop acknowledged that a mother's care was needful for a child, but added that the Council invited the Queen herself to come and resume the care of both her sons in the State apartments at the Tower; but on her declaration that she would neither leave the Sanctuary nor part with the Duke, he observed that she had made no objection to sending her eldest son to Ludlow, far away from her.

"True," she angrily said; "but the one prince was in health, the other

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York in the Tower. 1483.

sick;" and then she burst out, "Troweth the Protector that the King doth lack a playfellow? Can none be found to play with the King but only his brother—as though princes could not play without their peers, or children without their kindred, with whom they often agree worse than with strangers?"

"The more suspicious you are, Madam," said the Archbishop, "the more jealous are others of you, lest under a pretence of danger you cause him to be conveyed out of the country."

He then explained to her that a child who had committed no crime was not a subject for the privilege of the Sanctuary; and that if the Duke were not yielded up, the Protector would fetch him away by force.

The mother on this hotly declared that she had consulted lawyers, and knew she was right, and that it was absolutely unsafe for both children to be together in the hands of the uncle who called himself their next heir.

The Archbishop, upon this, said he would not dispute with her, but that if she gave the child up to him, he would pawn body and soul for his safety; otherwise, he would not interfere: and he rebuked her for her evil suspicions of the Protector and Council.

Then he turned to depart; and Elizabeth, suddenly overpowered by a sense of her weakness, and feeling him at least an honest guardian, better than the men of violence whom she was bidden to expect, broke down at last, retracted her angry words, and then taking her boy by the hand, she said, "Lo, here is this gentleman, whom I doubt not would be safely kept by me if I were permitted. I here deliver him, and his brother's life with him, into your hands; and of you I shall require them before God and man. Faithful ye be, I wot well, and power ye have if ye list to keep them safe; but if ye think I fear too much, yet beware ye fear not too little.—Farewell, mine own sweet son, God send you good keeping! Let me kiss you once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again."

Marie Antoinette dressing her child to be led away by Simon occurs to our minds when we read of this scene: but Marie Antoinette was a prisoner, and could not have followed her son; while Elizabeth, clinging fast to the Sanctuary out of a womanish terror, gave up the only chance of watching over and protecting her son, or making known his danger.

With many tears the little boy left his mother and sisters, and was led away by the Archbishop, who conducted him to the Star Chamber, where the Protector took him in his arms, exclaiming, "Now welcome, my Lord, from my very heart!"

Thence he was carried to the Tower, where he met his brother, and both remained in the royal apartments, while the good Archbishop, who had acted in all innocency and simplicity, felt that he had done the State a service in overcoming the caprice of a suspicious woman. The fate of her brother and son at Pontefract was not yet known in London;

CAMEO XIX — *Deposition of Edward.* 1483.

and when the tidings arrived it must have added to the Queen's despair, and excited some suspicion in others.

On the 22nd of June, (the day before Rivers's death), a sermon was announced at Paul's Cross, by Dr. Shaw, a divine of some reputation. He took for his text, Wisdom, iv. 3—"The multiplying brood of the ungodly shall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from bastard slips." Thence he enlarged on the evil life of the late King, and the levity with which he had made contracts of marriage, especially with Dame Eleanor Butler, and later with Dame Elizabeth Gray. "No doubt," said Dr. Shaw, "Eleanor was the true wife, Elizabeth no such thing, and therefore her children had no claim to the throne." Nay, he even had the effrontery to hint at the older scandal, observing how unlike King Edward had been to the Duke of York; "While," he said, "behold the very features of that mighty prince!" It had been arranged that Richard should appear in a balcony at that moment, but by some accident there was a delay, the preacher had finished his panegyric, and found himself obliged to repeat it over again when the subject of it appeared.

The people were intended to cry, "Long live King Richard!" but this fulsome address, and gross insult to the old Duchess Cicely, who was living among them at Baynard's Castle, and had just assumed the Benedictine habit, so amazed them, that they only stared at one another; Richard himself looked shocked; and Shaw, hastily ending his sermon, slunk home, and is said never to have ventured out of doors again, but to have pined away with grief and shame.

The sermon had been a failure, but it had served as some preparation; and the next day Buckingham went down to the Guildhall, and harangued the citizens on the invalidity of Edward's marriage. Most were silent, but a few hired persons threw up their caps, and cried, "Long live King Richard!" and the Lord Mayor had been already gained over.

A party of nobles and citizens went the next day, with Buckingham at their head, to Baynard's Castle, where Richard was staying with his mother. He appeared at a window, and heard, as if it were new to him, all about the marriage to Eleanor Talbot or Butler, and further that Clarence's children were put out of the question by their father's attainder; so that the people of England had decided on offering the crown to him.

He bowed thanking them, but professing no eagerness to reign, and declaring that he would rather see the crown on his nephew's head.

"Sir," said Buckingham, "the men of England will never crouch to a bastard."

Thereupon Richard owned that it was his duty to obey the voice of his people, and that he took upon himself the royal estate of the two noble realms of France and England, the one to subdue, and the other to rule!

His mother heartily concurred in all this. The proud Nevil had

CAMEO XIX.
Coronation of Richard. 1483.

always hated "Bessie Woodville," and was ready to see her humbled, and she had known from the first of the contract to Eleanor. Indeed, Stittington, Bishop of Bath and Welis, came and made oath that he had himself married Edward and Eleanor. He was a man of bad character, whose oath was not worth much, but it convinced the Archbishop for the time; and on the whole it seems probable that Edward had really made an informal marriage, the technical validity of which ought to have been inquired into by uninterested parties. Hatred to the Woodvilles was really the great influence that brought over to Richard's cause not only his mother, but most of the Yorkist nobility.

He sent for his wife, Anne Nevil, and her son; and bringing them to the Tower, placed them in the royal apartments, whence the dethroned—or rather never throned—Edward and his little brother had been removed; and robes were ordered for them to appear in at the coronation.

On the 5th of July, 1483, Richard and Anne were crowned; Buckingham carried the King's train, and Anne's was borne by Margaret Beaufort, who, after the death of her Tudor husband, had become the wife of Lord Stanley. Archbishop Bouchier anointed and consecrated them at St. Edward's shrine, and they banqueted in Westminster Hall; while in the Jerusalem Chamber the unhappy Elizabeth, among her daughters, heard the sounds of the music she had looked to hear for her son, and asked where that son was.

So, soon asked the Archbishop, who had pawned his soul and body for the safety of the children; so asked the Duke of Buckingham; so asked every home in England.

It was one thing to avoid a minority by finding a flaw in the marriage of the designing and vain mother; and another thing to condemn two innocent children to a dungeon for life, or to death itself. Where were the boys?

No one knew them to be alive; but beyond dark rumour, and a quiet sad certainty on the part of those to whom they were nearest and dearest, nothing more was ascertained, though throughout the country people were singing the ballad of the Babes in the Wood, with an under-current of thought as to the cruel uncle and the two ruffians who slew the innocent children.

And the manner of their death has remained a "historic doubt." Whether they were really murdered is sometimes questioned; but this seems certain, since their uncle would otherwise have produced them to silence the outcry against him. To have sent them abroad, as was sometimes alleged, would have been very unlike so able a man as Richard, who would thus only have raised enemies against himself and his son; for boys of thirteen and nine were not like to forget their rank and right, and many a foreign sovereign would have delighted to avail himself of their quarrel, as Philippe Auguste had done of that of Arthur of Brittany. Perhaps popular belief inclined to the mysterious and dreary wanderings hand in hand in the forest, with lips stained with

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Murder of the princes. 1483.

blackberries, and the final sleep beneath the pious redbreasts' leafy pile; but about nine years later, a confession was published, said to have been made by two of the four persons concerned in the murder.

According to this confession, King Richard sent one John Green to Sir Robert Brackenbury, the Constable of the Tower, commanding him to make away with the children. Brackenbury refused; and Richard being overheard lamenting the difficulty, his page suggested one Sir James Tyrrell as fitted for the purpose.

Tyrrell was summoned, and agreed to do the King's bidding; whereupon Brackenbury was commanded to give up the keys of the Tower to him for one night. During that night, he brought in two servants, John Dighton and Miles Forrest, big powerful men, who smothered the two boys by pressing pillows on their faces as they lay asleep. Edward, it was said, had apprehended his fate for some days past, had paid no attention to his dress, and spent his time in weeping and lamentation; but both seem to have been peacefully sleeping when their lives were actually taken.

Sir James Tyrrell was called in to see the corpses, and they were buried at once at the foot of the staircase, but were afterwards removed from thence by Brackenbury's priest to another portion of the Tower by the King's desire.

Such was the story told by Tyrrell and Dighton, and published by command of Henry VII. Some discredit was thrown on it by the fact that it was his interest to establish the certainty of the children's death, and some of the circumstances were improbable. Richard was not the man to consult about murders with a chance page, nor was the exchange of keepers for one night probable. Indeed, these two particulars almost appear to have been foisted in to give circumstantiality to a story which might be known to the King to be true in the main, but which he wanted to dress up for the ear of the public.

As for the bodies, they could not be found when search was made for them where Dighton had buried them, at the base of the Bloody Tower, but he believed them to have been removed; and another search was made without effect under Queen Elizabeth. However, in 1674, under the White Tower, about ten feet under ground, a great chest was discovered containing the bones of two children, corresponding in age to Edward and Richard of York; and these were by command of Charles II. placed in a marble urn among the tombs of the kings in Westminster Abbey.

CAMEO XX.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

(1483—1485.)

"The Cat, the Rat, and Lovell the dog,
Govern all England under the hog."

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*Kings of France.*	*King and Q. of Spain.*
1483. Richard III.	1460. James III.	1460. Louis XI.	1474. Fernando and Isabel.
		1483. Charles VIII.	
Emperor of Germany.		*Popes.*	
1442. Frederick III.		1471. Sixtus IV.	
		1484. Innocent VIII.	

RICHARD III. was thirty years old at the time that he and his queen, Anne Nevil, were crowned at Westminster by Archbishop Bouchier, and their pomp and splendour equalled all that had been seen in the most magnificent days of English glory.

Richard's train was borne by the Duke of Buckingham, in whose veins flowed the blood of Humfrey of Glocester; Anne's, by Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, the direct descendant of John of Gaunt.

Immediately after his coronation, Richard III. set out on a royal progress, hoping to dazzle the eyes and secure the allegiance of his new subjects. He was uneasy about the Duke of Buckingham, who—while intending only to overthrow the Wydvilles—had never thought of the dethronement, still less of the murder, of Edward's sons, and had even refused to appear in the coronation procession on the plea of sickness; whereupon Richard had sent him word that if he could not walk he would have him carried. Seven days later, Richard had granted him the Earldom of Hereford, to which he laid claim in right of his Bohun ancestry, and he travelled with the king as far as Glocester, and there quitted him, with royal gifts and commissions, to go to Brecon.

On the way between Worcester and Bridgenorth, however, a meeting had been appointed between him and the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond. Both alike seem to have been by this time persuaded that the poor young princes had met with foul play; and both were desirous of revenging the crime, and profiting by the revenge. The readiest way to bring about this would be by uniting the interests of the parties

CAMEO XX. — *Richard III.* 1483.

of York and Lancaster, by a marriage between Margaret's son, Henry, who was looked on as the representative of the House of Lancaster, and the eldest daughter of Edward IV., Elizabeth of York, who if her brothers were no longer living, was the true heiress by right of blood, and was the niece of Buckingham's wife, Katharine Wydville. She was in sanctuary with her mother at Westminster, where Richard's soldiers kept watch against the escape of the unfortunate family, and cut them off from all communication with their friends, almost from all supplies; and thus the general hatred to the Queen and her children was fast turning into compassion and sympathy.

Richard, meantime, proceeded in great pomp and state first to Tewkesbury, and then to Warwick, where he received the official answer from Louis XI., to his announcement of his accession. It was short and cold—

My Cousin,

I have seen the letter you have written by your herald, Blanc Sanglier, and thank you for the tidings therein. If I can do you any service, I will do it with a very good heart, for I wish much to have your friendship.

Farewell, my dear Cousin.

Blanc Sanglier—the White Boar—was so called from Richard's badge, the wild boar.

This was the last transaction between Louis XI. and an English king. The shrewd Valois was shattered in health, and endured a living death in his grim chateau of Plessis les Tours, fortified to the utmost extent, and guarded at every battlement and gate by the Scottish archers. There, clinging hard to life, he carried on his relentless policy, crushing the nobility, and making his cruelty and perfidy hateful wherever his power could reach, yet imagining himself devotedly pious. He heaped relics around him, crouched to monks and priests to pray—not so much for his soul as for his life—and actually obliged the Pope to send him the saintly Francesco di Paolo, the founder of a new Religious Order, expecting that a miracle from him would restore him to health. The holy Italian, bound by his obedience, came from the depths of Calabria, and the hoary old tyrant crawled to him on his knees, beseeching him to heal him; but the saint could only tell him that kings must die like other men, and exhort him to repentance.

Death of Louis XI. 1483.

On the 25th of August, an attack of apoplexy forced the king to perceive that the last enemy was near at hand, but he showed no token of anything like penitence for a life so deeply dyed by falsehood and cruelty; he seems to have viewed himself as a pious Christian, and his last words were to his "bonne maîtresse," our Lady of Embrun. He died in his sixtieth year, on the 30th of August, 1483; and his son Charles VIII. being only nine years old, the regency was given to his daughter Anne, the wife of Pierre, Sieur de Beaujeu, of the House of Bourbon. With him ended the generation who had seen the English wars in France.

His death took place the day before that second coronation at York, upon which Richard III. seems to have decided at Nottingham, whence

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Richard's progress. 1483.

he forwarded orders for the state and splendour of his entry, with a wonderful list of the cloth of gold, satin, and velvet, required for his robes and those of the Queen and Prince of Wales. He arrived on the 29th of August, and on the 8th of September was crowned in the Cathedral by Archbishop Rotherham, and held a magnificent feast afterwards, when he knighted the Spanish ambassador. Probably his purpose was to make the Lancastrian north feel that he really was a king, as well as to win the people by gratifying their eyes with pomp or pageantry; but the effect was unfavourable. People imagined that he had slain his nephews since his first coronation, and that he had renewed it, as feeling his title more valid; as King John was reported to have done in a similar case.

The citizens of York, indeed, were delighted at the sight of the velvet and satin, the golden lions and silver boars, the King and Queen in crown and sceptre, and the ten-years-old Prince of Wales with demi-crown and golden rod; but when the court moved on to Pontefract Castle, the little Prince studying his primer corded with black satin, as he travelled in his chariot with his tutor Sir Richard Bernall, must have been the only one of the family not visited with anxious care.

From Pontefract Richard went to Lincoln, and there became disturbed by rumours of the displeasure and discontent of the people; and apparently in the fear that there would be an insurrection in favour of the two boys in the Tower, he caused a report to be spread that they were dead, expecting probably that it would be taken as quietly as the death of Henry VI., or of George of Clarence; but, instead of this indifference, crowds assembled in the markets, and worked themselves up to tears and sobs, and denunciations of the cruel uncle. The Queen, Elizabeth Wydville, in the Sanctuary, though she must have been well aware that her sons could not be living, fainted on receiving the positive tidings, and on reviving, "with pitiful screeches filled the whole mansion," blamed herself for having yielded up her younger child, and then, kneeling down, prayed for vengeance on the murderer. She fell sick from grief; and this afforded the Lady Margaret an opportunity of communicating with her through her physician, Dr. Lewis, who proposed to her the marriage for her daughter Elizabeth with Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond—a project eagerly caught at by the desolate mother.

Meantime the news that the death of the young king and his brother was acknowledged, though not the means, travelled down to Brecon and there strongly affected the Duke of Buckingham and his charge, John Morton, Bishop of Ely, whom Richard had sent thither, to be kept in safe custody as a friend of his brother's family, but whom he durst not put to death.

Morton and the Duke were soon in earnest conversation over the state of affairs, though at first the Bishop seemed to hang back, since he said it was dangerous to talk of princes. "I often think of the fable in Esop," he said; "when the lion proclaimed that no horned beast should stay in the wood on pain of death, one that had a bunch of flesh on the forehead fled away in haste. The fox, meeting him, said, 'Whither

CAMEO XX. — *Buckingham.* 1484.

away so fast?' The beast answered, 'Troth, I don't know and don't care, provided I am out of the wood, as the proclamation commands all horned beasts to be gone.' 'You fool,' says the fox, 'thou mayest stay, the lion does not mean thee. That which grows on thy head is not a horn!' 'No,' quoth the beast, 'I know that well enough; but what if he should call it a horn, where am I then?'"

At this apologue, the Duke laughed heartily, saying, "I warrant you my Lord, neither the lion—no, nor the boar—shall resent anything that is said in this house. It shall go no further, I assure you;" and he added a promise that he would be as "secret as the deaf and dumb to the singer, or the tree to the hunter."

Then Morton ventured on the full expression of his views as to the cruelty and tyranny of Richard, saying that the people of England would prefer "the Turk" himself to this killer of infants, and suggesting that Buckingham should give his hearty support to the heir of the House of Lancaster, ending all disputes by marrying him to the Lady Elizabeth.

The Duke took a whole day to reflect, but the next evening returned to the conversation, first praying for the weal of England. He explained his own feelings of dislike to King Edward for shewing him little favour, and of distaste to the young King, so that he had to a considerable extent been willing to go along with Richard; but he had been first affronted by the new sovereign's unwillingness to grant him the Bohun lands, and then had said his "blood curdled" at the murder of the two innocent princes—so that, on hearing of it, he made an excuse and came away to Brecon.

His first idea had been to claim the crown in right of his own Lancastrian descent—*i.e.* his mother was another Margaret Beaufort, daughter to Edmund *Duke* of Somerset, the next brother to John Earl of Somerset, father to the Lady Margaret Tudor, and in those days two half claims were often regarded as making up one whole one; he thought, too, that a popular election would strengthen his right; but he perceived that the Lancastrians were bent upon Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond —and he himself, being married to the Lady Elizabeth's aunt, could not unite his cause with that of the Yorkists by espousing the heiress of the White Rose, as that young man might do.

Henry Tudor was at that time at St. Malo in Brittany. After the Battle of Mortimer's Cross, he, a child of five years old, had been found in the Castle of Pembroke by Sir William Herbert, to whom the Earldom had been granted; but—though Pembroke properly belonged to Jasper Tudor, Henry's uncle—no jealousy was allowed to enter the new Earl's mind, and he bred up the little captive in all honour and good learning among his own nine children, till the renewal of the war on Warwick's insurrection; when Herbert perished, and Jasper Tudor, returning, seized the Castle, and held it out for several months, during which he was closely besieged by the Yorkists, until he and his nephew, then fourteen years of age, escaped through the enemy's lines to Tenby. There they embarked for France, but were cast by a storm on the coast

of Brittany. There, Cymry as they were, they immediately made friends, and were protected by Duke François II., although they were kept in a sort of honourable captivity. The old prophecy that Richmond should come out of Brittany to conquer England, which had been current in the days of Agincourt, and had cost Arthur de Richemont so dear, made Edward IV. uncomfortable, and he tried—as much as his lazy nature ever tried anything—to induce the Duke to put young Tudor into his power, but could only obtain that he should be kept under restraint at St. Malo. Henry even at one time thought of disarming suspicion by taking Holy Orders, and, like a true Welshman, beguiled his time with the most earnest studies of British genealogies, and of the legends of King Arthur, which were more than ever the delight of chivalry. His mother was, however, working hard in his cause, and sent a messenger called Urswick, to carry information to him of the betrothal she had arranged with the daughter of his great enemy, Edward IV., and her expectation that the Duke of Buckingham would soon rise on their behalf.

Meantime the Duke wavered and was so undecided, that Bishop Morton became very uneasy lest on some cajolery from King Richard the whole of these machinations might be betrayed, and himself delivered up to the tyrant. He therefore fled in secret to the Isle of Ely, which was probably then not much more accessible than in Hereward's time; and having there collected some money, crossed to Flanders.

Just after he was gone, Richard beginning to suspect something, sent off a peremptory summons to Buckingham to come to his court. The terms angered the Duke into making a hot reply that he would not come to his mortal enemy, whom he neither loved nor favoured.

At the same time he gathered his forces, and sent messengers to the two Tudors in Brittany, urging them to hasten with whatever forces they could collect; and on the 18th of October, he marched from Brecon to Weobly as a rebel against the King, taking with him his wife and little son; but he had gone too far with Richard to be trusted when turning against him—the son of Vaughan took up arms for Richard, and even Sir Humphrey Stafford, the Duke's own kinsman, broke down the bridges and cut up the roads on the way; and meanwhile Richard, one of the most vigorous men in action that ever lived, had the whole of the marches of Wales guarded, so that the Duke was driven to take bye-roads, and make his way through the Forest of Dean, reaching Glocester. When the King had advanced within two days' journey of Salisbury, Buckingham intended to cross the Severn, and then to make a junction with the Courtenays from Devon. However, there had been violent rains for ten days, the Severn was in flood, cattle and provisions had been washed away, and such an inundation had taken place, that the name of the Duke of Buckingham's Great Flood was long memorable in Glocestershire. His men suffered such privations and discomforts, that they clamoured to be led back to Weobly. He was obliged to comply, but in the meantime his own unguarded castle at Brecon had been seized

CAMEO XX.

Execution of Buckingham.

1484.

by Vaughan, and his two daughters made prisoners; his followers were melting away, and in despair he resolved to fly. First, however, he delivered his little son, Lord Stafford, over to a faithful friend called Sir Richard Delabeare, desiring him not to give up the child till he was asked for by the token—"*Tu es Petrus super hanc petram.*" A kinswoman of Delabeare's carried away the child to the Place of Kynnardsley, Sir William Knevett's house, whilst the Duke in a frieze coat, made his way to the house of Sir Ralph Banaster at Shrewsbury, a favoured and trusted friend, where he meant to lie in concealment.

A proclamation offering four thousand pounds for the apprehension of the Duke, and one thousand marks for that of the little Stafford, was set forth, and the wits of the men of Shrewsbury began to exercise themselves on the unusual dainties purchased by Banaster. Alarmed or bribed, his fidelity failed, and he betrayed the Duke, who was taken clad in a mean black cloak, in a grove near the house. On examination by the Sheriff of Shropshire, he confessed all his schemes, and was then carried to Salisbury, where the King then was. He earnestly intreated to be permitted to plead his own cause with Richard, but was refused, and his head was struck off a few hours after his arrival. It was afterwards said that he had prepared a dagger with which to stab the King to the heart during the interview, but this was probably a mere calumny. His head and right hand were probably placed over the gates of the city; and a skeleton found recently in Salisbury, buried under some pavement, and thus mutilated, was probably that of this vain and hot-headed man.

Little Stafford's guardians were more faithful. They shaved his head, and "put upon him a maiden's raiment," and sent him to Newchurch, while the Vaughans searched the house of Kynnardsley, and failing to find him, captured his mother at Weobly, and took her to London. He was then taken back to Kynnardsley, and there was watched over most tenderly. One night when there was a great alarm that the Vaughans were coming, Dame Elizabeth Delabeare carried him out into the park, forded a brook, and sat under a tree with him for four hours, after which they were escorted to Hereford, "he riding behind William ap Glin aside upon a pillion like a gentlewoman, rode in a gentlewoman's apparel. And I wis he was the fairest gentlewoman, and the best that ever she had in her days," quoth the old MS. found among the documents in Thornbury Castle. He was bestowed in a widow's house at Hereford, and there remained till the next turn of fortune's wheel restored him to his rank and honours, to become, two reigns later, the first victim of Henry VIII.

Richard, meantime, pursued his progress into the western counties: but Buckingham's rebellion had been a great shock to him, and he betrayed constant alarm; his hand was always on his dagger, his eyes were restless, and his sleep broken by continual dreams and terrors. When he arrived at Exeter, he was greatly disturbed by hearing that the name of the castle was Rougemont, which sounded like Richmond,

CAMEO XX.
Death of Edward of Wales.
1484.

and recalled a prophecy that his days would not be long after he came to Richmond. Against the real Richmond, who had escaped to Brittany, he caused his fleet to keep strict watch; and he tried to conciliate the people of the country by liberal grants to the families of those concerned in the recent rising, and by a grand foundation for a hundred chantry priests at York.

The parliament which assembled in the winter of 1484, resolved that every man between the ages of sixteen and sixty should be required to take an oath of allegiance to him. Indeed, the addresses sent up to him are so full of the peculiar religious style of flattery of the day, that some have concluded that Richard could not have been as black as he is painted, if such men as Archbishop Bouchier, and Bishops Waynflete and Fisher, could concur in such formularies. There were many attainders in this parliament, and some executions; and at the same time, the King considered of the means of removing his brother's widow and daughters from the Sanctuary, where they remained as witnesses against him, and able to conduct their secret plots with the Earl of Richmond and his mother.

The discomfort of their condition had been greatly increased by Buckingham's rebellion, which had led to the departure of the Queen's brother, Lionel Wydville, Bishop of Salisbury, and her only surviving son, John Grey, Marquess of Dorset. Moreover, the King threatened to intercept the supplies, and kept a guard which inspected all who went and came. The Queen was wearied out, and hopeless, and consented at last to surrender, not only her person, and that of her daughters, but even her good fame and their rank; for she accepted a pension as Dame Elizabeth Gray, late calling herself Queen of England—and the King's oath to protect and find husbands for the young girls, was only as private gentlewomen.

Elizabeth's own person was put under restraint, and she was forced into writing to break off the betrothal of her daughter with Richmond. The young Elizabeth herself was separated from her, and placed about the person of Queen Anne Nevil, who seems to have treated her kindly.

Only two months later, on the 9th of April, 1484, poor Anne's only child, Edward Prince of Wales, died at Middleham Castle, of so brief an illness, that his parents, who were at Nottingham, were entirely unprepared, and were in a grievous state of desolation. Curiously enough, it was the day twelvemonth of the death of King Edward IV., and the accession of the poor young Edward, who had been sacrificed to make way for this namesake cut off in his eleventh year. Anne Nevil, perhaps felt this coincidence as deepening the force of the blow, for she fell into a state of languishing sickness, and never recovered her grief. Her last months were embittered by a great horror that her husband was weary of her, sickly and childless as she was. Some impatient speech of his, that was reported to her while she was dressing, terrified her so much, that she flew to him, with her hair on her shoulders, and besought him to spare her life, to which he replied with soothings and

CAMEO XX.

Death of Anne Nevil. 1484.

encouragements. He shed tears when, in less than a year from the loss of her son, she lay upon her death-bed; and indeed, he probably really loved her, as they had spent their childhood together, and he had always looked on her as his wife.

He had at first, on his child's death, nominated Edward Earl of Warwick, the son of his brother George of Clarence, to be his heir; but this name was withdrawn, and that of the Earl of Lincoln, the son of his second sister, substituted; probably because the idiocy of young Warwick was becoming apparent. However, the decline of poor Anne opened to him the hope of leaving a son of his own, and the idea of conciliating his enemies by raising his brother's eldest daughter to the throne, seems to have been broached even before his wife's demise. Dispensations, even for the marriage of uncle and niece, could be purchased at Rome, and even Elizabeth Wydville was afraid to shew herself utterly averse; but the monstrous proposal had the effect of driving the poor girl herself to extremity—that is, if a curious old metrical chronicle quoted by Miss Strickland can be trusted. It was by a man named Humfrey Brereton, an officer in the household of Lord Stanley, the husband of the Lady Margaret, mother to the Earl of Richmond, and describing how his master met the Lady Bessee, as the young Elizabeth Plantagenet was called, at a place appointed, and how she urged him piteously to assist her. He was unwilling at first, putting very little faith in woman; but her grief overcame him at last, and his only remaining objection was that he durst not trust any scribe to communicate his intentions. Lady Bessee declared that she could write and indite as well as the scrivener that taught her; and accordingly, Lord Stanley undertook to come to her chamber at nine o'clock that evening, when her maids were gone to bed, bringing with him only Humphrey Brereton, his trusty squire—who, by-the-bye, if he wrote the poem, might, one would think, have written the letters; but probably the cautious Stanley wished to make the princess commit herself fully before embarking in the affair.

So, strangely disguised, Stanley and his squire came to Lady Bessee's wicket; she admitted them, and they found "charcoals in chimneys," and "candles on sticks," prepared, also wines and spices: and then, Elizabeth, kneeling at the table, proceeded to write letters to Stanley's friends in the north, giving each a token to prove that the message was genuine. His son was to remember how he pulled his finger when they parted at Salford bridge, and was to come to meet him in London disguised as a Kendal merchant; Sir William Stanley was to come as a Welsh merchant, with a train of Welshmen who could speak no English; Gilbert Talbot's token was the horse and purse Stanley had given him to speed his flight to the north, when he had met him on his way to Westminster Sanctuary, after a squabble with King Richard. Elizabeth sat up all night to write the letters: and in the morning, very early, Brereton was sent off with them. They all came to the place of meeting—an old inn between Holborn and Islington, where an eagle's

CAMEO XX.

Plot against Richard. 1484.

foot, in allusion to the Stanley bird and bantling, was chalked on the door as a signal.

It was intimated to the Lady Bessee that if Richmond chose to trust himself to the Stanleys they would be faithful to him; and upon this—with the recent example of Marie of Burgundy before her—she sent a letter and a ring by the faithful Brereton to renew her betrothal, and conjured her affianced to come to her deliverance. Probably some hint of these manœuvres reached her uncle, for he solemnly took an oath that he had no intention of breaking all laws by espousing her; and at the same time, he caused her to be imprisoned at Sheriff Hutton Castle, where also was kept in ward her imbecile cousin the Earl of Warwick.

Meantime, Humphrey Brereton made his way to Brittany, where Henry Tudor was residing at the Convent of Begars, near Rennes. He found the Earl sitting at the butts in an archery ground, dressed in a black velvet surcoat, with a long face and a pale complexion; and in company with him were the Marquess of Dorset, and the stout Lancastrian Earl of Oxford, who had so long been maintained by his countess's needlework.

Henry read the letter and kissed the ring, but it was three whole weeks before he gave Brereton any answer. He was not a hero of romance, like Maximilian, and he was too cautious to commit himself. Indeed, he was soon in great danger; for the Duke of Brittany had fallen into a mortal sickness, and his minister Landois had undertaken to give the fugitive up to King Richard, when the plot became known to Bishop Morton; and Henry, being warned, took horse, rode for his life, and presented himself at the French court, where that very astute lady, Anne de Valois, Dame de Beaujeu, was ruling in the name of her young brother. She had inherited the Angevin inclination to anything that was not Yorkist, and she favourably received the fugitive, who met the historian Philippe de Comines, in her train, and told him that he considered himself to have been a captive in Brittany for fifteen years. He was not a person to excite much warm enthusiasm, with his pale face, and sober dull manner, and probably the French imagined that he would be a less efficient sovereign than Richard, who was really ruling the nation, providing for the defences, and acting with vigour and justice such as would have done honour to a prince who had come to the throne by more suitable means. It is curious that his great delight was music; he was always making grants to minstrels, kept a band of trumpeters, and empowered one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal to "take and seize" any promising boy he chose for one of his choristers.

It became clear that the French court were fostering Richmond and his followers, and reports of an intended attack thickened, while more and more of the bravest men in England repaired to the exile. Richard remonstrated with young Charles VIII., and likewise set forth a proclamation against Henry, accusing him of having bought the

CAMEO XX.

Care Castle. 1485.

French King's aid by the promise of abandoning the English claim to all the French Provinces about which the nation had once been rabid: but half a century of domestic warfare had made this cry much less availing; and the state of anxiety in which Richard lived was expressed in the name he gave to Nottingham Castle, where he was sojourning in the June of 1485, namely the Castle of Care.

Care did but increase, for a correspondence was detected between the exiles and numerous gentlemen, of whom one William Collingbourne was the principal. He was in consequence executed on Tower Hill; but this example, instead of awing the nation, only inflamed them, for it was reported that the sole cause of his death was his having affixed to the door of St. Paul's Church the distich—

"The Ratte, the Catte, and Lovell our dogge,
Govern all England under the Hogge."

The Rat and Cat were Sir Thomas Ratcliffe and Sir Thomas Catesby, who were Richard's chief assistants, together with Lord Lovell, whose coat of arms bore a dog; and the Hog was of course the King's own Silver Boar.

"Above, below, the Rose of Snow,
Twined with her blushing foe we spread;
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade,"

Gray made his bard sing. And at this very time a rose-bush produced red and white blossoms, which crowds hurried to admire as a presage of the union of Richmond and Elizabeth; and which tradition declares to have been perpetuated in the variegated flowers of the York and Lancaster rose.

Henry, finding that (luckily for him) the French would give no efficient aid, resolved to trust to his Welsh and English friends, and sailed in a French ship from Harfleur, with few followers except the exiled Lancastrians, and the malcontent Yorkist exiles. On the 1st of August, 1485, he landed at Milford Haven, and was received in Wales with rapture, as the successor of Arthur, and the restorer, after a thousand years, of British supremacy. He marched on directly upon Shropshire, sending messengers to his mother, her husband Lord Stanley, and to Sir Gilbert Talbot, to apprise them of his landing. A powerful Welsh gentleman, Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who had taken all manner of oaths to Richard, came over to him with all his men, and Gilbert Talbot brought him the whole force of his nephew, the young Earl of Shrewsbury, who was lying a prisoner in the Tower; and with them he marched on to Stafford, where he halted, hoping for reinforcements.

King Richard meantime was very little alarmed, having a very mean opinion of the Tudors, and regarding Henry as a youth who had never seen a battle; he was slow in sending summonses to his friends, even the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Stanleys, whom he never distrusted at all, perhaps the less because he had his son, Lord

CAMEO XX.

March of Henry. 1485.

Strange, in his hands. When at last Stanley's reply, that sickness prevented him from coming, alarmed the King, he sent for the young man, and from him forced out a confession of all the plots. Strange fancied that his danger would make his family hasten to the King's banner; but he was mistaken, most of them were already at Stafford, and Lord Stanley himself only waited, out of regard for his son, to join Richmond openly, till the battle should be too imminent to give time for the hostage to suffer for his defection.

Both hosts put themselves in motion; Henry intending to march to London, Richard to intercept him. Richmond reached Lichfield and tarried there, fresh succours continually flowing in; Richard arrived at Leicester, with a following three miles in length, along the road, and entered the city at sunset, with a crown on his head, riding a great white horse. He slept at the principal inn, the Silvery Boar.

Richmond had moved on meantime the same day, August 20th, to Tamworth; but lingered in the rear, anxious to hold a secret conference with Lord Stanley. The two armies were so near, that he was in danger of being captured by Richard's outposts; and night forced him to stop at a little village, where he remained till morning enabled him to procure a guide to Atherstone, where he found his step-father, and became satisfied of his intentions, though, for young Strange's sake, it was deemed necessary still to delude the King by keeping the Stanley force near his army. Each great nobleman was absolutely commander of his own retainers, and often had a camp to himself, so that Stanley had every facility for playing his double game. Henry then rejoined his army, to prepare for the battle.

Meantime, Richard had ridden out of Leicester in the same state and splendour in which he had entered it, wearing his crown on the helmet of a rich suit of steel armour that he had first worn at Tewkesbury; and passing on to Mirwall Abbey, encamped upon a hill called Anbeam, overlooking a broad extent of open ground, called Redmoor, not far from the town of Market-Bosworth. It was about two miles long and one mile broad, intersected by a thick wood, and bounded on the south by a little stream, on the north by rising ground, and by a swamp called Amyon Lays. Richard was to the west, Henry to the east. At night, while Henry was wandering in search of Atherstone, Richard was sleeping that uneasy sleep that Shakespeare has so magnificently commemorated, taking advantage of Grafton's mention of his having been visited by black shapes and demon forms, to call up a vision of all Richard's victims, (real or supposed)—Edward of Lancaster, that "shadow with bright hair dabbled in blood;" Henry the Sixth; Clarence, by him betrayed; Rivers, Vaughan, Grey, Hastings, the two smothered Princes; "that wretched Anne his wife;" and lastly, Buckingham. All flit past, dooming his sword to fall edgeless, himself to despair and die, and blessing and promising victory to Henry, who, unfortunately, was not on the opposite side of the scene of battle, but was anxiously waiting in the little village. Restless and distrustful,

CAMEO XX.
Battle of Bosworth. 1485.

Richard rose at midnight, wandered alone through his outposts, found a sentinel slumbering, and stabbed him to the heart as he lay, then returned to endeavour to recruit himself by sleep for the next day; but he was awake again, long before the chaplains were ready to say Mass, or the attendants to bring breakfast; and he told his servants both of his visions, and of the sentry's fate, grimly saying, "I found him asleep, and have left him as I found him." No thought of mercy was in the mind of the man bold in civil war, whose early recollections were of Wakefield and Towton, and whose maiden sword had been fleshed at Barnet. He only said that, go the battle as it might, England would suffer; "from Lancaster to Shrewsbury he would leave none alive, knight or squire; and from Holyhead to St. David's, where were castles and towers should all be parks and fields. All should repent that ever they rose against their king: and if Richmond triumphed, the Lancastrians would of course take a bloody vengeance."

One strange episode is said to have occupied him on that morning of doom. He had acknowledged two illegitimate children, John and Katharine, whom he had brought up with the young Prince of Wales; he had knighted the one and given the other in marriage to the Earl of Huntingdon; but he had yet another, named Richard. This young boy was brought to the royal tent at that moment, and heard for the first time that the pale, haggard, agitated man, small, slight, and deformed, yet whose dark eyes flashed with indomitable fierceness and pride as he donned the helmet with its regal crown, was his father! He was too young for the battle, and Richard bade him remain on the hill, and watch, so as to escape if he saw the white boar and the white rose give way.

Anxious tidings kept on coming in. The duke of Norfolk brought in a paper he had found pinned to his tent in the morning, bearing the lines—

> "Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
> For Dickon thy master is bought and sold;"

and when, thus rendered even more anxious, Richard sent to command the personal attendance of Lord Stanley and his brother William, they flatly refused to come. Thereupon he gave instant orders to strike off young Stanley's head; but the opposite army already showed signs of movement, and the execution was deferred.

Richard then arrayed his men. His army seems to have numbered about 16,000, and he decided on extending the vanguard to the utmost, so as if possible to outflank and enwrap the enemy. In their centre he placed a dense body of archers, and amongst them seven score guns called sargents, chained and locked in a row, behind a trench, with the men who knew how to use harquebuses and morris-pikes also stationed round them, all guarded by a trench. This was under command of Norfolk; the second line under that of Northumberland; and Richard himself took charge of a body of troops formed into a dense square, with wings of horsemen.

CAMEO XX — *Battle of Bosworth.* 1485.

Henry, meantime, was almost as uneasy about the Stanleys as Richard himself, for neither did they obey his summons; and without their 8000, his force was no more than 5000. He formed this little troop into three lines, spreading them as far as possible, giving the centre to the experieneed Earl of Oxford, the right wing to Sir Gilbert Talbot, the left to Sir John Savage. He rode through the army, giving them comfortable words—entirely armed, all save his helmet; and the long golden hair, that witnessed to his Plantagenet ancestry, flowing down to his shoulders. The soldiers closed their helmets and shook their bills; the archers strung their bows and "frushed" their arrows. Each side stood ready for the last of the hundred battles of the Plantagenets.

Richmond moved first, so as to bring the right flank of his army alongside of the swamp, and prevent Richard's long line from closing upon that side, and besides so as to bring the August sun on the backs instead of the faces of his men. They seem to have waited for a charge from the enemy; but as none was made, Oxford resolved to make a sudden and furious dash at the centre, where Norfolk was in command. The fighting was hot and vehement, and the small band of the Lancastrian must have been beaten off, but that the Earl of Northumberland, in the second line, never stirred to the aid of Norfolk. The Duke went down, his son the Earl of Surrey surrendered; and the Mowbray banner was down.

Richard, maddened at the sight, and at seeing half his army standing inactive, determined to make a desperate charge down the hill upon Henry himself; but fevered with the thirst of the agitation of this desperate crisis, he flung himself down and took a long draught from a spring that still goes by the name of Dick's Well.

Then he put his lance in the rest, and together with his most attached adherents—Lovell, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Brackenbury, Lord Ferrers, and Sir Gervoise Clifton, and their nearest followers, putting their lances in rest, rode headlong upon Richmond, as indeed the last hope now lay in the destruction of the individual rival. Small and slender as Richard was, he did wonders: he drove his lance through the arm-pit of Sir William Brandon, the standard bearer; and as Sir John Cheyney, a man of gigantic frame, threw himself in front of Henry, he unhorsed him at the first shock. But others had closed in between the two rivals; and at that moment a knight—Catesby, as it is said—pointed out to the King that Sir William Stanley, hitherto inactive, was moving with his 3000 men to crush him completely, and tendering to him a swift and fresh horse, advised him to save himself by flight, saying, "I hold it time for ye to fly. Yonder Stanley, his dints be so sore, against them no man may stand. Here is thy horse; another day ye may worship again."

"Never!" cried Richard. "Not one foot will I fly so long as breath bides within my breast. Here will I end all my battles or my life. I will die King of England."

CAMEO XX.

Death of Richard. 1485.

Down came cautious Stanley, and the fray thickened. The charge had been but just in time to save Henry, but when it came it was overpowering. "Treason! treason! treason!" cried Richard at every blow; but his followers fell around him, his standard-bearer clinging to his standard and waving it even till his legs were cut from under him, and then he still grasped and waved it till his last gasp. Sir Gervoise Clifton and Sir John Byron, near neighbours, had, ere parting to take opposite sides, agreed that whichever was on the winning party should protect the family and estates of the other. As Clifton fell, Byron ran to support him on his shield; but Clifton could only murmur, "All is over, remember your pledge;" and Byron did faithfully remember it.

Sir Robert Brackenbury met a knight named Hungerford, who had gone over to the Tudor on the march, and defied him as a deserting traitor. "I will not answer in words," said Hungerford, aiming a blow at his head, which he caught on his shield, and shivered it to atoms. "No advantage will I take," cried Hungerford, throwing away his shield; but even then he sorely wounded Brackenbury, who fell; and another knight cried, "Spare his life, brave Hungerford, he has been our friend, and so may be again;" but it was too late, for Brackenbury was already expiring, probably carrying with him all real certainty as to the fate of Edward V.

For even then, Richard, after fighting like a lion, and hewing down whatever came within the sweep of his sword, was falling under the weight of numbers, and loud shouts proclaimed his fall. His party turned and fled, and were pursued closely for about fifty minutes, during which towards a thousand men were slain, and tradition declares that the mounds along the track are their graves. Drayton sings—

> "O Redmore Heath! then it seemed thy name was not in vain,
> When with a thousand's blood the earth was coloured red."

This was just as the old English name of Senlac became in Norman mouths Sangue lac after Hastings. At last a steep rising ground, after about two miles, slackened the pursuit, for Henry had no desire to fulfil Richard's bloody prophecy. His uncle, Jasper Earl of Pembroke, and Aubrey de Vere, Earl of Oxford, victorious at last after their many piteous defeats, and Lord Stanley, halted with him; and Sir Reginald Bray came up with the crown that Richard had so proudly worn, and which he had found hanging on a hawthorn bush, dinted and battered; but such as it was the Lord Stanley set it on Henry's head, and shouts of "God save King Harry!" rung throughout the field. Crown Hill became the name of the eminence, and Henry adopted as his badge the Crown in the May-bush. He knelt down and returned thanks for his victory.

Meanwhile, Richard's corpse was found covered with wounds and mire, but his personal peculiarities rendered it unmistakeable. It was shamefully thrown dangling across a horse, and thus carried into Leicester, the pursuivant Blanc Sanglier, with the silver boar on his

tabard, being forced to ride in front. The body was exposed to public view at one of the towers of the city, that there might be no doubt of his death; and then, at the entreaty of the charitable nuns of St. Mary's, was given up to them, to be buried in their Church of the Grey Friars. Afterwards Henry caused his grave to be covered by a royal monument in grey marble, with an alabaster effigy of his figure upon it; but the monument and grave alike disappeared in the ruin of monasteries under Henry's son. There is a report that his body was thrown into the river over Bow Bridge, and his coffin made into a trough for horses; but also the Mayor of Leicester in 1612, Mr. Robert Heyrick, believed himself to have King Richard's grave in his garden, and had erected a handsome stone pillar on it, with an inscription to that effect. The bed where the King had slept at Leicester remained at the inn, the name of which was changed from the White to the Blue Boar. It was a huge heavy piece of furniture, which he had brought with him; but not till the inn had many times changed owners did the landlady find that it had a double bottom filled with gold pieces; but the poor woman suffered for her discovery, for her maid, with seven men, murdered her for the sake of the treasure, and were all hanged in 1613. The bed, beautifully inlaid with various coloured wood, still exists, and the inn remained till 1836, when it was unmercifully pulled down.

On that dreary moor of Bosworth ended the royalty of the great House of Anjou. The last King was but thirty-three years old, and in ability and courage was fully equal to any of his race; though even his apologists cannot deny that the darkest side of their fierce and ambitious nature had descended to him, and that even if the deaths of Edward of Lancaster and Henry VI., of his brother Clarence and his young nephews, be not laid to his charge, and that of Buckingham were justifiable, the destruction of Hastings and the three nobles at Pontefract was a monstrous violation of all law and justice. It is true that his reign was full of sagacious acts of clear-sighted wisdom, and that had it been prolonged, he would probably not have been classed with King John as a monarch, whatever he might be as an uncle; and it is also true that he fell by a conspiracy of a few nobles, not by a national rising, and that he had not fair play in his last battle, but was betrayed by the treacherous inactivity of Northumberland, and the more treacherous attacks of the Stanleys; but all this does not alter the fact that he deserved to fall.

Our greatest poet, mere play-wright though he deemed himself, beheld the hand of Heaven in the wonderful history, and pointed it out to us in the grand cycle of chronicles—beginning with the crime of Henry IV.; then shewing the retribution falling on the meek Henry VI., but displaying how those who struggled for their right became hardened and forgetful of all save ambition, till they destroyed one another, and the sun of Plantagenet went down in blood upon Bosworth Field, after four hundred years, during which—if we take into account the collateral branches—there never was a time (except perhaps the interval between

CAMEO XX.

Extinction of the Plantagenets. 1485.

John's death and Edward the First's birth) when the family was without a member as notable for his abilities as his birth.

On that 22nd of August, 1485, the only male bearer of the name of Plantagenet was the idiot boy, Edward of Clarence, Earl of Warwick, who perished a few years later by a cruel act of injustice on Henry Tudor's part, in order to obtain the confidence of Ferdinand of Castille; and his sister Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, died even more tragically under the second Henry Tudor. The five daughters of Edward IV. likewise survived; Elizabeth to unite her rights to those of Henry VII., three more to marry English nobles, and the youngest to become a nun.

There remained Richard's illegitimate three. Of John no more is heard, and he probably died with his father at Bosworth, as he generally seems to have been with him. Katharine seems to have led an ordinary life as Countess of Huntingdon; but of the boy who saw his father first on that bloody morning there is a curious story. He fled in terror when he saw the royal standard fall; and after nearly starving, he offered himself to work for a stone-mason at Eastwell, in Kent, where he toiled, unknown, till he became a very old man, when, in Queen Elizabeth's days, he told his story to the lord of the manor, who gave him leave to build a cottage in his grounds, where he remained till his death. The foundations of the cottage and the well belonging to it still remain, and the parish register of Eastwell contains the notice of the burial;—

Anno Domini, 1560,
RYCHARD PLANTAGENET was buried the xxii day of Decembre,
Anno de supra.

One brighter page let us turn, ere closing the ghastly record of the War of the Roses, namely, the joy of the long crushed and persecuted Lancastrians, who had suffered so severely for the passionate revenge of their Queen. Dear to romance is the story of John Clifford, the infant son of the noble who slew young Edmund of York on Wakefield bridge. His mother feared even to keep him with her, though she was married to a kindly northern gentleman, Sir Lancelot Threlkeld; but placed him under the charge of a Cumberland shepherd, where he tended the flock on the hills, in ignorance of his birth, but learning all "the secret lore of rural things," till the fall of the House of York made him one of the greatest barons of the north. Brave yet gentle, a good knight yet with a heart for the poor, the Shepherd Lord Clifford was deeply loved in the northern hills. His early love is sung in the popular ballad of the "Nut Brown Maid,"—dressed up in Prior's "Henry and Emma;" and his return to his native home is beautifully commemorated in Wordsworth's Feast of Brougham Castle.

CAMEO XXI.

LAMBERT SIMNEL.

(1485—1487.)

King of England. 1485. Henry VII. *King of Scotland.* 1460. James III. *King of France.* 1483. Charles VIII. *King and Q. of Spain.* 1474. Fernando and Isabel.

Emperor of Germany. 1442. Frederick III. *Pope.* 1484. Innocent VIII.

WHEN we turn to the House of Tudor after the Plantagenets, we feel as if some thrifty lawyer's family, with a long but obscure Keltic pedigree, and Keltic keenness and passion, had risen on the decay of some stately old family; and, though uniting his blood with theirs, could neither by shrewdness nor display adequately represent the real grandeur that had passed away.

The Plantagenet, in his vices and his virtues, belonged essentially to Gothic civilization; the Tudor to that strange age of transition when the new leaven was wildly fermenting in the mass of society. The Plantagenet acted less by law and precedent than the Tudor, yet he never so entirely broke through all rule; and though often apparently cruel and violent, his utmost harshness was gentleness compared with the habitual Tudor practice. In fact, a Plantagenet disregarded a law, but a Tudor changed the law itself to suit his purposes.

The reign of the first Henry Tudor was not a period of outward convulsions, but every year prepared the way for them, and sealed the fate of the old systems.

The whole of Europe was passing from the old, and pausing ere fully embarking on the new. To begin with the centre itself, Rome. The renewal and revival of classical learning had filled Italy with an enthusiasm for the whole period when Greece and Rome were in their glory, and there was a fever of admiration for all that was ancient, coupled with a contempt for that which had displaced it. This feeling pervaded all the scholars and persons of culture, and none more than the higher clergy, who formed the court of Rome, most of them younger sons of princely or noble Italian houses. The abuses consequent on the Great Schism had already done much to corrupt and lower the

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—
The Church.
1485.

standard of holiness and of morality; and the fascination of the ancient Paganism, with its magnificent poetry and splendid remnants of art, seized upon minds with little sense of the obligations of Christianity. The hearts, souls, and tastes were heathen; while the outward forms of Christianity were observed with great pomp, to satisfy the vulgar, and as means of obtaining from them the wealth that ministered to the luxurious and magnificent inclinations of the men to whom the key of knowledge had been committed.

This actual apostasy of heart rendered the manners of Rome more horribly corrupt than at any previous period; and though these Pagan tastes had not extended to the surrounding countries, the Churches in them were from different causes lowered in tone, and found nothing to raise them in the city of their Patriarchate, which only viewed them as dependencies whence tribute might be squeezed.

The bishoprics and other benefices were still given, sometimes as provisions for youths of noble birth, sometimes as rewards for political or legal services to the clever men who thus worked their way up. Holiness of life was not the recommendation it had been even in the worst of times before. The monasteries, especially in France and England, had been greatly corrupted, and impoverished likewise by the long wars. Contributions had been levied on them, soldiers took up their abode in them, the bands of discipline relaxed, and, what was a more permanent evil, the family of the founder of a monastery retained what were called corrodies, namely, the right of quartering a certain number of persons on it, who had to be fed and lodged, whatever their conduct might be. This greatly lowered the tone of the residents; and in effect, they showed so little spirit of devotion, that the men who felt any ardour towards the service of God, for the most part sought other outlets for their zeal. The monks were always at war with the secular clergy, and endeavouring to absorb the presentation to livings; and the chronicles of various towns prove that since the time when devotion had departed, their care was more for their own wealth than for the souls of men. There probably was never a time when religion was in so deplorable a condition as in the latter half of the cinque-cento; and assuredly, unless the Church had truly possessed a divine vitality, she must then have perished; but that life was about to waken and manifest itself, often in throes, convulsions, and separations, which marked the ensuing period.

Those two great systems of the Gothic ages, the Church and the Feudal System, had apparently decayed together. The difference was, that the Church, being of God, could recover; the feudal system, being of man, could not. Everywhere the second rank in that scale was being knocked away. In Germany, the robber free lords were getting exterminated; and while the Empire was in fact, though not in name, becoming hereditary in the House of Austria, the lesser princes were more independent of it, and more nearly sovereigns than previously. In Spain, the union of the two Christian kingdoms of Castile and Aragon,

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The nobility.

1485.

by the marriage of Isabel and Fernando, was giving the Crown the preponderance, while the collected forces of the two states were at length able to drive the Saracen from the peninsula. And in France, the ravages of the long English wars, followed up by the policy of Charles VII. and Louis XI., had done much to destroy the great feudal principalities that used to oppress the throne. The English possessions had been conquered, and thus belonged to the Crown; Provence had lapsed, so had Burgundy proper, and the great princes of the blood had nearly all vanished from the scene. Thus the French kings were acquiring a force they had never before possessed; and, on the other hand, the English nobility had perished by wholesale in the Wars of the Roses. No one among them could ever be another Earl Warwick, nor would their might and turbulence ever again be such as to make their sovereign only have to choose between a war abroad and a war at home.

There was scarcely a family that was not broken up by recent slaughter, murder, or exile, when Henry Tudor stood victorious upon Bosworth Field, with the crown plucked from the hawthorn bush upon his head, and three standards of Richard's at his feet, namely, the image of St. George, a fiery dragon on green and white sarcenet, and upon yellow 'tartern' the 'done kowe' of the Nevil, in honour of the exploit of Guy of Warwick.

Perhaps it put him in mind of the poor young lad who bore the title of Earl of Warwick, for the first order he gave was that the son of Clarence should be removed from Sheriff Hutton and imprisoned in the Tower of London; and that Elizabeth of York, who had likewise been there shut up since her machinations with Stanley had been suspected, should be conducted honourably to London, and placed in her mother's house. She was really the true heiress, and many nobles and ladies came out to do her honour, and escort her on her way.

Henry was on his way at the same time, the 'rusticall people' coming out to greet him by the way; and at Hornsey Park, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, all clad in violet robes, received and welcomed him. On the 28th of August he entered London, going straight to St. Paul's, where he offered up Richard's three standards before the altar. Most writers have said that he came in privately; but this has been proved to have been merely a mistake of Speed, in copying the word used by the French contemporary chronicler-poet, Bernard André, who recorded Henry's entry. In his Latin notes, André said Henry entered *lætantur*—joyfully. Speed read this *latentur*—covertly! At any rate, Henry's entrance, though joyful in itself, was at a time of adversity, because of the sweating-sickness, an epidemic that was raging at the time and deferred Henry's coronation. The attacks only lasted twenty-four hours, but gave a sense of intolerably oppressive heat, though the least touch of cold was so fatal, that the Lord Mayor who had received Henry, his successor, and six more aldermen, all perished in one week, besides an immense number of private persons. When the disease left London, it proceeded to desolate the country, so that though the city was free

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Marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. 1485.

enough for the coronation to take place on the 20th of October, it was scantily attended, and with little splendour. Archbishop Bouchier crowned the first Tudor; and among the rewards Henry gave his followers were two earldoms that have continued in an unbroken line to the present day, namely, Derby to Stanley, and Devon to Courtenay. He appointed a body of fifty archers for his own personal protection, calling them yeomen of the guard, and appealing to the practice of foreign sovereigns. No doubt he had perceived how much benefit Louis XI. reaped from his Scottish guards.

The coronation was needful before the Parliament could be collected, and this was done on the 7th of November; but then it proved that one half of both houses had been outlawed by the other half, and nothing could be regularly done till all the acts of attainder had been reversed. A hundred and seven persons, including the King's own mother, had to be thus rehabilitated!

The next point was to settle the King's own right. He had in his speech claimed it both by inheritance and by victory; but if the former plea was eminently uncertain, the latter was equally perilous, and so he made a clean sweep of all the old acts of York or Lancaster sovereigns against one another, and obtained an act of settlement on himself and his heirs, prudently keeping silence on the why or wherefore. This could not content the loyal Yorkists, and they petitioned that he would marry no one but the Lady Elizabeth. To this he consented, and the wedding took place on the 18th of January following. It was the last public act of the old Archbishop Bouchier, who died on the ensuing 6th of March, 1486, and was succeeded by the able Bishop of Ely, John Morton.

The Queen was exceedingly lovely, with her mother's delicate grace and the Plantagenet beauty: and her disposition appears to have been very sweet, always doing quiet good, and befriending all who came near her; but her health was frail, and she did not often come forward, so that, whether rightly or wrongly, there has always been an impression that Henry was jealous of her superior rights, and kept her somewhat suppressed.

In the spring, she repaired to Winchester, under the care of the King's mother, the Lady Margaret; while Henry himself set out on a progress to the north, where the Yorkist interest had always been strongest, in hopes to gain popularity; but he had not the open genial manners and freedom of address that had always made the Plantagenets beloved. He was never strong, was careful, anxious, pale, and elderly-looking while still a young man; and the people viewed him as a miser and coward, and never regarded him with favour; and they ascribed his making this journey without his wife to jealousy of her superior claims, though probably on this occasion her health was unequal to the fatigue. Henry was keeping court at Lincoln, where he meant to spend Easter, when he received intelligence that Richard's minister, Lovell, with Humfrey and Thomas Stafford, had fled from the sanctuary at Colchester, and gone no one knew whither. This, however, was soon revealed, for by the time Henry reached Pontefract Castle, he heard that Lovell had raised a

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Henry at York.
1486.

force to obstruct his entrance into York, while the Staffords were preparing to rise in Worcestershire. What there was to rise for it was hard to say, but the taste for opposition had become strong in the English nobles, and they perhaps hoped to make terms for themselves. However, Jasper Tudor* proclaimed the King's pardon to all Lovell's men who would lay down their arms, and most of them made submission. Lovell himself escaped to Flanders, and the Staffords fled to the Church of Colnham near Abingdon, whence they were taken to Tyburn and condemned. It is curious to find that the Abbot of Abingdon interfered on behalf of the right of sanctuary, and the execution could not take place till the judges had tried the question whether Colnham were a privileged place. They decided that it was not, and Humfrey was put to death at Worcester, but Thomas was spared, as being so young as to be supposed to have acted under his brother's authority.

York had been much attached to Richard, and Henry was anxious about his reception there; but he made it understood that he meant to favour York; and he was received by a grand procession three miles from the city, and escorted into it with pageants and acclamations of "King Harry, King Harry! the Lord preserve that sweet and well-favoured face." He reduced the yearly rent paid him by the city from 160*l.* to 18*l.*, and granted other favours, returning at the end of a month through Worcester, Hereford, Gloucester, and Bristol. At all these places he attended Mass in the Cathedral in great state, and always heard the same sermon, and a highly flattering one, being an exposition of the Bull of Pope Innocent VIII., which had been sent him with the dispensation for his marriage, bestowing on him every possible title to the crown.

He finished by going to hunt in the New Forest, to be near his Queen, whom he desired to continue in the castle of Winchester. Sir Thomas Mallory's wonderful chivalrous and allegorical "Morte d'Arthur" was then the favourite reading of all who could obtain Caxton's edition of it. Henry's own head was full of Welsh and Breton traditions; and as Winchester had been decided to be Camelot, and possessed besides a round table bearing the names of Arthur and all his knights, he was resolved that the birth of his first child, the heir of all the Pendragons, should take place there.

His mother, the Lady Margaret, ordered the chamber with full Burgundian etiquette, hanging all the windows but one with arras, and secluding the Queen from every male about the court, every official in her chamber being of her own sex, and receiving supplies at her chamber door. Elizabeth was very unwell from ague, but her imprisonment in the dark chamber was short, her son being born on the 20th of September, a month sooner than was expected.

He was carried to his christening in the square black font of Winchester Cathedral by his aunts Lady Cicely and Lady Ann of York, and his sponsors were the Queen-dowager Elizabeth, and Aubrey de Vere, Earl

* He was created Duke of Bedford, but we avoid the title to save confusion, as he did not transmit it.

CAMEO XXI.

Birth of Arthur, Prince of Wales.

of Oxford, the stout old Lancastrian, who was, however, so late in coming that the rite had begun without him, and he was only in time to take the babe in his arms and present him to the Bishop, who gave him the name of Arthur, in honour of the ancient glories of Britain. Indeed, Welsh bards and English prophets were to be found, who announced that this Arthur would surpass the deeds of him of the Round Table.

Elizabeth long continued sickly, but she commemorated her stay at Winchester by bestowing a new Lady Chapel on the Cathedral, the walls decorated with paintings of the miracles of the Blessed Virgin, and the ornaments of the cornice bearing the feathers of the Prince of Wales, and the royal arms with the label of the eldest son.

For all this, the crown was not too secure on Henry's head. To the Yorkists, he was a cold-hearted wary specimen of the House of Lancaster, who had not exactly done anything amiss, but whom they did not trust. Murmurs and whispers went about that there were nearer heirs than he. Who knew whether the boys in the Tower were really dead? And there was Clarence's son, where was he? A report went about that Henry had murdered him, and there was a good deal of restlessness throughout the country.

Suddenly there was a report that the Earl of Warwick, son to Clarence, was in Ireland. Now Ireland was particularly attached to the House of York; Richard, the first Yorkist claimant of the throne, had been Lord Deputy just long enough to be loved and not long enough to be hated: his son George had been born there and took his title of Clarence from County Clare; and Edward of Warwick again was Irish born. So disaffected were the Irish, that Henry had just appointed Jasper Tudor deputy instead of Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare; but Jasper had not yet gone out to take possession, and Kildare was in possession at Dublin, when there arrived there a tall, beautiful boy of fifteen, under the care of an Oxford priest of about twenty-seven years old, named Simons, professing to be Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, and telling a plausible story of his escape from the Tower.

Kildare probably believed the story, for he caused his brother, Thomas Fitzgerald, Chancellor of Ireland, to introduce the lad to the citizens of Dublin, and to such of the nobility of Ireland as frequented his court. His manners were thought to be princely by these judges; and he talked about nobles in England in a manner that none of them could confute, so that the great body of the Irish gentry in the English pale were won over to believe in his identity and espouse his cause. Only the Butlers of Ossory, four bishops, and the citizens of Waterford, refused to accept him; and not only was he hailed as Earl of Warwick, but even proclaimed at Dublin as King Edward VI.

The intelligence vexed and angered King Henry a good deal. The first thing he did was to convoke a great Council at the Charter House, and to proclaim a free pardon, clogged by none of the restrictions that had hampered the amnesty after Bosworth Field. He then confuted the Irish story by sending to the Tower for the real Earl of Warwick, who

could have been no stranger to most of the nobles, since he had been at large till the usurpation of Richard, only three years before, and had till within the last two years been at Sheriff Hutton with the young Queen. He was paraded through London, with licence given to anyone to speak to him, and presented to the Queen. The poor youth was almost imbecile, and could hardly make a rational answer. This probably established Henry's case in the eyes of those really conversant with the royal family; but the eager Irish laughed the exhibition to scorn, and would have it that Henry's was the false Warwick and their own the true one!

A very strange part of the affair was that the Queen-dowager, Elizabeth Woodville, was arrested, deprived of her property, and placed in close custody at the Abbey of Bermondsey. The accusation against her was that she had delivered her daughters into the hands of Richard III., contrary to her agreement with Henry; but such an old story as this could evidently only be made to serve for an excuse; and it was universally supposed that she had been meddling, and in some way concerned in annoying the King with this strange plot, or else that she knew some dangerous secret, though, as her daughter was Queen, it is hard to say what she had to gain. At the same time, her eldest and only remaining son, John Gray, Marquis of Dorset, was arrested and thrown into the Tower.

It was no wonder that Henry was anxious and suspicious of all who were connected with the White Rose, for just at this time the heir of Suffolk, the Earl of Lincoln, suddenly deserted him. This nobleman, John de la Pole, was the eldest son of Elizabeth, the second daughter of Richard Duke of York, and when the son of Richard III. had died had been declared heir to the crown. However, he had submitted to Henry, and lived quietly until just after this meeting at Shene he fled in secret, and appeared in Flanders, where he was welcomed by his aunt, the Duchess Margaret of York, widow of Charles the Bold. Emissaries from Ireland had just reached her, praying for her support to her supposed nephew there; and Margaret, who hated the Lancastrians with so bitter a hatred that she would do anything that could annoy them, listened to their entreaty. She—who had never seen her brother Clarence's child—might possibly have been deceived, but Lincoln must have known his cousin; nevertheless, he undertook to be the leader of the expedition which she fitted out on behalf of the impostor.

Two thousand German lanzknechts, under the command of Martin Swart, a captain of free companies, were engaged, and with them went Lincoln, and Lord Lovell, who was living in exile in Flanders. They landed at Dublin, and were eagerly received by Kildare; Lincoln saw the youth who was called King Edward, showed no doubt that he was his cousin, and even advised his coronation.

It took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral, with all the pomp and solemnity the Irish could devise. The crown was borrowed from an image of the Blessed Virgin, and the anointing and consecration were

CAMEO XXI.

Science in Ireland. 1487.

performed by the Bishop of Meath; after which a big Irish chieftain named Darcy carried the new king on his shoulders to the banquet in the Castle. This was on the 24th of May, 1487; and immediately after, a parliament was assembled at Dublin, and issued proclamations against the Butlers, men of Waterford, and other supporters of Henry.

The partisans of this new prince wished at first to remain in Ireland, whence they would have been hard to dislodge; but the difficulty of feeding or paying the two thousand Germans prevented this, and they resolved to try to raise the north of England, landing at Foudray, near the great Abbey of Furness, whence they went to Swartmore near Ulverstone, and there were joined by Lovell's friend, Sir Thomas Broughton, and his tenantry; but wild Irish and fierce Germans were not associates such as to tempt the English, and no other supporters came in.

Henry VII. meantime had been paying his devotions to our Lady of Walsingham, and making a progress through the midland counties, where he found universal submission. He placed his mother, wife, and child, in Kenilworth Castle for security, and then marched northward to encounter the enemy, who were advancing from Yorkshire.

Henry kept his army under strict discipline, and severely punished any disorder as it passed through the towns; but his general, the Earl of Oxford, could have had little knowledge of the country, since the army managed to lose its way between the towns of Nottingham and Newark, until five guides were procured from the village of Ratcliffe. Oxford was a brave man, but not much of a captain; however, there was no great skill required in the contest, when his vanguard presently stumbled upon the insurgents in a village named Stoke. It was a matter of numbers and weapons, for the rebels in despair fought bravely; but the Irish portion of them had only knives, darts, and skenes, and were soon trod down; and though the English and Germans sold their lives dearly, they were hemmed in, and perished almost to a man. Martin Swart died with his lanzknechts, Thomas and Maurice Fitzgerald with their Irish. Lord Lincoln likewise fell, fighting bravely; but Lord Lovell was seen galloping away from the field. Neither he nor Broughton were ever heard of more: but there is a tradition that Broughton lived for years concealed among his tenants at Witherslack; and about the year 1690, when some old buildings were being taken down at Minster Lovell near Witney in Oxfordshire, an underground chamber was found, where sat the remains of a man, in a chair, with his head resting on a table. It crumbled into dust on the admission of the air; but, from the relics found in the chamber, it was believed to be the corpse of the "Lovell our dog," who had once "ruled England under the hog," and who probably died a lingering death, forgotten and starved in his hiding-place.

The prisoners were few but important. A squire named Bellingham secured the pretended king, Edward of Clarence, and his priest; and a confession was made by both that the lad was only one Lambert Simnel, the son of a joiner at Oxford, who had been tutored by the priest to act

CAMEO XXI.

Coronation of Elizabeth. 1487.

this part. After all, the purpose never became clear. The youth was not unintelligent, but was weak and docile, and Simons must have had more to do with the scheme. Why there should have been any personation at all, of a prince alive and capable of being produced in confutation, seems strange. Perhaps Simons believed the report of Warwick's death when he began, and only found out the falsity of it too late to retract; and perhaps he only meant his pupil to have lorded it in Dublin as heir of Clarence, instead of proceeding to the dangerous length of claiming the crown and invading England. King Henry said he much regretted the death of the Earl of Lincoln, who might have explained the plot to him, but his cautious nature made him hush it up as much as possible. He would not have Simons brought to trial, but allowed him the benefit of his Orders, and, after declaring his fraud before Convocation, he was imprisoned for life. Lambert Simnel, proving to be a mere tool, was disposed of as a scullion in the King's kitchen, and afterwards promoted to be a falconer. By way of satisfying the Yorkists, who murmured that their Queen was suppressed, Henry resolved, eighteen months after her marriage, to give her a splendid coronation. She made a public entry into London in a barge upon the Thames, escorted by the barges of all the guilds, that of the law-students of Lincoln's Inn being especially noticeable, for the handsomeness of the gentlemen who rowed it, the sweetness of the music played therein, and moreover for a great red dragon, in honour of Cadwallader, the Mortimer ancestor, vomiting flames from its mouth! Thus attended, Elizabeth arrived at the Tower, whence, on Saturday the 24th of November, she was taken through London in an open car, accompanied by her sisters and aunts, dressed in a kirtle of white cloth of gold, with her long fair hair hanging down on her shoulders. Her sister Cicely, who was still more beautiful, came behind her in another car, with her aunt Katharine Woodville, who, since the death of Buckingham, had married Jasper Tudor.

She slept at Westminster palace that night, and the next day had her coronation and banquet in full solitary state, the King and his mother only peeping out of a latticed box. The carpet on which she walked from the Hall to the Abbey was pounced upon with such frantic eagerness by the crowd, as soon as she had passed, that the procession of her ladies was broken and disturbed, and some of the populace were trampled to death. Archbishop Morton set the crown on her head; and after the ceremony she sat at the banquet with Lady Katharine Gray and Mistress Ditton at her feet, and the Countesses of Oxford and Rivers on each side. Lady Oxford was the same who had supported her children by her needlework through the evil times of Lancaster. Henry seems to have intended to make this coronation the healing of all enmities, for he released his wife's brother, Dorset; and for the time, the wearied country subsided into tranquillity.

CAMEO XXII.

SAUCHIE BURN.

(1486—1491.)

King of England. 1485. Henry VII. *King of Scotland.* 1460. James III. *King of France.* 1483. Charles VIII. *King and Q. of Spain.* 1474. Fernando and Isabel.

Emperor of Germany. 1442. Frederick III. *Pope.* 1484. Innocent VIII.

CAMEO XXII. — *James III.* 1486.

THE fifteenth century was an unusually dangerous time for men of ability about the King's person. Politics had become so complicated, and business was so much transacted in writing, that the King, unless of extraordinary abilities both of mind and body, could hardly conduct it all himself; and any man to whom he gave his confidence was sure to be marked out for hatred and jealousy by the nobles, who perhaps were the more embittered by the instinct that the power was passing away from their class and being transferred to the Crown. In almost every European country we have the story of a favourite, otherwise a prime-minister, savagely hated and reviled by the barons, and, if his master were weak, destroyed by them.

The last view taken of Scotland detailed the wreck of the favourites of James III. Only one of them had been allowed to survive, Alexander Ramsay, then only seventeen years old; but as he grew older, he obtained the chief share of the King"s favour, together with the Earl of Buchan, the son of the Black Knight of Lorn and Joan Beaufort, widow of the King's grandfather. He was known as Hearty James, and seems to have been beloved; but Ramsay was certainly a base intriguer.

Queen Margaret of Denmark, James's wife, died in 1486; and the King, oddly enough, immediately set his heart upon marrying "her to whom all griefs were known," Elizabeth Wydville, widow of Edward IV., and mother of the actual Queen of England. Indeed, he wished it to be a treble marriage, designing himself for the mother, and his two sons, the Dukes of Rothsay and Ross, for the Ladies Anne and Katharine of York. A portrait of himself and his eldest son both kneeling at one prayer-desk—he a handsome and very dark man, his

CAMEO XXII.

Quarrels with the nobility. 1487.

son a meek-looking boy with long curling auburn hair—must probably have been presented during these courtships, for it remained at Windsor till the present reign, when it was sent to Holyrood as its more appropriate home.

Unfortunately it must have been almost a fancy picture as regarded the juxtaposition of the father and son; for it was one of the evil effects of the turbulence of Scotland that the persons of the King and the heir-apparent were never considered as safe when they were together and could both be caught in one net by any of the violent. Therefore the eldest son was always committed to the care of some noble in a strong castle; and the Duke of Rothsay, who was now nearly fifteen, had, according to this custom, spent his boyhood under the care of Robert Shaw, of Sauchie, and as afterwards appears, hardly knew his father by sight, and believed whatever he was told against him.

Now the barons had never believed themselves safe for the slaughter at the Brig of Lauder. In truth, they had never forgiven the King for what they had done to him; and when they saw him endeavouring to strengthen himself by alliances with the English, they instantly concluded that it could only be for their overthrow. They began immediately to form a confederation against him, including the Earls of Angus, Argyle, and many more of the lowland families, among whom the bitterest of all were the two great Border clans of Home and Hepburn. The great Priory of Coldingham, really a dependency of Durham, had been in a manner absorbed by these clans, who took care that the Prior should be always a member of one or other of their families. James, regarding it as an alien priory, (*i.e.* subject to a foreign abbey,) viewed it as a right of the Crown, as much as those with which Henry VI. had endowed Eton, and appropriated the revenues to support the choir of his chapel at Stirling, which he had, either by his own architectural taste, or that of poor Cochrane, rendered so beautiful. He kept a double choir for it; one to sing at home there, the other to follow him on all his expeditions. The appropriation rendered the two families the more furious, because common report averred that the King possessed a big black chest full of gold and jewels. Almost all the Southern nobles joined the plot; and Henry VII. showed himself the originator of the Tudor policy with regard to Scotland, by secretly fostering the factious subjects, while he pretended an alliance with their King.

James held a parliament early in the year 1487, and there showed such a determination to hold the reins of government firmly, that the conspirators became alarmed, and began to muster their forces. The Duke of Rothsay was at Stirling, where his faithless governor Shaw was also seneschal.

> "Woe to the traitors who could bring
> The princely boy against his king!"

Shaw not only poisoned the boy's mind against his father, but he

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Parliament held. 1487.

encouraged his youthful passion for Lady Margaret Drummond, whose father was content to let her become a bait to allure the prince to the rebel party. The boy was led to the head of the rebel army, heard his father denounced as having misgoverned and betrayed his people, and thus forfeited his crown, while he himself was proclaimed as James IV.

The King meantime had retreated across the Forth in one of two ships belonging to the stout and faithful seaman, Sir Andrew Wood, of Largs, and named the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel*. He went to the Abbey of Lindores, where the last of the Black Douglases, after his expedition with Albany, had become a monk, and offered him the restoration of all his honours and lands if he would only use his name against his Red cousin of Angus and the rest of the rebels. "Na, na, sir," said the old man, "ye hae keepit me and yer black coffer ower lang under lock and key for either to be of gude service to you."

However, the Northern Lords for the most part rallied round the Royal standard: the Gordons and Lindsays came in force, and among them was especially noticeable old David, Lord Lindsay of the Byres, a renowned veteran of the French wars, who brought one thousand horsemen and three thousand foot. He rode up to the King on a fine grey charger, and leaping off, placed the reins in his hand, begging that it might be accepted as a gift. "Gin your Grace will only be weel sitten," he said, "he will waur all the horse in Scotland." Lord Ruthven and many more came up, and James re-crossed the Forth with thirty thousand men. He came in sight of the rebels at Blackness, near Linlithgow; and there, while the King was trying to bring about an accommodation, the Earl of Buchan attacked the rebels, and gained so much advantage as to alarm them into coming to terms. Exceedingly favourable conditions were granted to them; and supposing all danger over, the King did not even demand the custody of his son's person, but returned to Edinburgh and broke up his army, expecting, of course, that his adversaries were doing the same.

Most likely they never even affected to disperse, for he had hardly parted with the Northern Lords before he learnt that his enemies were in fuller force than ever, and still declaring him deposed. Some of the loyal troops were *still* near enough to be speedily recalled, and with these diminished numbers James marched from Edinburgh, drove the rebels across the Forth, and demanded admittance into his own castle of Stirling; but this Shaw of Sauchie insolently refused, and hints were given as to the fate of the Earl of Mar, as if the Prince of Scotland would not be safe in his father's hands. The battle was evidently coming on, and close to a spot that cried shame on the factious Scots. It was but a mile from Bannockburn, the combat that had given Scotland the freedom she had ever since abused into a licence to do evil. The Sauchie Burn was, however, that which gave name to the fight, where the royal ruddy lion ramped in gold on either side, and a King James was acknowledged by each party. Some sense of

CAMEO XXII.

Rising of the people. 1491.

shame and alarm came over the younger one at the last moment, and he sent forth a proclamation forbidding any scathe to be done to the person of his lord and father.

Showers of stones began the battle; and then came a charge in which the Earls of Huntley and Menteith broke the first line of rebels, but found the border clans, trained in many a foray, too strong for them, and were driven back on the main body. The fight raged for some time, till the loyal nobles, knowing themselves to be overmatched, entreated the King to secure himself by flight. He was mounted on Lord Lindsay's grey horse, and, setting spurs to it, rode at full speed through the village of Bannockburn towards the stream, where stood a mill, still called Beaton's Mill, with a low cottage, of stone walls of huge thickness. A woman was at the moment coming out to draw water; and at sight of the armed man rushing along, threw down her pitcher and screamed, thus startling the horse, which swerved aside and threw its rider, who lay senseless and motionless in his heavy armour, till he was lifted up by the peasants and carried into the miller's cottage. As he lay on the flock-bed, with wavering senses, he asked for a priest. "Who art thou?" asked the woman. "This day at morn," he said, "I was your King." The woman was so much startled, that she darted out of the house, wringing her hands, and loudly calling for someone to come and shrive the King.

A man who had just come up stepped forward, saying, "I am ane priest. lead me to the King;" and on entering his presence, put a knee to the ground, and asked him with an air of concern whether his hurts were mortal. James answered that he thought not, "gif he had guid leeching;" but meantime he begged the priest to hear his confession and give him his sacrament. "That I shall do hastily," said the wretch, bending over him and stabbing him four or five times in the breast with a dagger; then taking the body on his back, he bore it away from among the panic-stricken peasants. The murderer was never traced, but he was suspected to be one Borthwick, an ecclesiastic in the service of Lord Gray, who with his master had been seen to follow James out of the battle.

Indeed, for some time no one knew what had become of the King. His own army slowly gave way when they hoped they had secured his flight, and the rebel army fell back the next day upon Linlithgow. Sir Andrew Wood's two ships were in the Firth, and their boats had been seen to come ashore, so that it was thought the King might have taken refuge in one. The rebels accordingly came to Leith, and sent to know from Wood if the King was on board. He answered that he was not, and told them they might come and search if they would not take his word. They then summoned him to attend before the Council, but he would not come till the Lords Seatoun and Fleming had been sent on board as hostages for his safe return. He then went before the Council, and being a tall, dark, handsome man, richly dressed, young James, whose heart was beginning to fail him at the thought of the

CAMEO XXII.

Loss of James III. 1491.

part he had been made to take, exclaimed, "Sir, are you my father?"

The tears fell from the stout sailor's eyes as he answered the misguided boy: "Sir, I am not your father; but I was a servant to your father, and shall be to the authority till I die, and ane enemy to them that was the occasion of his down-putting."

The Lords inquired of Captain Wood if he knew of the King, or where he was, and who they were who came out of the field and passed into his ships.

"It was I and my brother," he answered, "who were ready to have waired our lives with the King in his defence."

"He is not in your ships?" they said.

"He is not in my ships; but would to Heaven he were in my ships safely, I should defend him, and keep him scatheless from all the treasonable creatures who have murdered him, for I think to see the day when they shall be hanged and drawn for their demerits!"

The "treasonable creatures," getting "despightful answers" from Captain Wood, were obliged nevertheless to let him go, because of their hostages; but no sooner had the exchange been made, than they issued orders to the "skippers and mariners" at Leith to pursue and capture him. No one would go; and Andrew Barton, the second in fame among Scottish sailors, told them plainly that no ten ships in Scotland would give battle to Wood's two, so great was his skill, and so well provided was he with crew and artillery.

Meanwhile, the body of the King was found, lying on the ground, where the murderer must have left it, not far from Sauchie; and the lamentable story was heard from the miller's household. Young James had a fit of agonizing grief when he learnt his father's fate, and gave him a royal burial at Cambuskenneth Abbey, where Queen Margaret already lay. James III. perished on the 18th of June, 1488, when he was only thirty-five years of age, of which he had reigned twenty-eight.

James IV. was then crowned at Scone, and took up his residence at Stirling, where his evil advisers tried to stifle his occasional stings of repentance, and keep him a mere tool in their hands, by surrounding him with gaieties, which he shared with Margaret Drummond—hunting parties, masked balls, and all the amusements Scotland could provide; and even when he was taken on progress through his dominions, his huntsmen and falconers, the Lady Margaret, and "English John" his jester, went with him to divert his mind from serious business. He had broken off the treaty for Katharine of York, and wished to make Margaret his wife; but she was within the prohibited degrees, and the jealousy of the other nobles interfered with his chances of obtaining her, or getting a dispensation. Meantime, his Council made the Estates of the Realm acquit him and themselves of the "mischance" to the late King, charging all upon the bad advisers of the last reign, and indicting Buchan and Bothwell for high-treason. Buchan thought

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Trial of Lindsay. 1491.

proper to save his lands by pleading guilty; but Ramsay was deprived of the Earldom of Bothwell, which was bestowed upon the head of clan Hepburn. The ill-gained title was extinguished even more disgracefully than it was won, in the shame and misery of Hepburn's grandson and James's grand-daughter.

But the Northern Lords were by no means ready to submit. The Earl of Lennox and Lord Lyle rose in the west, and held out Dumbarton Castle; and Lord Forbes broke into insurrection in the north, carrying about on a spear what he called the bloody shirt of the murdered King, to incite the people to revenge his death. The two bodies intended to have effected a junction; but the King and his party managed to fall upon Lennox on his way, and completely broke up his force, after which he and the remaining insurgents were pardoned. Lord Lindsay of the Byres, however, underwent his trial, though whether he had shared in this rising is uncertain. He was brought before the King and Council in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, and accused of "cruel coming against the King at Bannockburn with his father, and in giving him counsel to have devoured his son the King's Grace here present, and to that effect giving him ane sword and ane good horse, to fortify him against his son."

Lord Lindsay was a stout soldier, but quite out of his element in a law-court; nor had he been able to get any lawyer to plead for him, so obnoxious was he supposed to be to the party in power. And there was an old family quarrel that forbade his consulting his brother, Maister Patrick Lindsay, who, while he had been fighting in France, had been practising the law at Edinburgh, and was considered the best advocate of the day. The old knight's answer was, "Ye are all lurdanes, my Lords! I say, ye are all false traitors to your prince, whilk I will prove with my hands on any of you whilk holds you best, from the King's Grace down. For you have caused the King to come against his father in plain battle, where that noble prince was cruelly murdered among your hands by your advice. Therefore, false lurdanes, an the King punish you not for that murder, you will murder himself when ye see time." Then turning to the young King, he continued, "Therefore, Sir, beware of them, and give them no credence, for they that were false to your father will never be true to yourself. Sir, I assure your Grace, that if your father were yet alive I would take his part, and stand in no awe of these false lurdanes; and likewise, if ye had a son that would be counselled to come in battle against you by evil counsel of false traitors like these, I would surely take your part, and fight in your quarrel against them—even with three against six of these false traitors, wha cause your Grace to believe evil of me. Time shall prove me to be truer at length than any of them."

The Chancellor Argyle, one of the foremost in the rebellion, turned to the King, saying, "Sir, Lord David Lindsay is but a man of the auld warld, and cannot answer formally, nor yet speak reverently, in your Grace's presence. Your Grace must be guid to him, and I trust he

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Maister Patrick. 1491.

will come into your will." And then he began to advise the old lord to submit himself to the King's pleasure, hoping, in fact, that his example would bring in many more of the recusant party. But "Maister Patrick" was at hand; and seeing through the Chancellor's trick, and not being able to endure the sight of the treatment of his brave simple elder brother, rose to his defence, and, as a sign to him not to be beguiled by Argyle, trod upon his foot. All that resulted therefrom was an angry outburst from the prisoner: "Thou art ower pert, loon, to stramp upon my foot. Wert thou out of the King's presence, I should take thee on the mouth!"

Without noticing the exclamation, Maister Patrick fell on his knees, entreating leave to plead for his brother, saying that, unfriends as they had been, he could not bear to see the chief of his house come to shame for want of one to speak in his defence. Leave being granted, Maister Patrick first protested against the King's acting as judge in a cause wherein he was himself concerned; and having thus caused James, to his own great discontent and displeasure, to withdraw to the inner Tolbooth, he proceeded to show that the prisoner had been cited to appear in forty days, and that time having more than run out, the Court could not try the cause till it had issued a fresh summons; and this being proven, Lord David was at once set free, nor was any fresh writ made out against him. He was so much delighted, that he broke out rapturously before the whole court, "Verily, brother, ye have fine pyet words! I couldna hae trowit that ye had sic words. By Sancta Marie, ye shall have the Mains of Kirkforthar for this day's labour!"

The King was of a different mind. He told Mr. Patrick he would "gar him sit where he should not see his feet for a year and a day"—and kept his word, throwing him into a horrible subterraneous vault in Rothsay Castle, with only a loop-hole for air and light; nor did he ever entirely forgive the advocate, who, however, survived his captivity, and lived to succeed both his brother David, and another called "John Draw the Sword," as Lord Lindsay of the Byres.

But James was much better inclined to Sir Andrew Wood, who with his two good ships was guarding the coasts and merchant-vessels of Scotland against the pirates which came out of English ports. Five of these were captured by his two, and brought into Leith; and on the tidings coming to London, Stephen Bull, a London merchant and seaman, fitted out three large vessels, which he manned with picked crews—pikemen, crossbowmen, and even several knights who offered their services. It was time of truce, but Henry VII. encouraged the expedition—in fact, it does not seem to have been the Tudor fashion to think themselves responsible for anything their subjects might do by sea, though they were quite willing to reap the benefits.

Wood was ordinarily a trader to the coast of Flanders, and Bull lay in wait for him on his return from thence, behind a small islet in the opening of the Firth of Forth. Thus Wood found himself suddenly, at early morning, in presence of the enemy; but so excellent was his

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Andrew Wood. 1495.

discipline, that the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel* were instantly ready for action, and he bore down on his assailants through the midst of their cannonade, which did him little harm, as the English ships were so large that the shot passed over the heads of the Scots. Then running in between the English vessels, he grappled with them, and lashed them to his own with cables. All day they fought, and only separated at night; but in the morning the battle was renewed. There was no leisure to attend to the navigation of the vessels, and they drifted into the mouth of the Tay, where men, women, and children flocked to the banks to watch the fight, and there at last beheld the English ships strike their flags, when they were towed into the port of Dundee, and there presented by Wood to the King. James sent him home without ransom, as well as his crews, but with a message to King Henry to send no more ships on such errands.

One good consequence of this victory was, that James, who had a particular delight in shipping, gave all a youth's enthusiastic affection and admiration to the brave and loyal Wood; and his confidence in the rebels against his father must have been further overthrown by the discovery of a secret treaty of "Angus Bell the Cat" himself, to capture the King, and deliver him up to Henry VII. Angus was placed in Tantallon Castle, and made by way of forfeit to resign the Border Castle of Hermitage to the Earl of Bothwell.

James, while retaining about him all who had any sort of honesty or ability, and endeavouring to win them to join him in measures of good government, had outgrown the hoodwinked state in which his former supporters had kept him. He now looked on the rebellion as a foul and unnatural crime heavy on his soul. He did his utmost to atone for it, by alms, prayers, and masses, fasts and days of penance; and he even devised the penitential wearing of an iron belt next his skin, adding a new link of an ounce or two weight every year. There was a great generosity and tenderness in his nature, and much tendency to piety; but the training of his time wrecked his fine nature, and self-control and purity of life were not among the tokens of penitence that he attempted to manifest.

CAMEO XXIII.

THE TWO ANNES.

(1483—1492.)

King of England. 1485. Henry VII.
Kings of Scotland. 1460. James III. 1488. James IV.
King of France. 1483. Charles VIII.
King and Q. of Spain 1474. Fernando and Isabel.
Emperor of Germany. 1442. Frederick III.
Pope. 1484. Innocent VIII.

CAMEO XXIII.

Charles VIII. 1483.

AT the same time as Henry VII. was rising upon the ruin of the old English baronage, the Crown of France was steadily gaining on the old feudal princes.

Louis XI. had died in 1483, shortly after the coronation of Richard III. He had left a son of thirteen and a half, Charles VIII., a delicate, sickly boy, with a large head and thin legs; who had been reared with so much difficulty, that study had been forbidden him; the old King saying, with his favourite sneer, that the monarch knew Latin enough who understood the proverb, *Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*, "He who knows not how to dissimulate, knows not how to reign." However, Charles made up for the want of Latin by reading chivalrous romances, which were then in their full prime and glory; and though he had many faults, his father's deliberate treachery was not one of them.

Queens regent have made a great figure in the history of France; but Charlotte of Savoy was not to be one of them. She seems to have been a sickly, helpless woman, cowed from the first by her husband, and entirely disregarded. Louis gave her no share in the Council; but bequeathed the chief care of his son to his eldest daughter, "Anne de France," as she signed herself, the wife of Pierre, Baron de Beaujeu, the younger brother of the Duke of Bourbon. She was twenty-two years of age; and with much of her father's ability, resolution, and astuteness, though without his cruelty—a *maîtresse femme*, as she was well called; and he had entrusted all his plans to her: but they could only be carried out under cover of her husband's name; and though of royal blood, he was a great way from the throne. The House of Bourbon, to which he belonged, had branched off from the royal line as far back as the

CAMEO XXIII.

Anne of Beaujeu. 1485.

time of St. Louis; and he was only a younger son. His brother, the Duke, was however childless, and was almost always in bed with gout.

Much nearer to the throne were, however, the two princes of the House of Orleans. The first duke, Louis—Charles VII.'s brother, who was murdered by Jean Sans-peur of Burgundy—had left two sons. The younger was the Count of Angoulême, and was now represented by his son; the elder was Charles, the poetical duke, who married and bewailed our little Queen Isabel, once the child widow of Richard II., and who spent the best years of his life in captivity after the battle of Agincourt. After his liberation, he had married Marie of Cleves; but died after a very few years, in 1461, leaving two daughters, and a son of two years old, Louis, who was already betrothed to Jeanne, the infant daughter of Louis XI. There had been one attempt to marry her to poor Edward of Lancaster; and her father was furious with her for praying, instead of rejoicing, at the first note of his short-lived prosperity. She always longed for a convent life; but he was continually forcing her from her prayers, and jeering at her want of beauty and grace, driving her back to the world, yet making it dreadful to her.

The poor girl grew up sweet, pious, and gentle, but sickly and crooked; and so much disliked by her father, that when she was forced to appear in his presence, she used to creep behind her sister or her governess to avoid his cruel mockery of her ugliness. She was no less detested by her young betrothed, a graceful, handsome, pleasure-loving lad, who strove in vain to avoid the marriage, but of course was powerless in the hands of Louis XI., and was obliged to submit to be wedded to her in 1476, at the same time as her more favoured sister Anne was married to Pierre de Beaujeu. The young Charles was also betrothed to Marguerite, the daughter of Maximilian of Austria and Marie of Burgundy.

There was, however, a young lady whose claims were so great, that half the princes in Europe, whether married or unmarried, were wishing not so much to have her for a wife as to obtain her great inheritance—the old Keltic dukedom of Brittany, the last of the huge old fiefs that once had overshadowed the throne. Normandy and Aquitaine had been conquered; Burgundy, Berri, and Anjou, had by the failure of male heirs lapsed to the Crown; and Provence, the fief of the Empire, had, by the will of old King René, reverted to the King, instead of passing with the semi-German inheritance of Lorraine to his daughter's son, René, the victor of Nancy, and the founder of a House destined to play no small part in the affairs of France in the ensuing century.

Brittany alone remained independent; but the reigning duke, François II., a man exhausted by dissipation, was in failing health, and by his second wife, Marguerite de Foix, was father only of two daughters, Anne and Isabel; the younger so frail, that there was no chance of her living to divide the inheritance. The great Keltic dukedom had

CAMEO XXIII.

François of Brittany.
1483.

gone in the female line in the case of Constance, the mother of Arthur, and of her daughter; but the House of Montfort, now approaching extinction, had forced aside the heiress of the Penthièvre branch, and ruled as male heirs, so that there was every opening for a disputed succession. Meanwhile, Duke François, and his minister Landais, were determined, since no son existed, to make as much profit as possible out of the various suitors for the hand of the young daughter.

This Landais was a tailor, who had become the Duke's servant, and thence had risen to be his chief counsellor. A congenial spirit with Olivier le Dain, he had carried on a correspondence with him, and followed out his policy. These were the days when princes were forced to depend on advisers of their own choice, who were—whether bad or good, low or high born—uniformly hateful to the proud nobility; and in the case of the tailor the dislike seems to have been richly deserved. He overthrew, imprisoned, and starved to death Chauvin, the Duke's honest and upright chancellor, and thus earned for himself the implacable enmity of the Estates of Brittany; so that the duchy was split into two parties; the Duke and Landais on the one side, and on the other all the chief nobles, who were bent on overthrowing the favourite; but their forces were too equally balanced for either to succeed without external aid, and each made the reversion of the duchy the lure to attract partizans. On the death of Louis and the fall of Olivier the barber, Jean de Chalons, Prince of Orange (whose mother was a sister of Duke François), the Marshal de Rieux, the Sire de Rohan, and others of the nobles, had captured the Duke in his favourite Château de l'Hermine, and made close search for the favourite; but he had escaped by secret paths through the park; and the citizens of Nantes had risen, rescued the Duke, and restored to him Landais. And now an invitation was sent to the gay young Duke of Orleans to visit the court of Brittany, with a view to obtaining the annulment of his marriage with poor deformed Jeanne, and granting him the hand of the young Anne of Brittany, who was then a lively, spirited girl of eight.

Enough attention was paid to her by the gallant and graceful Duke to make her view him with a preference that lasted through life; but to allow the first prince of the blood to acquire such a fief as Brittany would have been impolicy impossible to the daughter of Louis XI., even if she had no womanly indignation at the treatment of her sister; and she quickly recalled him to court, to assist at the young King's coronation at Rheims, and the state entry into Paris. The Breton lords, on the other hand, endeavoured to secure the aid of the Dame de Beaujeu by a compact, promising to treat their duchy as a male fief, and allow it to revert to the King on the death of François, excluding his daughters altogether.

This was as impolitic and unpopular an arrangement as they could possibly have made in a province fiercely independent, and hating the Frank only less than it hated the Saxon; and it gave the party of

CAMEO XXIII.

Orleans and Lorraine. 1484.

Landais for the time a great ascendency. In the meantime, the rivalry at court, between Anne de Beaujeu and Louis of Orleans, was becoming serious. She quietly and effectively transacted business, and held her young brother entirely in her power. Louis hated application, but was ashamed of the ascendency of a woman; so he thwarted her on every occasion, and tried to gain influence over the King, winning him, as a youth of three-and-twenty, with all that the licence of early manhood can but too easily win a lad of fourteen, chafing against restraint. François de Dunois, Count de Longueville, the son of the great Dunois, had more definite ambition for his kinsman than he had for himself, and was constantly stirring him up to assume his rightful place.

Anne of Beaujeu sought the support of René, Duke of Lorraine, probably the ablest man among the princes, and this increased the ill-humour of Orleans. At last there was a quarrel at a game of tennis between Orleans and Lorraine; and Madame de Beaujeu being appointed umpire, she decided in favour of René, thus so affronting Louis that he exclaimed, that if a man had made such a decision he should have given him the lie.

This brought matters to a crisis. The Council decided that Orleans ought to be put under arrest; and he received tidings just in time to throw himself on his horse and escape with Dunois. After all, he found himself unable to hold out against the power of Madame de Beaujeu, and was soon obliged to submit, and dismiss Dunois as the price of forgiveness. His hope had been all this time that Richard III., who had shown so much warlike temper, might invade France, and overthrow Anne's government. But in the meantime Henry of Richmond escaped from Vannes, just as Landais would have delivered him up to Richard, reached Anjou safely, and obtained from Madame de Beaujeu the succours with which he invaded England, and fought the battle of Bosworth.

This was a shock to the whole scheme of Orleans and of Landais; and the alliance of England so confirmed Anne's power, that she was able to insist on her unwilling brother-in-law giving in writing his assurance that he did not intend to seek a marriage with the young maiden of Brittany. On the other hand, the Breton barons were accused of wanting to deliver up their country to the French; and Landais assembled an army, which he placed under the command of the Marshal de Coëtquen, to seize their castles. He began with Ancenis upon the Loire, which belonged to the Marshal de Rieux: but no sooner did the barons advance, than the kinsmen in each army greeted one another, and entering into conversation, found that they really had no quarrel with one another, but that they all equally hated Landais; and thereupon they joined company, and marched upon Nantes.

The citizens were no longer inclined to succour the Duke, if they must also maintain the favourite. Backed by the two armies, they burst furiously on the château, demanding that Landais should be delivered

CAMEO XXIII.

Death of Landais. 1485.

up to them. The wretched man took refuge in the Duke's private room; and the Count, and Cardinal de Foix, the Duchess's brothers, were sent out to endeavour to appease them; but they soon came back, breathless, and almost crushed. "By my faith, my Lord," said the Count, "I had rather meet a thousand wild boars than those people. You must satisfy them, or we shall all perish."

Just then the doors were burst open, and the Chancellor, François Chrétien, was carried in on the shoulders of the ringleaders, and set down in the midst of the room, amid furious cries from without. He was the bearer of a message, that the crowd would not move from the castle until the treasurer Landais should be surrendered as a prisoner.

"What harm has he done them?" asked the Duke.

"Give him up, let him be tried, and they may be patient. Imprisonment is not condemnation," was the Chancellor's argument.

And François had no choice but to yield. "Assure me that he shall be treated with justice," he said.

"God forbid that aught else should befall, my Lord; or that I should take part in any council where it is done otherwise."

François took his sobbing trembling favourite by the hand, and made him over to the Chancellor. "I give him to you, forbidding, on your life, that any wrong or injury be done to him under pretext of justice, or otherwise. You owe him your fortune and dignity. Remember this in his time of need."

Landais was led out between the Chancellor and another noble, who could hardly save him from being torn to pieces on his way to the Tower of St. Nicholas. Commissioners were named, and acts of accusation drawn up. The murder of Chauvin was the chief; but there were many other persons of less mark who had been put out of the way by his means; and he was also found to have received large sums from Richard III. to deliver Henry Tudor up to him. The crimes were considered to be fully proved; and he was condemned by the States-General to die. The sentence naturally required confirmation by the Duke; but as all knew that he would never give it, it was not sought; nay, a watch was set all round the castle, to prevent anyone from entering who might inform him of the judgment, lest he should send a pardon. He was in feeble health, and saw few persons, which made the task easier; and the Count de Comminges was sent to keep him amused while the execution was actually going on. François asked about the trial; and on hearing that there were heavy charges against Landais, said, "Let him have done what he will, I shall pardon him. I will not have him die!"

When he heard the next day that his friend had actually been hung in agonies of despair at that very time, his anger against Comminges was very bitter, and his grief great; but it was shared by no one. Cardinal de Foix remarked on hearing of the execution, *Bestia quæ tetigerit montem, lapidabitur*, "If a beast touch the mountain, it shall

be stoned:" meaning that low birth aspired to high place at its peril—a fit proverb for the haughty feudal nobility.

CAMEO XXIII.

Anne's suitors. 1486.

The feeble Duke fell into the hands of his nobles; the Prince of Orange became the Lieutenant-general, jointly with the Marshal de Rieux, and their party abandoned the idea of giving up Brittany to France on his death; but all made oath to accept the little Anne, or failing her, her sister Isabel; and the question became still more pressing who should be the husband of the little heiress, more especially as her father had become subject to violent attacks of illness. Her father preferred the Duke of Orleans; the Prince of Orange favoured Maximilian of Austria, the widower of Marie of Burgundy; and the States of Brittany, who did not want to be swamped in any larger dominion, would have had her marry either Jean, son of the Sieur de Rohan, who was descended from the old dukes, or else the Gascon Count Alain d'Albrêt, whose mother had been a Breton princess. Of one thing Anne herself was clear—that whoever she married, it should not be Alain d'Albrêt, who was old enough to be her grandfather, a widower with twelve children; and was not only grey-haired, but rugged and harsh-looking, and whose courtship consisted in swearing at the Duke, and bidding him give his daughter to the man who could best defend her. His half-sister, Madame de Laval, was Anne's governess, and continually pressed his claims on her; but this did not conduce to the young lady liking him any the better.

Another quarrel with the Dame de Beaujeu sent Orleans again from the court of France. Indeed, he and Dunois had tried to persuade the King to fly with them, and shake off his subjection to his sister; and Charles might not have been unwilling, but the plot was discovered, and he was obliged again to repair to Brittany, where further hostilities on the part of Madame de Beaujeu led to the conviction that she intended Brittany to be claimed as a male fief, lapsing to the Crown.

This united all the disputants in one league against her, and arms were taken up on either side; Alain d'Albrêt brought four thousand Gascons, and there was a general muster of troops. In the midst, the Duchess of Brittany died: and the poor young girls, twelve and ten years old, were left still more to the mercy of circumstance. Another death at the same time made Pierre de Beaujeu head of the ducal House of Bourbon, and the next prince of the blood-royal to Orleans. The high-spirited Anne, now a duchess, was advancing with her brother's army to Tours; but she did not entrust the command to any of the princes, placing at the head of it the young Loys de la Trimoille, in whom she had great confidence. He advanced into Brittany with twelve thousand men, and took Chateaubriand, Ancenis, and Fougères; and was advancing to the Castle of St. Aubin du Cormière when he came upon the Breton army.

This was only in part Breton; it was also in great part composed of French under Orleans, and Gascons under D'Albrêt; and all three bodies were excessively jealous of one another. There were also a

CAMEO XXIII.

Battle of St. Aubin. 1486.

thousand lanzknechts sent by Maximilian, and seven hundred English archers, under Edward Woodville, Lord Scales, whom Henry VII. had granted to his former host; and in order to make it appear that their numbers were larger, seventeen hundred Bretons assumed the red cross of St. George, instead of their own black one. Dunois, the only able man, was not among them. He was too fat for war; and was negotiating with the King, and in his absence the commanders had all been quarrelling. Orleans and D'Albrêt each pretended to the chief command, upon which the Council decided that it should be given to the Marshal de Rieux, as the rightful leader of the troops of Brittany; but though Orleans submitted readily, D'Albrêt spread a report that the Prince intended to go over to the enemy in the middle of the battle; and even persuaded De Rieux to separate him and his horsemen from the rest of the army, and forbid their advance. The French, in rage and vexation, entreated to resign their horses to the Bretons, and fight on foot among the English archers; and this arrangement naturally proved fatal.

The first shock of the two foremost lines was tolerably equal; but the Neapolitan condottiere Galeotti, in the French service, turned the flank of the allied army, and made short work of the Bretons on French horses; after which there was nothing to do but to cut down the foot-soldiers, especially the Germans and English. Lord Scales was killed. The Prince of Orange tore off his red cross, and lay down among the bodies, but was recognised; and the Duke of Orleans was found among the Germans, and discovered by means of the craw-fish, the badge upon his armour. A Swiss halberdier dragged him out; and there was a fierce brawl among the soldiery for the possession of him and his ransom.

Louis de l'Hôpital, the captain of the division, could not control the men; and only the arrival of La Trimoille secured the Prince from insult. That night, the prisoners all were sitting at supper in La Trimoille's tent, when in came two Franciscan friars, prepared to hear confessions. Everyone knew what that meant.

"My Lords," said La Trimoille to Orleans and Orange, "I have no power over you. You are reserved for the King. But as to you, ye knights who have broken your oaths and been guilty of treason, you must die."

Entreaties were of no avail. All were beheaded that very night. Albrêt, Rohan, Rieux, and some others, had escaped; but much of the noblest blood of Brittany flowed on that fatal night of the 25th of July, 1488, which the patriotic Bretons regarded as having been the death-blow to their independence.

When the tidings reached Angers, where the Court was awaiting them, the Duchess of Bourbon resolved that no influence should work on her brother in favour of the Duke of Orleans; and finding that he had sent his own guard to escort his brother-in-law to him, she sent off her husband to take charge of the prisoner, and carry him by slow

CAMEO XXIII.

Peace of Sablé. 1488.

stages to Bourges, where one of the iron cages of Louis XI. awaited him. His forgiving wife, Jeanne—though his whole object in fighting had been to displace her—was so anxious to plead for him, that her sister would not allow her to approach her brother's presence. But the unhappy man's own mother was virulent against him. "Take courage, Madame," she wrote to the Duchess. "Show yourself valorous. Punish those who act against the King more sharply than you have yet done!"

Madame was indeed bent on doing so effectually in Brittany. Trimoille was advancing; and the sick and miserable Duke had no army to oppose to him, and could only sue for peace. Anne of Bourbon would have refused, and trampled Brittany under foot; but for the first time Charles, now eighteen, openly opposed her. His Chancellor, Guy de Rochefort, an excellent man, represented to him that the Crown had no rights over Brittany, bidding him remember that an unjust conqueror is nothing but a robber. Charles was a man on whom a grand idea had an immense effect. Like the Duke Philippe le Bon, like his own ancestor Jean, and unlike the two kings immediately before him, he would do anything that impressed his imagination. He insisted that Brittany should receive fair terms; and a peace was signed at Sablé on the 20th of August, by which the Duke engaged to send away all the strangers who had stirred him up against the King, and not to marry his daughters without the royal consent. François was in fact too much enfeebled to think much about the matter; he was only fifty-three, but so infirm, that on the 9th of September he dropped off his horse, and the next day was so ill, that he signed his will, leaving Rieux and Comminges as guardians to his daughters, bidding Madame de Laval be retained as governess, and that nothing should be done without the advice of Dunois. He died the next day, September 11th, 1488; and there stood Anne of Brittany, not yet thirteen, duchess in her own right, a mark for all the ambitious, and without a disinterested friend!

"La petite Brette," as the Court called her, was a girl of no ordinary spirit and capacity. She was not regularly beautiful; but had a clear fresh set of features, of a princely and commanding mould, with fine chestnut hair and dark piercing eyes. Her personal charms were of no importance, indeed, in the contest for her hand; but they reckoned for a good deal in her own power and influence over her guardians, upon which turned the decision of her fate. She was no puppet to be tamely disposed of as they pleased; and when Marshal de Rieux set forth his favourite project of marrying her to Alain d'Albrêt, she stood forth, and not only expressed her strong repugnance, but reminded him of D'Albrêt's large promises and very insufficient performances, and declared that if such a horrible match were forced on her, she should at once go into a convent and take the veil.

Her chancellor, Montauban, supported her, and assisted her in sending off a trusty servant of her father with a letter to Henry VII.,

CAMEO XXIII.

Maximilian. 1480.

entreating his assistance; but at the same time the Vice-chancellor had forged a request to the Pope for a dispensation for a marriage between Anne and Alain, who were within the prohibited degrees. However, Montauban undertook, on the part of the young lady, to intimate her refusal to her unwelcome suitor; and did it so effectually, that he and his friend Rieux broke out in a fury, and said, "if he spoke further, they would make him a bloody head!" the Marshal even drawing his sword.

Meantime, the French troops had never retired since the battle of St. Aubin, but quietly took place after place; and Charles VII. sent to claim the two young sisters as his wards, intimating that he should bestow them on the two sons of the Vicomte de Rohan, who had gone over to the French party, and were so hated by the patriotic of their countrymen that the proverb arose, "to eat at the manger like a Rohan," the manger being the table of the King of France. Plans for giving the two girls up to the French were continually being detected; and they had to wander like hunted hares from city to city. Orleans was in his cage at Bourges; and the last resource was the Archduke Maximilian of Austria.

The only son of the Emperor Friedrich III. was a shrewd clever man, who, beginning as heir to a mere fragment of the Archduchy of Austria, had assumed for his device the five vowels, *a e i o u*, which was interpreted to mean, *Austria est imperare orbi universo*, "Austria is to rule the whole world," or "Austria's empire is over (the) universe." Gradually inheritance brought Austria into his hands, and election the German Empire. Craft and perseverance made him far more really the master than any Kaiser before him; and his long reign (from 1440 to 1493) enabled him to consolidate his power, so that the Empire became in a manner hereditary in his family. He was exceedingly avaricious, and much averse both to war and to positive engagements; so that he was said only to have sworn two oaths in his life—one when he was crowned King of the Romans at Aachen, and the other when he was crowned Emperor at Rome. But he was not in the habit of keeping his promises; and was so cold and unfeeling, that he was universally disliked. His wife, Leonor of Portugal, must have transmitted to her son something of the noble nature of the House of Avis, for there were few greater contrasts than that between the father and son.

Maximilian—whose name was invented by his father, as a compromise between Fabius Maximus and Scipio Æmilianus, his two favourite heroes—was educated to the full extent of the learning of his day, and made researches into all the more recondite paths and new inventions; not only studying alchemy, astrology, and even necromancy, but delighting in the more reasonable pursuits of printing, wood-engraving, painting, and the inventions that sprang up in gunnery. Daring to the last extent, he was always meeting with hair's-breadth escapes—now visiting lions in their cage, and having to beat them off with a fire-

CAMEO XXIII.

Maximilian. 1489.

shovel; now going so near a water-mill, that the point of his long shoe was torn off in the wheel; now barely escaping the bursting of a cannon; now climbing to the topmost pinnacle of the still uncompleted spire of Ulm Cathedral; always in direful peril; and never more so than in his favourite sport of chamois-hunting on the mountains of Tyrol. There, bears, avalanches, mountain winds, and downfalls of stones, seemed to lie in wait for his life; and on one special occasion, on the Martinswand, a Tyrolean precipice, he was for fifty hours in a cleft in the rock, unable to get up or down, though in the sight of the whole population of the village, who were incapable of helping him, except that the priest brought out the Host for him to adore, fully believing that he must ere long expire from starvation, or become giddy and fall into the abyss. At last a shepherd-boy, by some unknown means, reached him, and helped him to regain a place of safety. A sculpture of Maximilian and a crucifix still mark the spot; but strange to say, the shepherd never reappeared, and was even thought by many to have been an angel sent to his relief. All these, and many other wonderful adventures, he afterwards put together in two books, called, one "Theurdank," and the other "Der Weise König," with a strange half allegorical history of himself, always tending towards his ladye-love, the crown of his labours.

His beloved Marie of Burgundy was always the lady he meant, though his marriage with her, in his nineteenth year, had only lasted three years. His love for her was still devoted; but her Flemings would by no means accept him as regent for his infant son Philippe, whom they made over to the widow of the last duke, Margaret of York; while his little daughter Marguerite had, as before mentioned, been sent off to France, as the bride of young Charles VIII.

Since that time, Maximilian had been crowned King of the Romans, in 1487, so that he was the first prince as well as the most brilliant knight in Europe: and Anne recollected how he had before been the champion of a distressed heiress; but then he had been a youth, and already loved the damsel, whereas now it was a matter of policy. Unluckily he was more impulsive, and therefore less sparing of oaths, than his father; but he fully meant to keep those that he made. He sent off his friend, Wolfgang of Polheim, to espouse "la petite Brette;" and only waited himself to raise a body of five thousand Germans, with whom he proceeded to march through Flanders. But as nothing would have been more inconvenient to France than to have Brittany united with Austria, Anne of Beaujeu and her ministers stirred up the jealousy of the citizens of Ghent and Bruges to resent his coming into the Netherlands with an armed force. On his entering Bruges with a small suite, the citizens rose in a great tumult; and while Maximilian took refuge in an apothecary's shop, several of his friends were seized and beheaded. After a day spent among the drugs, he was taken to the castle, and kept a prisoner for ten months, during which Anne called herself Queen of the Romans, and waited in vain.

CAMEO XXIII.

War in Flanders. 1489.

The English parliament had been touched by the orphan girl's appeal and made a grant of seventy-five thousand pounds for the maintenance of the war on her behalf, which the wily King meant to use for his own advantage. It was so harshly levied in the north, that the people rose in tumult, and murdered the King's lieutenant, Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland. Several gentlemen joined the rebellion; but it was put down by the Earl of Surrey. Sir John Egremont, who had hoped to make this a Yorkist demonstration, fled to the Duchess of Burgundy, and one John à Chambre, the ringleader, was hanged at York, on a square gallows, as a "traitor paramount." After all, only twenty-five thousand pounds were obtained from the people.

Threats from the Pope, Emperor, and States-General, had forced the citizens of Bruges to release Maximilian; and joining his Germans, who had kept the field, he besieged St. Omer. Dixmude, a faithful Flemish town, was attacked by the French and Flemings; and Lords Daubeny and Morley, with two thousand archers, joined the German force, and fell on them in their camp, though it was defended by heavy guns. The bold English archers announced themselves by a volley of arrows, then lay down while the cannon were fired; rose up, shot their arrows once more, and then rushed into the camp, driving all before them, but with the loss of the brave young Lord Morley. An archer, named John Pearson, of Coventry, whose leg was taken off by a cannon, continued to shoot his arrows kneeling; and when the Frenchmen fled, called out to one of his comrades, "Have thou these six arrows that I have left, and follow thou the chase, for I may not!" There was a terrible carnage, eight thousand being killed.

Meantime, six thousand archers were sent, under Sir Robert Willoughby, to serve in Brittany for six months; but on condition that two fortresses should be surrendered to Henry as guarantees that the expense should be repaid; and while he intimated to the French court that he had forbidden his troops to attack them, Anne suspected them of intending to give her up to Alain; and they only increased her distress, though they did actually prevent the French from pushing their conquests further.

To her great comfort too, Dunois, whom she trusted more than all, made his escape from the French court, and brought his stout person to her support. He had not much hope of gaining her for Louis of Orleans, who was lying sick in the Grosse Tour de Bourges. The faithful Jeanne's tears had wrung from her sister permission to visit her husband; and she travelled to Bourges, where, at sight of the tower, she burst into a fit of weeping, and came trembling into his prison. "Ah, Monsieur," she cried, "in what a state do I see you!"

But Louis turned his face away, saying, "Madame, you have reason to hate me; but let me alone."

She entreated him to believe in her affection; but he would not be convinced that she had not been sent by her sister to rejoice over him. He saw in this gentle forgiving woman only the daughter of Louis XI.,

CAMEO XXIII.

Anne at Rennes. 1490.

the sister of Anne of Bourbon, the pale phantom to whom he was bound baffling all his schemes of ambition. He absolutely hated her. And though she three times returned to him, beseeching to be allowed to remain and nurse him, he treated her with the same sullen contempt; but still she would not leave Bourges, and remained in the town, lodging in a convent, and selling her jewels to procure him the comforts that her sister denied him.

The Duchess of Brittany had at least won the enthusiastic love of her own people, who held out her castles against the French to the last extremity. But still the enemy advanced; and in the spring of 1489, Anne, who was at Rhedon, found herself obliged to repair to Nantes. She sent to Rieux and Comminges to escort her thither, but they did not come; and she found that they had themselves gone to Nantes, and had met D'Albrêt there, doubtless to prejudice the people against her. The brave girl at once set forth with her little sister and Montauban, only guarded by ten Bretons; and on the way was joined by Dunois with his troops. At Nantes, however, when she called on the town to open the gates, she was told that she might enter alone, but that her guards would not be admitted; and she well knew that this meant that she should soon find herself married to grim old Alain. Indeed, the horsemen of her two guardians actually sallied forth to capture the refractory little ward; but she, crying "*A moi, Dunois!*" lightly perched herself *en croupe* behind her Chançellor, while Dunois and his men spurred against her assailants. They did not venture to couch lance against their lady, and re-entered the town, whence they sent word to her that they would let her in by the postern gate, but still alone.

Not she! "I will go into my good town by the great gates," quoth she, "as Princess and Duchess of Brittany!"

And settling herself in the suburbs, she sent a message to the burghers to come and meet her there; but the regents hindered them from passing out; though they, on the other hand, were able to hinder the regents from trying to dislodge or capture the young lady. After a fortnight's waiting, she received a courteous invitation from the city of Rennes, whither she started; but Rieux immediately sallied forth in pursuit, and came up with her near Vannes. But as soon as she saw him, Anne turned her horse, rode straight up to him, and with a bold voice rebuked him as a disloyal and traitorous knight, and ordered him back to the place from whence he came. He was so much daunted, that he actually went back without more ado.

Anne was received at Rennes with great state; and many presents were offered her by the citizens, most welcome in her impoverished condition. There she breathed a little; but by way of complicating matters, the Duchess of Bourbon released the Prince of Orange, and a band of Spanish soldiers arrived to offer their services to the unhappy duchy. English, French, Spanish, and Breton, were all fighting. The French were trying to subdue the duchy, the Bretons to defend it; but

CAMEO XXIII.

War between France and Brittany. 1490.

then, on the one hand, Anne, aided by one Breton party and by the Spaniards, was maintaining her freedom of choice; and on the other, Rieux, with the rest of the Bretons and the English, was striving to force her into the marriage with Alain d'Albrêt; while Dunois was secretly determined that if he could not marry the young Duchess to his near kinsman, the Duke of Orleans, he would marry her to his more distant one, the King of France.

Meantime Henry VII. distressed the poor little Duchess, his *bonne fille*, as he called her, by sending his physician, Dr. Ashbrook, to assure her of his friendship, and advise her to make her peace with her guardians. It was Henry's interest that Anne should marry a petty noble, so as to prevent her dukedom from being added to either France or Austria, so his views were for D'Albrêt; and he tried to frighten the poor girl into yielding to Rieux by fear of poison.

Anne found him out, and upbraided him with his treachery; and tried further to secure herself by going through the marriage ceremony with Maximilian's proxy, the Count of Nassau. But this was of little use, for the King of the Romans had been called off to a desperate war in Hungary, and could get neither men nor money from his father; and it only had the effect of enraging Alain d'Albrêt to such a degree, that he betrayed the city of Nantes into the hands of the French, on the stipulation that Anne should be given to him, if possible, and if not, the compensation of a large pension.

This had at least the benefit of opening De Rieux's eyes. He saw how foolish he had been in his desire to preserve the independence of his country, in linking it to a man so justly detestable to a young girl, and he eagerly entreated the Duchess to believe that he had no part in the treason; but he was still too proud to allow that he stood in need of pardon, and insisted that the Duchess should give him letters expressive of her approval of all his doings since her father's death. She granted them, glad to recover an old friend just when she was left more forlorn than ever by the death of her little sister, Isabel.

The reconciliation had come too late to repulse the French. Charles VIII. was actually in Nantes in person, with an army meant for conquest; but he was alone, without his sister, and twenty-one years of age —resolved to act for himself. There was one person to whom this gave hopes—the loving and forgiving Jeanne. She hastened to Nantes; but the city was full; no lodging had been appointed for her; and she with her suite remained in the street till an officer of the King's guard gave up his quarters to her. Even then she could not see her brother; but, after some weeks, at last the Comte de Myollans obtained admission for her to his presence. She threw herself at his feet, weeping. "Alas! my foolish Jeanne," he said, lifting her up, "you ask what is against your own interest. Heaven grant you may never repent of having gained your petition!"

Charles sent on his army with La Trimoille, to threaten Anne of Brittany in Rennes, and went back to Plessis les Tours to collect

CAMEO XXIII.

Marriage of Charles and Anne of Brittany. 1491.

reinforcements. Meantime Dunois had come as a negotiator to both Charles and Madame de Bourbon, representing to them that the surest way out of all their difficulties would be to break off the King's betrothal with Marguerite of Austria, and let him marry "la petite Brette" himself. Madame, who hated Brittany and all belonging to it, would hardly listen; but when at last she was convinced that conquest would never win the rugged people to her brother's crown, she consented; and Dunois then undertook to bring the Bretons and their lady to agree, on one condition, namely, the release of the Duke of Orleans.

This was very bitter to Anne of Bourbon; but she allowed Dunois to visit his cousin, and obtain from him a pledge that he would not disturb the project. It was wrung from him with difficulty. All her patience and sweetness had failed to win a particle of love for poor Jeanne; and it was only Dunois' representations that it was hopeless that the Duchess of Brittany should ever wed him, and that it would be better for them all for their own King to have her instead of the King of the Romans, that he yielded. Still Madame would not utter a word to her brother about releasing him; and finally Charles resolved to do it himself.

He set out from Plessis, as if to hunt, galloped on with a few attendants; and after two days, reaching the neighbourhood of Bourges, sent a gentleman on to desire the governor to deliver up to him the Duke of Orleans. The cousins met with warmth, shared the same chamber and table, and showed the affection for each other that Charles at least really felt.

Meantime, Dunois went to Brittany to fulfil his difficult task. The states of the duchy were unwilling enough. They knew it was the loss of their proud cherished independence; but they were utterly desolated by a nine years' war, and saw no help. Anne herself was unpersuadable. She stood forth resolutely against all entreaties. She was Maximilian's wife; and if he could not come to her, she would go to him. Still she persisted, even when her last city, Rennes, was besieged by the French. She would only consent to any surrender on condition that her rights, and those of the Crown, should be settled by arbitration; while she should be escorted to embark at St. Malo, to go to her affianced husband in Germany.

It was agreed to. But an evening or two later, a young gentleman, with a very few attendants, passed into the city of Rennes, and saw the Duchess alone. He went back to the French camp the same night; and the troops were withdrawn from Brittany. A fortnight later, Duchess Anne was missing. After some inquiry, it was found that she was gone to the Château de Langeuis, over the French border, under the escort of her chancellor, Montauban. There she was met by the King, with the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the Counts of Foix and Angoulême, and others of his chief nobility; the dispensation was ready, and she was married to him on the 13th or 16th of December, it is uncertain which, of 1491.

CAMEO XXIII.

Rejection of Marguerite of Austria. 1491.

The stolen personal interview had gained her heart. Charles was big-headed, pale-faced, under-sized; but he was full of the sentiment of generous romance, and a chivalrous gentleman in his manners; and he was twenty-one. The sorely perplexed girl of seventeen had tried to wait for the graceful vision of Louis of Orleans; she had striven and struggled in vain for the last of the knights, Maximilian: but he came not; her dukedom was desolation; every creature against her; and when she saw that Charles was no D'Albrêt, but a kind and courteous youth, she had yielded at last. And so Marguerite of Austria was sent home to her father, the disappointed Maximilian; and the rugged old dukedom of Brittany became annexed to the Crown.

CAMEO XXIV.

"KING RICHARD IV."

(1491—1499.)

King of England. 1485. Henry VII. *King of Scotland.* 1488. James IV. *Kings of France.* 1483. Charles VIII. 1498. Louis XII. *King and Q. of Spain.* 1474. Fernando and Isabel.

Emperors of Germany. 1442. Frederick III. 1493. Maximilian I. *Pope.* 1492. Alexander VI.

CAMEO XXIV. — *Perkin Warbeck.* 1490.

MARGARET OF YORK, the widow of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, continued to hate Henry Tudor with a deadly and consistent hatred. To her he was the base pettifogger who had climbed into the seat that her father and brothers had fought and died for as the right of their birth, and was now staining the honour of that seat by his intrigues and jobbery instead of honest fighting.

Now there was a lad growing up at Tournay who had been always considered as the son of respectable parents of the burgher class, named Warbeck. His Christian name was Peter, which with the Dutch diminutive *kin* became Peterkin or Perkin. Some of the English chroniclers say Perkin was a nickname for a coward, and that the English sailors so called him from his want of spirit. He is said to have been educated by a converted Jew, to whom Edward IV. had stood godfather. At any rate, he was well instructed in all the learning and accomplishments of the day, and having been much among the sailors at the port, spoke several languages, in especial English, and was much noticed by the Yorkist exiles. He was tall and handsome, with much native dignity of manner, and many thought him like the house of Plantagenet. At length a report arose that he was no other than Richard Duke of York, the younger of the two boys who had disappeared in the Tower. To this day it is not certain that he was not. The story of the smothering by Dighton and Forrest halted in many important particulars, and indeed was only brought forward upon Perkin's appearance. His own account was thus: "That tyrant, blinded and glutted with the cupidity of ruling and sovereignty, commanded Edward my brother and me to be slain and despatched out of this mortal life. Whereupon that person to whom the weighty and

CAMEO XXIV. — *Story of Perkin.* 1490.

cruel charge was committed to oppress and destroy us poor innocent infants and guiltless babes, the more that he abhorred this heinous and butcherly order, the more he feared to omit it; and so wavering in mind and dubious what to do, and at length, willing in part to abstain from so cruel and facinorous a homicide, destroyed my brother and preserved me; like the good priest Josada, which saved little Joas, when all the children of the blood royal were commanded by Athalia the queen to be slain and destroyed. And further, to the intent that my life might be in a surety, he appointed one to convey me into some strange country, where, when I was furthest off, and had most need of comfort, he forsook me suddenly (I think he was appointed so to do), and left me desolate, without friend or knowledge of any relief or refuge." He then adds, that after many wanderings, his aunt, the Duchess of Burgundy, welcomed him "as the only type and garland of her noble stirp and lineage."

The balance of probability points to his having been really the illegitimate offspring of the dissolute Edward, during his residence in Flanders in 1470, at the time of Warwick's brief restoration of Henry VI. This would make him about a year older than the real Richard.

Margaret might have known of his existence, and perhaps aided in his education. This would explain both her interest in him and his own stately appearance and kingly manner; but it is one of the questions of this strange affair whether the Duchess Margaret consciously prepared an imposture out of sheer hatred to Henry VII., or whether she really believed Perkin Warbeck to be one of the lost princes.

The old English chroniclers, who are strong against him, lay the whole blame on Margaret, who they say instructed him in all that could assist his personation, and then sent her "mawmet"*—*i.e.* puppet—into Portugal in the train of Lady Brompton, a Yorkist refugee. Thence, in 1491, he took ship, and landed in the Cove of Cork, where, as before had been the case with Lambert Simnel, he found his tale readily accepted, partly no doubt for the romance of the thing, and partly for the pleasure of a rising. O'Water, the Mayor of Cork, "a salvage Irish governor," declared in his favour; but the Earl of Kildare was more prudent than on the last occasion, and returned an evasive answer.

The French court was only glad to hear of such a means of annoying England. Henry VII. had made so many promises to Maximilian, that when the marriage of Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany was concluded, he was forced to resent it. The Parliament was only too delighted to have a valid excuse for a great war in France, and granted him all the aids he could require; and many persons sold estates to equip themselves, expecting to be repaid by French plunder. With a considerable force, Henry himself crossed to Calais; and Charles, by way of counter blow, invited the so-called Duke of York to his court.

* Mahomet, to old English writers, synonymous with idol, image, doll.

CAMEO XXIV.

War with France. 1491.

The invitation was gladly accepted, and about one hundred Yorkist exiles flocked round the stranger at Paris, while the Sieur de Concressault, a French gentleman whose real surname of Monipenny testified to his Scottish parentage, was appointed to command a guard of honour which was given to him.

Henry laid siege to Boulogne, but after a languid fashion, never making an attack in earnest, and soon publishing in the camp that his allies had disappointed him. Finally, he concluded a peace with Charles, on the promise of £149,000, to be paid in instalments. He had told his parliament that he would make the war pay, but they did not expect that it would be only to himself; and there were many who said "he used his wars to plume (pluck) his nobility and to feather himself."

Another condition that Henry tried to make was that Perkin Warbeck should be delivered up to him. This would have been against Charles's sense of honour; but he consented to harbour the young man no longer, and allowed Concressault to assist him in an escape to Flanders, where the "diabolical Duchess," as Hall does not scruple to call Margaret, welcomed him openly as her nephew, called him the White Rose, and assigned him a guard of thirty men, in murrey colour and white.

Her open support of his claim led to a good deal of dispute and annoyance in England. Henry sent messengers to Tournay, who made out the Warbeck parentage; and the King then appealed to the young Archduke Philippe, the real Sovereign of the Low Countries, as son of Marie of Burgundy, to dismiss the impostor. The council of government were divided in opinion as to the man's *identity*, and finally returned for answer, that though Philippe, out of friendship for Henry, could not assist the adventurer himself, he had no power over the Dowager Duchess, and could not prevent her entertaining any guest she pleased in her own dower lands.

There was quite a resort of Englishmen to "the Prince of England," as he was termed. Some were Yorkists who believed in him; others were spies of Henry's who denounced the rest. On their accusation three knights were actually apprehended for high treason, and suffered death; and Lord Fitzwalter, of the house of Ratcliffe, was imprisoned at Calais, and three years later was put to death on an attempt to escape. Sir Robert Clifford seems to have believed in the *soi-disant* prince, and was deep in his counsels; but gifts and promises won him back to Henry; and finding that his pardon was to be purchased by betraying his associates, he declared Sir William Stanley to be in the plot. It was an immense surprise to the King, who owed to Stanley the victory at Bosworth, and was very unwilling to proceed against him; but to everyone's surprise he confessed his correspondence with Warbeck, and was beheaded. Some said that his guilt consisted merely in having said, "Were I sure this were Edward's son I would not fight against him," and that the huge wealth which the King obtained by confiscation of his property was the real reason that he was put to death;

CAMEO XXIV.

The White Rose of Scotland.
1495.

but Henry probably felt that his only security was in making terrible examples of the danger of holding any intercourse with the pretender. However, when Perkin made a descent upon Deal, the country people rose and repulsed him, driving him back to Flanders, which Henry punished by removing the mart for English wool from Antwerp to Calais.

If Henry's crooked policy met with success in some quarters, it did harm in others. James IV. of Scotland could not particularly wish to keep on the throne a neighbour who encouraged his own subjects in plots for kidnapping him; and a short time after the discovery of old Bell the Cat's scheme for deporting him to England and to Henry's tender mercies, he politely received an intimation from the Duchess of Burgundy that the Prince of England would visit Scotland, and made ready Stirling Castle for his reception.

There Perkin was welcomed with great state, and gave much satisfaction by his noble appearance and good manners. He was judged not to have the perfect aptitude for court etiquette to be expected in a prince reared in his natural sphere: but he had much grace, noble sentiments, and was well accomplished both in mind and body. James fully accepted him, and even gave him for a wife his own cousin, Lady Katharine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntley and of a daughter of James I. There is a curious letter still preserved, from Warbeck to this lady, complimenting her on her "eyes as brilliant as stars," her "neck which outshines pearls," her "fine forehead," her "purple light of youth," her "fair hair," and calling her his soul and consolation, the brightest ornament of Scotland. She really was very beautiful, and deeply attached to him, and was known as the White Rose of Scotland. He also had a correspondence with most of the sovereigns of Europe, in especial with Fernando and Isabel; but to them he committed himself by saying that he was nine years old when taken to the Tower, whereas Richard of York was certainly eleven.

After a course of entertainments, James, early in 1496, sent forth letters to muster his army for his friend's support. Roderic de Lalain brought over a force of French and Burgundians, raised by the Duchess of Burgundy, and there was a correspondence with the English Border gentlemen; but the Scots for once were averse to the war, and were slow to assemble, and the same John Ramsay who had once been the favourite of James III., and was now in the counsels of James IV., was betraying them to the English King, and persuaded the King's brother, the Duke of Ross, with the Earl of Buchan and others, to defeat the enterprise as soon as the Border was crossed, by seizing Warbeck in his tent and delivering him up to Henry.

However, Warbeck by the help of the Duchess raised fourteen hundred adventurers of all nations; and in 1497 James collected his forces at Ellamkirk, and they marched into England together, setting forth a proclamation in the name of Richard IV., King of England. Very few however joined him, and the Scots made war in their usual

CAMEO XXIV.

Scotch invasion. 1496.

fashion, with horrible and barbarous ravages. Perkin, bred up to a cultivated life in peaceful Flanders, was greatly distressed, and besought that his people might be spared; but all the answer he got from James, was, "Sir, methinketh you take much pain for the realm of another prince."

Pity was nothing but weakness in the eyes of the fifteenth century. Hall calls this stern answer "reproving the lightness of this young fond foundling;" and of the foundling's own sentiment of compassion says, "It is a world to remember in this place of a certain kind of ridiculous mercy and compassion, by the which Perkin was so sore moved, that it seemed him to regard nothing more than the commodity of another man."

Certainly, horror at bloodshed might seem to be an evidence against his being the son of the victor of Towton and Tewkesbury. This seems to have been his only token of cowardice. He was not delivered up by Ramsay; for the Scots found little to subsist upon, and on the approach of an English army, insisted on being led back again; so James retreated, taking Perkin with him, and returned to the gaieties of his court, while the Homes availed themselves of the state of hostility of the two countries to make forays on the Borders.

The tax which this war rendered necessary led to a great outbreak in Cornwall, where the populace cried out for the execution of Archbishop Morton, the Chancellor, and led by one Flammock, an attorney, and Joseph, a blacksmith, advanced into Somersetshire, where Lord Audley joined them and led them across the country as far as to Blackheath. It was not a rising in favour of "Richard IV.," only against paying taxes, and its progress was so easy because the army was away in the north, opposing the Scots; and when the troops returned, Henry only waited for a Saturday, which he regarded as his lucky day, and then caused the Earl of Oxford to fall on the rear of the rebels, while he himself withstood them in the front. The Cornishmen stoutly defended Deptford Bridge, but when that was taken, fled, and all the leaders were made prisoners; Lord Audley was beheaded, the other two hanged, and the rest were pardoned, probably because they do not seem to have shown any cruelty or barbarity on the march.

James made another attempt to advance into England; but his people would not take up Warbeck's cause, and the Spanish ambassadors undertook to make peace. Don Pedro de Ayala was the ambassador to Henry; Don Pedro de Puebla to James, with whom he seems to have been much struck. He says, he was "as handsome in complexion and shape as a man could be," and spoke Latin, French, German, Flemish, Italian, and Spanish, besides "the language of the savages who live in some parts of Scotland and on the islands." Also, he was well read in the Bible, devout books, and English and French histories, ate no meat on Wednesdays and Fridays, and would not ride even to Mass on Sunday for any consideration. He heard two Masses daily, and said all his prayers; he was liberal in almsgiving, and "rarely even in jest a word escaped him that was not the truth;" and what Puebla called a

CAMEO XXIV.

Perkin made prisoner. 1496.

miracle was that he had never seen "a man so temperate in eating and drinking out of Spain; indeed, such a thing seems to be superhuman in these countries."

Ayala and Puebla, with most of the Scots on their side, persuaded James that he could not maintain the cause of Warbeck any longer; but he could not be persuaded to give up his guest to his enemies; he treated him with royal honours to the last, and when at last obliged to part made another feigned attack on England, carrying with him the favourite Scottish cannon, Mons Meg, while his great captain, Robert Barton, in his best ship, conveyed the adventurer and Lady Katharine from Ayr to Cork. The Irish would not rise in Warbeck's favour; and he therefore proceeded to Bodmin, where he found the Cornishmen quite ready for a fresh plea for insurrection; and placing Lady Katharine for security at St. Michael's Mount, he marched at the head of three thousand men to Exeter. There the citizens held out against him bravely. One of the gates he burnt down; but they, "repulsing fire by fire," kept up the flames he had raised till they had dug a deep trench behind, which effectually kept him out. He gave up the assault, and advanced as far as Taunton, where the royal army came in sight. Perkin put his force in array at night, and rode up and down encouraging them; but the sight of the great well-ordered army of England, to which he had only wild Cornishmen to oppose, made him give up his cause as hopeless; and in the night he left them to their fate, took a swift horse, and rode with sixty men to the New Forest, where he took sanctuary at Beaulieu Abbey. When his departure was discovered, the Cornishmen submitted to Henry, who hanged their leaders; and after the others, bare-headed and with halters round their necks, had besought his mercy, he let them go home as best they might.

He himself advanced to Exeter, whence he sent a party to bring him Lady Katharine from St. Michael's Mount. She came into his presence blushing and in tears, and her loveliness touched even his cold heart. He treated her kindly, and sent her to London, with "a goodly sort of grave and sad matrons," to his queen. She remained as her attendant and was still called, for her beauty, the White Rose of Scotland.

Severe fines were laid on all the villages which had assisted Perkin and exacted with great rigour; while the King sent troops to surround Beaulieu. He would not violate the sanctuary, but it was impossible to leave it, and constant persuasions were addressed to the fugitive to come forth on the promise of pardon. He yielded at last; and the King spared his life, though he would not see him, but on the return to London caused him to ride at some distance in the rear to the Tower. Everyone watched him with curiosity, and when he entered the Tower expected never to see him more; but he was presently conducted to Westminster, where for six months he lived, apparently at large, but really never allowed to stir out of sight of his keepers, and continually brought before commissioners who examined him on every circumstance in his life.

CAMEO XXIV.

Death of Perkin. 1499.

This lasted about six months, and then he succeeded in making his escape; but the tidings were no sooner known than the King's guards were all on the alert, every port was watched, and he was obliged at last to surrender himself to the Prior of Shene. Intercession was made for him to the King, who again spared his life, but caused him to be put in irons, conducted from the front of Westminster Hall to the stocks in Cheapside, and at each place made to read a confession, probably drawn up by the commissioners who had examined him, declaring himself to be a native of Tournay, son of John Warbeck, and so on. After this he was imprisoned in the Tower, where the state captives seem to have lived together rather as if they were in a castle. Here he made acquaintance with the young weak-minded Earl of Warwick, whom at that very time a shoemaker's son, named Ralph Wulford, was personating—like Lambert Simnel—in Kent. Henry must have been wearied out with these impostors, for he did not spare this third, but put him at once to death.

After about a year's captivity, Warbeck was found to be conspiring in the Tower. He must have been a very winning and attractive person, for all who came in contact with him both believed his story and were bound to his cause. Not only the poor half imbecile Edward of Warwick was gained over by him, but also four of the warders in the Tower, who undertook to murder their lieutenant, Sir John Digby, get the keys, and conduct the two captives to some place of safety, where the one might be proclaimed as Richard IV., and the other, as Duke of Clarence, might raise the retainers of his house. The plot was discovered, and they were brought to trial; but it was believed by some that Henry had employed agents to tempt the two unhappy young men into treason, that he might have an excuse for ridding himself of them. They were not tried together, but Warbeck, after long deliberation on the forms of law, was indicted for having come into the kingdom to levy war against the King, and on the 23rd of November, 1499, was drawn to Tyburn with his first adherent, John O'Water, Mayor of Cork, and there, he having confessed on the faith of a dying man that the statement he had read in the stocks was true, they were both put to death.

Warwick's trial had been going on at the same time before the House of Lords, though he was not technically a peer, his father's attainder never having been reversed, and he never having taken the oaths, having been a prisoner ever since his birth; and he was now twenty-nine. He was arraigned for having conspired with Warbeck to raise sedition and destroy the King. He probably hardly knew what the words meant, but he pleaded guilty as he was bidden; and there was no mercy for him, innocent as he was. The personations of him, and the eager attachment of the people to the last male Plantagenet, made Henry feel his throne insecure while that feeble guileless life continued. Foreign powers regarded connections with his family as dangerous; and he confirmed the sentence by which Edward Plantagenet, Earl

CAMEO XXIV.

Extinction of the Plantagenets.

1499.

of Warwick, was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 24th of November, 1499.

So, with the fifteenth century, closed the family which had been the most able and distinguished in Europe for at least two centuries.

The only heirs of Plantagenet were now females: the Queen; her four sisters—of whom Cecily was the wife of Lord Wells; Anne, of Thomas Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk; Katharine, of William Courtenay, eldest son of the Earl of Devon; and Bridget, a nun at Deptford. Margaret, the sister of the unfortunate Warwick, was married to Richard de la Pole. This nobleman was the son of Elizabeth Plantagenet, the sister of Edward IV., by her second marriage. Her eldest son, the Earl of Lincoln, had died in Lambert Simnel's conspiracy; but her second marriage had given her two other sons, Edmund Earl of Suffolk, and Richard. The other two daughters of Richard of York, Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, and Anne, Lady St. Leger, were childless; so that royal blood was comprised in these few families, together with Henry Stafford, the young Duke of Buckingham, a descendant of Thomas, son of Edward III.

Lady Katharine, the White Rose, remained at Henry's court, without ever returning to Scotland. She afterwards married Sir Matthew Cradock, with whom she seems to have led a happy life. She lies buried with him in Swansea Church, in Glamorganshire. Happily she had brought Perkin no child to perpetuate the claim; but she bore one daughter to Sir Matthew, Margaret, who married Sir Edward Herbert of Ewyas, who in the time of Edward VI. became Earl of Pembroke.

CAMEO XXV.

ALEXANDER VI. AND SAVONAROLA.

(1484—1499.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King and Q. of Spain*
1485. Henry VII.	1488. James IV.	1485. Charles VIII.	1474. Fernando and Isabel.

Emperors of Germany.	*Popes.*
1442. Frederick III.	1484. Innocent VIII.
1493. Maximilian I.	1492. Alexander VI.

CAMEO XXV. — *Corruption in Italy.*

THE history of England becomes more and more involved with that of other nations as time advances. The inventions of paper and printing tended to make the thoughts of one nation more rapidly current in another than hitherto; and at the same time the tendency of each country to centralize power upon the crown, led to dealings of the sovereigns among themselves, rather than with the great nobles, who had hitherto rivalled their power at home.

A tremendous convulsion, affecting all Italy, and through Rome the whole Western Church, and leaving consequences which the whole Western Church and body politic of Europe still feel, was now taking place. England was not directly engaged in it; but England felt the effects to her heart's core. If the execution of the last Plantagenet marks the close of the middle ages, so it may be that the election of Alexander VI. as Pope was the crisis of corruption in the Church, and the true commencement of the Reformation. The north of Italy had been regarded as part of the Western Empire; but its remoteness from Germany had led to virtual independence on the part of its cities. When the Emperors were powerful, as in the time of the Hohenstaufen, they struggled for the mastery, and would at times overcome an individual city, though never the whole number, and never for long together. And in the time of weakness and disruption which ensued on the extinction of that mighty house, the republics flourished unmolested by any outer force, and only feeling the inherent evils of their own form of government. Merchant communities, as most of them were, could not but strongly feel the influence of riches, especially where the boundaries were so limited that there was hardly space for more than one family to become exceedingly wealthy. So these great merchant houses gradually arrogated to themselves a sort of hereditary government of their townsmen, which, when sufficiently secure, they

CAMEO XXV.

Lorenzo dei Medici. 1489.

would sometimes try to raise to the level of a principality, by applying to the Emperor for a grant of the state as a dukedom. This had been done in the case of Milan, which had very early been absorbed by the Visconti—so long, indeed, that the family was already in a state of decadence—and had passed through marriage to the Sforze, children of a soldier of fortune. Florence, however—a city always containing men of much greater ability—though rent to her very foundations by fierce factions, had preserved her independence much later. The enslaving family—that of the Medici—was only in the second generation. Their name still showed their trade in medicine to be unforgotten; their cognizance, the *palle*, or balls, were six gilded pills, three of which are still the badge of a pawnbroker's shop, recalling us to the time when the chief money-lenders were Lombards, and that from them the miscellaneous articles apt to be put in pawn were denominated Lombard, *i.e.* lumber! Lorenzo dei Medici, the true ruler of Florence was, however, too shrewd a man to annoy his fellow-citizens by seeking any title that would make them sensible of the gilded chains in which he held them. He was a learned, able, accomplished man, of elegant tastes, delightful manners, and great though well-veiled astuteness, loving the reality of power rather than the show of it, and quietly bent upon making his family dominant. He had three sons, Piero, Giovanni, and Giuliano; and these, with Giulio, the illegitimate child of a brother of his who had been assassinated early in life, were bred up under Poliziano, the first scholar of his time in classical learning and philosophy. His lessons were admired, and his teaching resorted to, by all the ablest men of the day, and as will be seen, had no small influence, even on England. It was under Lorenzo that the marvellous talents of Michelangelo Buonarotti, the king of all artists, were first discovered, and "Il Magnifico" was another Augustus in his power of perceiving and encouraging excellence in every department. He was not an absolutely irreligious or unconscientious man; he loved the beautiful in all things too much, and he never made a barbarous use of his power; but he had no real or deep principle, and his quiet elegant sensuality and steady self-aggrandizement were most corrupting examples. The refined paganism of the later Greeks and Romans, such as he imagined it, had seized upon his mind. He was one of the first great collectors of their remains, the founder of the museum which has made Florence famous ever since; and besides their poetry and philosophy, the degraded Christianity of the venal Roman court looked to his eye hopelessly childish and superstitious; while on the other hand, the Papacy, as it stood beside him, was a dangerous power, which must be judiciously dealt with. Of the Church Catholic apart from these he had no notion.

There was one man, however, in Florence who had. Geronimo Francesco Savonarola, one of those souls moulded from the first for great actions and great changes, was born in 1452, of a noble family at Ferrara. He undertook the usual studies for which Italy was then famous; and his theological reading so impressed him, that at twenty-

CAMBO XXV.

Savonarola at Florence. 1489.

three years of age he left home, and took refuge among the Dominican brethren at Bologna, where he shortly after assumed the white gown and black mantle of the Order of the stern St. Dominic. Italy was verily in that corrupt state which makes it the impulse and refuge of the pious to take refuge in convents from a world so replete with foulness that they can hardly live a secular life without stain. Every detail that reaches us of the lives led by the rich and educated classes, shows us that a kind of elegant sensuality, and contempt, rather than disbelief, of religion, everywhere prevailed—among none more than the wealthy clergy, who clustered round the wicked and corrupt Papal court, and while they cherished the remains of paganism, mocked the credulity of the Christian world, whence they drew their revenues. The poverty of the two mendicant orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis at least preserved them from this form of corruption; and it was among them that Savonarola found refuge. A spare man, with a delicate hawk nose, and wonderful deep Italian eyes, he was intensely nervous and sensitive; and fasting and discipline, such as he adopted to the very utmost, had so severe an effect on him, that when his superiors, discovering his talents, called on him to give lectures on philosophy, his voice was weak and harsh, and though he was learned, his style gave little satisfaction. But the sense gathered upon Fra Geronimo that he had a message to deliver. The feeling that the whole body of the Church and State were corrupt grew on him, and the impulse of a preacher of righteousness drew him on. In 1484, he began to preach at Brescia a course of sermons on the Apocalypse, in a voice that those who had heard him before hardly recognized, so full, deep, harmonious, and full of majesty did intense feeling render it, as he held up before the Brescians their sins, and predicted that ere long their walls would be bathed in blood. After this, in 1489, he came to the convent of San Marco at Florence, the house where he spent eight memorable years, and which will be for ever associated with his name. There his influence brought his brother friars to strict discipline and holy lives, and his sermons and influence in the Confessional were filling all Florence with a deep and awful sense of penitence and fear, against which the rich and luxurious vainly struggled. His preaching was of the stern ascetic order, that is always needed when the pomps and vanities of the world are at their height. He was a John the Baptist, sternly calling sinners to repentance. His three watchwords for the Church were, 'Chastening, Purification, Speed." He likewise had a strong enmity to tyranny, and abhorred the servility that had allowed one overgrown citizen to usurp authority over the rest. When in 1491, he was elected prior of San Marco, he refused to comply with the illegal custom that the new prior should go and take an oath of fealty to Lorenzo, as if he had been a lawful sovereign. "To God only will I swear obedience," he said; and Lorenzo durst not molest him, but tried to bring him over by frequenting the services at San Marco, and then walking in the garden, in hopes that the prior would come to bear him company.

CAMEO XXV.

Death of Lorenzo. 1492.

But Fra Girolamo, as the Florentines called him, continued to preach against the tyranny and licentiousness of his court as much as ever. And early in the next year (1492) Lorenzo, though only forty-four, found himself dying of a fever, and oppressed by a heavy sense of the sins of his life. He sent for Fra Girolamo, "the only faithful priest," as he said. It was one of those crises that mark the life of the true prophet-priest, when the monk stood by the bed-side of the dying Magnifico.

Three sins Lorenzo confessed with tears and sobs, so that the priest was forced continually to encourage him with saying, "God is merciful;" the three crimes that weighed most heavily on his conscience, namely, the cruel sack of a city, a robbery of the poor, and the barbarous vengeance he had taken for the murder of his brother.

Savonarola comforted him with hopes of forgiveness; but before absolution could be granted, he said, three things were required from the penitent. "First, a firm hope in God's infinite mercy."

"That I have, most certainly."

"Next, make restitution of the funds taken from the poor."

Lorenzo was much agitated, but nodded his head.

"Lastly, restore freedom to the Florentines."

This was the one thing Lorenzo would not do. That unjust usurpation had been the work of his father's life and his own. He would not yield the power it conferred away from his family. He turned round in his bed, and hid his face. It was no true repentance; the faithful priest refused him absolution, and left him to die in remorse and grief, but still holding fast the cherished evil. He died on the 8th of April, 1492, the date from which Italy reckons her miseries; and his son Piero, a proud dissolute young man who had imbibed mere effeminacy and luxury in his father's elegant court, and was devoid of all his ability and higher qualities, assumed the power which was to be his ruin.

Another death took place in the following June, which had still worse consequences—that of the Pope, Innocent VIII., who was no loss in himself, but whose death opened the way to the election of perhaps the most disgraceful character who ever sat in the much-abused chair of St. Peter.

Rodrigo Lenzuoli's mother had been the sister of the Spanish Pope, Calixtus II., who had caused him to assume his own family name of Borgia, had made him a cardinal, and had heaped upon him every benefice in his power. His life was meantime so publicly disgraceful, that the ensuing Pope, Pius II., a good and devout man, had banished him from his presence, and laid him under public censure; but the college of cardinals were already so corrupt that they would not have too strict a pontiff; and after Pius, they elected in succession two who permitted them to wallow in sensuality to their heart's content. Cardinal Borgia was not only the most profligate but the most avaricious among them, and contrived to heap together such a quantity of wealth, that upon the death of Innocent VIII. he was able to bribe all except five out of the other sixty-nine cardinals, and of those one was the rival

CAMEO XXV.

Election of Alexander VI.

1492.

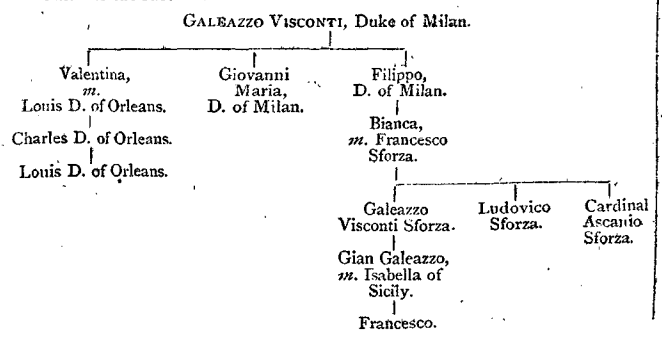
candidate, Ascanio Sforza, and the other his near relation. The conclave declared him Pope, and he took the title of Alexander VI.

All the pious and virtuous were full of horror at this profane and simoniacal election. Savonarola, as he read the prophecies in the Old Testament, and preached on them in the most glowing words, beheld in this outrageous choice of a shepherd, known to be unfaithful, the pledge of speedy judgment. In a dream he beheld a hand holding a mighty sword, with the inscription, "*Gladius Domini super terram citò et velociter*,"—"The sword of the Lord upon the earth soon and swiftly!" while voices proclaimed mercy to the faithful, judgment upon the impenitent, and bade him proclaim the message. It was a perfectly true message. Fra Girolamo was nearer inspiration than any other man of his time; and his burning proclamation of the peril struck awe into many a careless heart. There was a reformation in Florence. Many of the burghers laid aside their revelries and pagan books, their seductive tales and frivolous amusements; the women dressed modestly and plainly, and attended to their homes and their children; and Piero dei Medici, well knowing what the friar's counsel to his dying father had been, shuddered with rage and fear at this tacit condemnation of his own debauched levity, accused the Prior of San Marco of sowing disaffection, and procured his banishment from Florence for about six months.

No wonder he was alien to the Prior, for at that very moment he was embroiling Italy by his foolish vain desire of shining as the ambassador from Florence to compliment the foul wretch who had been raised up to shame the Church.

Italy was broken up into so many little states, that all able men felt that the only safety from foreign aggression—especially since France, Germany, and Spain had each now become so much better knit together and more powerful—was in union. No one felt this more than the clever and cunning Ludovico Sforza—called Il Moro, from his mulberry-leaf badge—who governed Milan in the name of his weak nephew, Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti.* He proposed that by way of showing

* This was the succession:—



CAMEO XXV.

Piero dei Medici. 1492.

the strength and friendship of the Italian powers, the ambassadors of Milan, Florence, Ferrara, and Naples, should all coalesce to congratulate the Pope, all enter Rome together, repair to the Vatican, and that one orator should make an address in the name of all.

This by no means suited Piero dei Medici, who was in the midst of employing all the tailors and goldsmiths in Florence to deck out his suite with the gems collected by his father. One page was to wear a collar valued at two thousand florins; and he did not choose that his splendour should be eclipsed by the entrance of three more embassies at once. So he tampered with the King of Naples, and persuaded him to withdraw his promise to the Milanese, and separate his embassy.

This King of Naples was naturally disinclined to Sforza, for his daughter Isabella was the wife of Giovanni Galeazzo, the rightful Duke of Milan, but so nearly imbecile that his uncle had prolonged his minority in a manner most hateful to the high-spirited young wife, who appealed to her father against the oppression her husband suffered. Threatened himself in his regency, Ludovico began to bethink himself of means of annoying the Neapolitan king, who had failed in his promises to Milan. No King of Naples or Sicily had been secure on his throne since the extinction of the Old House of Hauteville. After the death of Conradin, the House of Anjou and the Kings of Aragon had struggled for the "Two Sicilies"—sometimes held them separately, sometimes united them—till at last René (the father of our Margaret) had been entirely driven out by Alfonso King of Aragon, who had made the kingdom a portion for his illegitimate son Ferdinando.

But René in his days of poverty had sold his rights over Provence, the Two Sicilies, Calabria, and Jerusalem, to Louis XI.; and Charles VIII. might be considered to have inherited them. Provence he really held; and Ludovico thought that his pretensions to the Two Sicilies might at any rate be made sufficiently available to prevent King Ferdinando from interfering in the affairs of Milan, so he sent an invitation to the French king to assert his claim, offering him a passage through Lombardy for his army.

Charles VIII. was now twenty-two, and exactly the youth whom such an invitation would set on fire. His head was full of the romances of chivalry, and he imagined war to be a sort of longer and more stately tournament. He believed himself to be another Charlemagne, and imitated the traditions of his court. Just as Henry VII. had named his eldest son Arthur, Charles VIII. called his Charles Roland, after Roland or Orlando, the Achilles of the cycle of the Charlemagne romances, the same whose dying blast on his famous horn was sounded at Roncevaux, and whose sword was said to have cleft the Pyrenees. He was Warden of the Marches of Brittany too; so the name may have been chosen in compliment to the stately young Breton mother of the little Dauphin, who, while her husband had a body-guard commanded by nine favourite knights, called the *Neuf preux*, in imitation

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—
Charles VIII
1493.

of the Nine Worthies, had a suite of her own of two hundred Breton gentlemen, and chose to be called the Queen-Duchess. It is to be observed, however, that the godfather was chosen not for his rank but for his saintliness. He was Francesco of Paula, a little town in Calabria, a friar from early youth of the Order of his patron, the great St. Francis of Assisi, but with a yearning for greater strictness than he found in the brethren of his time. He had retired to a cavern, slept upon a board, maintained a perpetual fast, and when disciples thronged to him, obtained permission to form them into an Order, which, whereas the first Franciscans were called Fratres Minores, lesser brothers, were Fratres Minimi, least brothers. Louis XI., when dying, had insisted on the holy man being sent him, regarding him as a sort of charm; but the ascetic stoutly refused to desert his retirement and his brethren for the sake of the superstitious old crowned sinner. Then the King made interest with the Pope, who commanded him to go; and he had ever since lived in a hermitage at Plessis les Tours, and was called the Holy Man of Plessis Park. He was just the sort of holy man to suit the French taste, absolutely saintly, and devout to the utmost, an exciting marvel as to the rigours he would undergo in the most perfect humility and simplicity, but too ignorant, unintellectual, and narrow, to interfere with the course of the world around him, except by praying for it. All the fine ladies in France adored him; and the Duchess of Angoulême, Louisa of Savoy, had made him sponsor to her son, a future King of France.

Charles really was the most powerful monarch who had sat on the French throne for many generations; and he had a fiery nobility, who had pined for war all through his father's time. The guilt and misery were nothing to them; they only wanted glory and plunder, and the remonstrances of the councillors of the parliament of Paris, and of his prudent sister, Anne Duchess of Bourbon, were alike vain. She had to yield to the other Anne, who had a good deal of the *maîtresse femme* in her likewise, and though unwilling to part with her husband, still thirsted for his glory.

Louis de la Tremouille, the victor of St Aubin, was the chief general of the army which the King himself accompanied across the Alps, by the Genevre pass, on the 2nd of September, 1494.

The sword indeed was coming; and Sforza, who had invoked it, must have regretted it himself, for his nephew Giovanni was fast dying, and the death of Ferdinando of Naples removed his chief enemy. Alphonso II., Ferdinand's son and successor, was in alliance with Piero dei Medici, who promised him to raise Tuscany to stop the French army; and as soon as the siege of the Tuscan fortresses by the French army began, he hurried to the spot, fancying that he should arrange everything, and overawe the enemy by his presence; but no sooner did he come in contact with royalty, than—young, dull, and unimposing as Charles VIII. was—the Florentine lost head entirely, and very quietly surrendered to him all the fortresses he

CAMEO XXV.

Expulsion of the Medici.
1494

demanded, and which he had not in the least expected to obtain without resistance. They were all made over to his garrisons, on his promise to restore them when he should have secured the kingdom of Naples.

Such tidings naturally made the Florentines furious against the youth, who was using his illegal power, not as his father had at least done—for the honour and dignity of the state, but to betray its interests. They were ready to rise and sack the palaces of the Medici and their friends; but Fra Girolamo drew the whole town to the cathedral, and there preached a noble sermon—not on politics, but on brotherly love and charity, and thus averted the evil. But it was felt that this was the moment for re-establishing the liberty of Florence; and that though the French could not now be prevented from traversing the territory, they might be utilised for the overthrow of the tyranny.

Three ambassadors, of whom the Prior of San Marco was one, set forth to meet Charles; while the Signoria proclaimed the Medici rebels, and recalled all the political exiles they had made. The few kinsmen who had been left in the town vainly tried to maintain their cause; and Piero, hurrying home on the tidings, found himself shut out of his palace, which, with all its gardens and museums, was reserved for the lodging of the French king; his *palle* were everywhere torn down, and the *gigli*, the lilies—the flowers of Florence—substituted for them, and he himself was obliged to draw off, full of rage and mortification, to Bologna.

Meantime the messengers of the Republic came up with the King at Pisa, where Fra Girolamo made him a noble address upon his mission to do the cleansing, pardoning, liberating work of a messenger of God, a chosen instrument, and threatening him that if he failed in his great appointed task, another would be raised up in his stead.

Charles listened, and was very civil to the friar, but without much notion that he was at all a greater man than the "Frater Minimus" at Plessis. His French vanity was perfectly convinced already that he was a chosen instrument, or anything magnificent that anyone chose to call him; but it was his own glorification which filled up his imagination much too fully for this address to make any impression beyond that of an ordinary compliment. He went on to Florence, and made a state entrance there, in a black velvet suit, with a cloth-of-gold cloak, and carrying his lance in rest, which was supposed to denote that he entered as a conqueror. Indeed, when he was lodged in the palace of the Medici, the Signoria found that he really did regard his right as thus established; he announced that he had become the sovereign of the city, and should consider whether to re-establish the Medici, or permit the Signoria to carry on the government with the help of some lawyers on the part of the crown.

The Florentines made reply that he had come as their guest, and that they could not regulate the manner in which he chose to ride, but that neither to him nor to anyone else would they give up their liberty;

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Entrance of the French. 1493.

and as the French looked at the narrow streets and fortress palaces of Florence, they perceived that this sovereignty would not be easy to maintain, unless all the citizens were as readily cowed as Piero. So they consented to waive their pretensions for a sum of money; but the amount was so enormous, that when the demand was presented to Pier Capponi, the president of the clerks at Florence, as the King's ultimatum, he tore it up, saying, "If so, sound your trumpets, and we will ring our bells!" and out of the room he rushed.

The bells were quite ready to ring, but the trumpets did not sound. Instead of this, it was intimated that the Florentines might propose their own terms; and this they did, with considerable moderation and good sense. Afterwards Savonarola was employed to exhort the King to leave Florence, before any quarrel should break out between his soldiers and the citizens; and this he was not unwilling to do, especially as his knights and nobles had been helping themselves to whatever pleased their fancy among the splendid furniture, dresses, pictures, and ornaments of every kind amassed by Lorenzo dei Medici and his father. It was a shameful return for the hospitality with which they had been treated; but probably Savonarola and his friends did not much regret their ravages, and would have made them welcome to the palace, so long as the liberties were spared.

Fra Girolamo had little toleration for such adornments, which he looked on at the best as frivolous worldly gewgaws, often much worse; and in the great reform which he and his friends now established at Florence he made a general sweep of all the seductive follies of which he disapproved. Men and women wore grave and sober garments, feasting and revelry were discouraged, and everything done to promote the serious steadfastness and true manliness accordant with the Christian life. What Savonarola cared for was to see men fulfil the perfect Christian life, to "stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free," in the perfect freedom of His service; and therefore he strove for the old constitution, which was the true inheritance of Florence, and gave far more hope of such obedience than the unlawful tyranny of the wicked family who had been driven away. But there were of course other parties in the state. There were clever men, lovers of the revived classics, who saw in Florence another Athens, and in the Medici, Pisistratus and his sons. They sought political liberty, but for the sake not of the Church, but of the world, and hated the religion of Fra Girolamo, though they might think it a convenient tool for dealing with the common sort. Then again, there were all the meanly ambitious, and the dissipated, who wanted the Medici back again, because a court could bestow offices and afford pleasures never to be obtained from the grave business-like Signoria of sober citizens. The marvel was, that among all these contending elements the great Prior of San Marco was able to hold the ascendency he possessed.

Meantime Charles—after an attack of small-pox, which laid him up for a short time at Asti—had gone on his way. The death of Giovanni

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Orleans' claim to Milan. 1493.

Galeazzo was at first supposed to throw all the power at Milan into the hands of Sforza, when, behold, the Duke of Orleans claimed it in right of his grandmother, Valentina Visconti, and the Moro began to feel that his had been a dangerous experiment.

Alexander VI. was also exceedingly alarmed as Charles VIII. marched on Rome. The King had been hearing Savonarola, and the cardinals who had refused bribes had come to him with representations of the irregular simoniacal election of this scandal to the clergy, beseeching him to deliver the Church from such a ruler. Alexander shut himself up in the Castle of St. Angelo, and prepared for a siege.

A great opportunity was in Charles's hand. He could have collected a synod at Rome, inquired into the abuses, and purified them, with the consent of the Church, and with the aid of Savonarola and the men even then growing up in England, Germany, France—and then the schism of the next century might have been averted, and with it, how much of evil! But Charles's vanity blinded him to all but his own private scheme of glory. He was a little afraid of the Pope's name, and had not grasp enough of mind to perceive the greatness of the cause. He wanted to go on with his chivalrous excursion to conquer Naples, and not to be hindered with Churchmen's questions; so he made a treaty with Alexander VI., got all the fortresses and all the honours he wanted, even to being crowned Emperor of Constantinople. Cardinal Valentino Cesare Borgia, the Pope's illegitimate son—the handsomest, cleverest, and the wickedest man of the time—was appointed as the papal legate to his army, and on he went to the south.

There, King Alphonso, a very unpopular man, shrank from the contest, abdicated, and hid himself in a convent in Sicily; and his gallant son, Ferdinando, found himself deserted by the fickle Neapolitan populace, and unable to make any defence. He too retired, and Charles marched on to Naples, where he was received enthusiastically. The clergy met him at the cathedral door, with two children dressed as angels, and carrying the crown; and on the 22nd of February, 1495, he received the homage of all the nobility of the country. His triumph was complete, and he gave himself up to the whole course of amusements that were thought to befit a chivalrous conqueror—tilts and tournaments, dances, revelries, and banquets. From the time he came into Naples till the time he went out of it, his father's wise old counsellor the historian Comines, reports, he thought of nothing but amusing himself, and his counsellors were just the same, never even securing the castles, or doing anything to keep this lightly-gotten kingdom.

In the midst of a great tournament at Castle Nuovo, there came tidings that all Lombardy behind him was in an uproar; Ludovico Sforza, dismayed by the pretensions of Orleans to Milan, was organizing a league between the Venetians, the Pope, and the Emperor Maximilian, for securing the independence of Italy, and keeping it from being attached to France. Indeed, the Pope already ventured to show

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Charles crowned at Naples. 1493.

his enmity by refusing him the investiture of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which had been held to be a fief of the Church ever since the days of Robert Guiscard. However, he took it for himself, lifting the crown from the altar of St. Januarius to put it on his own head; and then, after three months' stay, setting forth on his return, leaving Gilbert de Montpensier, of the House of Bourbon, and the Sieur d'Aubigny, a Stewart, as governors for him at Naples. His troops, ill-disciplined as the men of such a leader were sure to be, had all the way through Italy committed violences enough to make their march hateful to the people. At Rome, the Pope did not choose to meet him again, but left the city; and the soldiers, though here cautioned by the King, renewed their excesses and rudeness. The Italian bands, led by the condottieri, were never half so savage to the inhabitants, except when they took a town by assault; and the hatred the French had inspired had raised all Italy against them except Florence, where the Republic remembered with gratitude that the King's advance had overthrown the Medici; and moreover, the principles of Savonarola made oaths of more value than they were in other places. But to the wrath and alarm of the Florentines, they found that Piero was in correspondence with Charles, and was persuading him to bring about a restoration. This alarmed them so much, that they provided arms and weapons, and sent an intimation to Charles that they should fight to the last extremity if he attempted to bring the Medici into the town again. He could not afford to lose his only ally, so he forbade Piero to go near the Florentine territory, and indeed, avoided it himself, going instead to Pisa. On his way, he was again met by Fra Girolamo, who now spoke to him in far severer tones, rebuking him for the folly and vanity that had wasted all the opportunities bestowed upon him in this expedition, and the violences of his troops, which had alienated everyone from him. If he went on in this course, the friar sternly assured him, these were only the beginnings of the woes that would befall him.

Charles's situation was very dangerous. He had left the Duke of Orleans in command at Asti, with express orders to do nothing to alarm Ludovico Sforza with respect to his pretensions on Milan while affairs were in this critical state; but Louis could not resist the temptation of an invitation from the malcontents of Novara to take possession of the place. Two gentlemen, who had been unjustly treated by Sforza, opened the gates, and admitted Orleans and his army. The effect of this was to alarm the League all the more; and a great army of Venetians, Germans, and Lombards, all assembled on the banks of the Taro, near Fornovo, to cut off the return of Charles and his army. Their numbers were immensely superior, and the French had come up greatly spent by five days of dreadful marching in the Apennines; but though there was not much real generalship on either side, French fire, backed by the determined steadiness of the Swiss pikemen whom they had in their pay, gained a most complete and brilliant victory on the 6th of July, 1495. Charles himself was perfectly happy. He was like

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The battle of Fornovo. 1494.

another man, lost all his shyness and reserve; his cheeks lighted up, his figure looked dignified on his favourite one-eyed black horse, Savoy; and the speech he made to his men was full of spirit and courage. He knighted his nine preux just before the battle, and really fought like a lion, though not like a general, for Comines' verdict was, "It must have been from God alone that we had the honour, for considering the very little sense or order that there was amongst us, we certainly had no right to expect it." But on the other hand, the French were disinterested enough to attempt no pillage, and made no prisoners, gaining nothing by the battle but victory and a terrible fame. The cry of the vanquished, "Nothing can resist French fury," passed into a proverb. Charles continued his march, assisted Orleans to leave Novara, where it was impossible to hold out, and made an unsatisfactory treaty with Ludovico Sforza; then hastened back to France, satisfied at having won a kingdom and a battle, feeling his laurels gained, and too shallow to understand his responsibilities, or the awful opportunities he had neglected.

Anne of Brittany hastened to meet him at Lyons; but in the midst of the rather grotesque rejoicing at his triumph arrived tidings of the death of the little Dauphin, Charles Roland. The Queen's grief was agonizing; and after the favourite French fashion, there was an endeavour to divert her mind by a succession of entertainments. One given by the Duke of Orleans, at Blois, resulted only in further wounding her feelings, for she thought Louis showed unseemly gaiety, as if rejoicing that he was again heir to the throne.

Meantime, the young King of Naples, Ferdinand, assisted by the troops of his kinsmen, the sovereigns of Castile and Aragon, had returned; and as Montpensier and D'Aubigny received no help from home, before the end of 1496 every foot of the French conquests had been retaken, and almost the whole army left there had been cut off by sword or sickness, so that it was but a miserable remnant that were sent home to France by their captors.

That same autumn another son was born to Charles and Anne, but he only lived a month; and the next year another infant opened its eyes merely to expire. Charles began to bethink him of the warnings of Fra Girolamo. Poor young man, he had been badly and narrowly educated between his father and his sister. He came early to power, with no training but such as he gained from chivalrous romances, and these were not in the lofty, religious, and pure mould in which the English mind had cast them, but were a mixture of wild fantastic courage and honour with gross sensuality. Their theme was not the pious quest of the Sanc Greal; it was rather the unlawful love of Tristan and Yseulte. And yet Charles had learnt from those romances the best he could. The son of the false, sneering, cruel Louis XI., never knowingly uttered an untrue or unkind word, nor ever commanded an act of wilful barbarity; and though small, sickly, and almost deformed, rose into kingly heroism at the approach of danger, and fought like a lion. "I believe,"

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Reform of Charles VIII. 1497.

said Philippe de Comines, "that never to any man did he say what ought to displease him." Sorrow was doing its work with him, and opening his mind to the perception that a king must be more than a true knight; and that a Christian ought to be a pure and self-denying being, far above the standard of his Rolands, Renauds, and Tristans. Fra Girolamo's sermon had taken long to work, but it was bearing fruit at last. In the autumn of 1497, he made an entire change of life. His old counsellor, Comines, thus writes of him:—

"He confessed that he had committed many faults in Italy, and told them over, and said that if he ever returned thither and recovered what he had lost, he would provide far better for the keeping of the country than before. Besides, the King had set his mind to live according to God's Commandments, and to put the administration of justice and the Church in order, and so to arrange his finances that he should only levy 1,200,000 francs a year . . . . . for the defence of the realm. For his own part, he would live on the crown lands alone. . . . . He had begun giving a public audience, where he listened to everyone, especially the poor, and suits were finished off. I saw him there a week before his death, for two good hours. I never saw him again. Great affairs were not transacted there, but at least it kept people in check, especially his officers, several of whom he suspended for pillage."

It must have been like the days of St. Louis under the Oak of Vincennes to the poor down-trodden peasants, when the King, who never spoke a rude or discourteous word, freely encouraged them to tell their complaints.

Something of the spirit of Henry V. seemed to have come to him. He thought much of convening a general council to reform the Church, and then of winning back Constantinople from the Turks. Alas! he had wasted his opportunities in his childish youth.

Charles's departure after the battle of Fornovo had been no small disaster to the Florentines, for all the League considered them traitors to the cause of Italy; and though it had been Piero dei Medici who had opened the door to the French and not they, the League took up his cause, abetted by the Pope, who hated nothing so much as the living saint and prophet who durst denounce him.

While, then, Piero collected mercenaries for his own restoration, and the citizens of Florence gallantly prepared for resistance, incited by noble sermons from Savonarola, the Pope sent first a summons to the friar to answer for false doctrine, and finally an inhibition to preach, which he thought himself forced to obey, though he did not deem himself obliged to go to Rome, being stopped by illness at the time his summons arrived. Indeed, his writings, which the Pope entrusted to a Dominican to get up a case against him, proved so perfectly sound, that Alexander thought of another expedient for silencing him, and sent to offer him a Cardinal's hat if he would change his style. "Come to my next sermon, and hear my answer!" he said.

Through the Lent of 1496 he continued to preach sermons, the effect of which our cold north at this distance of time cannot appreciate, for their fire and vigour, and the enthusiasm they produced. Righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, were their themes. He questioned no doctrine, no ceremonial. All he wanted was the glory

CAMEO XXV.

The burning of the Vanities. 1497.

of God, the purity of the Church, the holiness of the clergy, the devotion, bravery, and innocence, of man and woman. His books were profoundly orthodox, and the only reason he was hated was because darkness hateth light. His enemies tried to represent him as a foe to all art and learning; but so far from this, he saved the grand library of the Medici from being sold to Philippe de Comines, by causing his own convent of San Marco to buy it, and that convent was the home of some of the purest and noblest art in Italy.

But the foul and mischievous books, the drunken impure songs, the pictures of pagan licence, the masks, carnival dresses, and multitude of objects connected with mirth and amusement that could never be innocent, he utterly condemned. He had a number of young pupils, boys growing up under the influence of his stern enthusiasm; and these, in the carnival of 1497, he sent about the streets to collect "these Vanities" from the houses that had become ashamed of them. A short prayer was said as each was captured, to prevent its tainting the mind, and it was carried off to the general store. On Shrove Tuesday, a pious procession perambulated the streets, the priests going first, bearing a beautifully sculptured figure of the Infant Saviour—a work of art, for Savonarola hated tawdriness in churches, and rebuked the fashion of tinsel images, which he said were *vanità* in Church. Then came all his devotees, clad in white, singing, and each bearing a red cross and an olive-branch. In the centre of the piazza was a great pyramid with eight sides and fifteen stages, piled up with all these "Vanities," no doubt looking as ridiculous and grotesque as the art of his triumphant boys could manage. The inside was full of inflammable materials. Fire was set to the four corners, the trumpets sounded, the bells rang, the people shouted, the flames streamed up, and the "burning of the Vanities" was consummated! It was the most harmless *auto da fé* that ever took place, but it considerably embittered Girolamo's opponents, of whom there were many. Bernardo del Nero, a friend of the Medici, was chosen Gonfaloniere or Standard-bearer of the Republic, a most important office; and Piero would have been admitted but for his own want of nerve.

There were desperate struggles between the followers of Savonarola, Piagnoni as they were called, and the opposite party the *Arrabbiati*, or madmen. On Ascension Day, 1497, these last prepared for his preaching in the Cathedral by placing a donkey's skin in the pulpit, and preparing sharp nails where he was wont to strike his hand in fervour. His friends removed all these; but in the midst of his sermon the most frightful uproar was made, beating of drums, and clashing of benches, and armed men even advancing towards the pulpit; but the Piagnoni closed round and defended it, and the preacher stood holding aloft a crucifix, and crying, "Put your trust in this, and be not afraid!". And when his voice could no longer be heard, he knelt down and prayed till the tumult was over.

The Signoria forbade any more sermons by any priest whatsoever;

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Attempt to call a council.

1497.

and at the same time a Bull came out from the Pope, excommunicating Savonarola for disobedience, and for being under suspicion of heresy, a pretty plain proof that heresy there was none. He was reduced to writing, which he did effectively, but all the evil-minded had a complete triumph—the churches were deserted by all the mere seekers for excitement, and the haunts of vice were again thronged.

Then came a short, sharp visitation of the plague, during which Girolamo tended the sick, though he could not administer the Sacraments. People's minds returned to him again; and just at this time, Bernardo del Nero and four other citizens were discovered to be plotting with the Medici. It was a fatal offence against the State, but Bernardo, Medicean though he was, was a man of weight and worth, a friend of Lorenzo, and sharer in his really wise counsels, not a fosterer of Piero's excesses. The Signoria, and Savonarola with them, thought his death essential to the safety of the Republic to which he had proved himself a traitor. He was condemned, and suffered; and it is the most doubtful part in Savonarola's life, whether true Christian charity and forgiveness ought to have led him to intercede for Bernardo, and if he was too much led by party spirit. We are utterly unable to judge; but on the whole, this execution certainly did his cause harm.

A horrible scandal broke out in the Pope's family just at this time; Cesare Borgia murdered his brother, the Duke of Gandia, in the streets of Rome; and moreover, a shameless woman, the present favourite of Alexander, showed herself publicly at all the festivals of the Church. Savonarola made up his mind that an uncanonically elected Pope who stained his throne with such guilt was really incapable of exercising judgment; so he returned to perform the offices of his ministry, and drew up an appeal to all the kings of Europe to hold a council of the Church and depose Alexander, as John XXIII. had been deposed at Constance.

The first draft of this letter was sent off to Charles VIII., but the messenger was beset on his way by soldiers of Ludovico Sforza, murdered, robbed, and the despatches sent to their master, who handed the letter over to the Pope. Alexander's rage and fury knew no bounds, and he felt it was war to the death between him and the friar, who in the meantime had resumed his ministry on Christmas Day, and at the end of the Carnvial had another burning of the Vanities.

A Franciscan friar, attached to the Medici, named Francesco di Puglia, was sent to preach against Savonarola at Florence, and after declaring him to be a heretic and false prophet, said he heard that he had staked his truth on his power of raising the dead. This the Franciscan said he would not attempt, but he actually challenged his opponent to pass with him through a pile of burning wood by way of test whether he were a man of God. The Franciscan said he knew he should perish, but that he was willing it should be so, if he could thus deliver the Church from the heresiarch. One of Savonarola's most devoted friends, Fra Domenico, accepted the challenge, but the Franciscan was recalled by his superior. However, his enemies caught hold

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The Ordeal. 1498.

of the idea, and forced on the ordeal, thinking that if the champion were burnt, or whether he declined the contest, it would be alike the ruin of his cause. The first Franciscan, however, declared he would not enter the fire with anyone but Savonarola himself, and it was Fra Domenico who had undertaken the contest. However, another Franciscan was substituted, and on the appointed day, the 6th of April, 1496, all Milan was waiting in the piazza, around a platform forty yards long and five broad, covered with faggots steeped in oil and resin, leaving a path between about a yard in width, down which the two champions were to walk while the faggots blazed on either side of them. Fra Girolamo had celebrated a solemn Mass at San Marco, and recommended Fra Domenico to the prayers of the faithful; then came with his two hundred brethren in procession, chanting the sixty-eighth Psalm, "Let God arise." But none of his opponents the Franciscans appeared, and all sorts of excuses were sent. They declared that the garments of Fra Domenico were bewitched, and when he changed them they made further objection to his bearing the Holy Sacrament with him, as had be intended. At last, the Signoria, finding that the dispute had lasted all day, sent to forbid the ordeal; and the people, who had watched all day, and were in a rage at the disappointment, turned their wrath, not on the recreant Franciscans who were out of sight, but upon the Dominicans who could hardly reach their convent in safety. The next day there was apparently a lull, but the Arrabbiati were really stirring up the people for the absolute overthrow of the man they hated; and far away, one of the greatest of disasters was befalling Savonarola, though without his knowledge.

Charles VIII. of France had spent part of the Lent of 1498 in a pilgrimage to St. Denys—where, no doubt, he renewed his vows—and had returned to the Castle of Amboise, his favourite home, which he was trying to conform to the architecture he had admired in Italy. The place was in the confusion of building; and when after dinner he was invited to witness a game at tennis in the castle moat, he had to traverse a foul and unclean passage through the vaults to reach the spot, and while leading the Queen along, he struck his forehead violently against a low arch, and was stunned for a few moments, but recovered immediately, and stood about for two hours watching the game and talking gaily to the other spectators. But when a second time passing through this passage, he fell insensible. He was placed on a mattress, and nobody durst move him to purer or freer air, but he lay with all his court crowding round, never recognising anyone, only murmuring the name of a saint three times, until eleven o'clock at night, when he died, probably from suffusion on the brain, the 7th of April, 1498, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He had not been sensible enough to receive the rites of the Church, but he had confessed twice in the past week, and his confessors spoke highly of the piety of his disposition. He was the last of the descendants of the unfortunate Charles VII., excepting his two sisters—Jeanne, who was childless, and Anne, who

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Death of Charles VIII. 1498.

was the mother of one sickly girl. He was lamented by the whole nation, especially by all who had experienced his sweetness of disposition. An archer and a butler among his servants died of grief at his loss; and whilst France was awakening to grieve on that sad Palm Sunday, the Florentine mob, excited to frenzy, were making a rabid assault upon the Convent of San Marco.

There was a furious attack on the brotherhood, first at the Cathedral, and afterwards at Vespers in the Church of the Convent. The congregation fled, all but about thirty, who were determined to fight to the death for their spiritual father, and sixteen of the brotherhood also took up arms. The sight of friars fighting in the church was so dreadful to Savonarola, that he insisted that they should cease and let him deliver himself up to his enemies. "I do not know whether they will kill me," he said, "but of this I am certain, that from heaven, when I am dead, I shall be far better able to succour you than here upon earth. Be strong, hold fast to the Cross, and by it you will reach the gate of life." He confessed and received the Holy Eucharist from Fra Domenico, and with him delivered himself up to the officers whom the Signoria had sent to receive them, and who escorted them through the raging mob to separate prisons.

The Pope and the Duke of Milan were delighted, and the death of Charles VIII. had deprived Girolamo of the only potentate who would have protected him. A commission was appointed to try him, consisting of his most deadly enemies, two of whom had actually tried to lay hands upon him. He was at first allowed to write his answers, but after one day the materials were taken from him, and what he had written was torn up.

Alexander VI. was determined to have his blood, and kept on sending to complain of the tardy proceedings. To obtain from him some answer that could be twisted into an avowal of heresy, his questioners employed horrible tortures towards himself, Fra Domenico, and Fra Salvestro, another of the brotherhood who had been arrested at the same time. Domenico bore the extremity of suffering without a word that could deny his master's truth. Salvestro gave way, and said what the tormentors would; and as for Girolamo himself, his sensitive and nervous frame gave way, he became delirious, and gave wild and confused answers; but after eleven days the commission recognised that even in delirium he spoke nothing that could be turned to their purpose. Three trials actually took place; the first two were signal failures—of the last nothing was published but the sentence, namely, death to the three friars.

On the 22nd of May they were told that they were the next day to be hanged, and their bodies afterwards consumed by fire. The one favour of spending their last night together was allowed them, and they celebrated the Holy Eucharist together; for, as Savonarola had avouched at his trial, he did not deem himself bound to regard the sentence of excommunication launched by an uncanonically elected Pope against whom he had appealed.

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Death of Savonarola. 1498.

The three brethren were led to the Great Piazza, where a gallows with three ropes and a heap of faggots beneath was prepared. They went to a first tribunal of ecclesiastics, where they were deprived one by one of the vestments of their priesthood, and then the president, the Bishop of Vasona, laid his hand on Girolamo's arm to separate him from the Church. The words were rightly (in Latin) "I separate thee from the Church Militant;" but the Bishop, an old disciple of Savonarola, had only acted from dread of the Pope and the people, and felt himself like enough to Pilate to be in great agitation and distress, so that he stumbled over the formula, and said, "from the Church Militant and Triumphant." "From the Militant," calmly said Girolamo, "not the Triumphant. That is not thine." Then having been thus deprived of the benefit of their Orders, they were delivered over to the secular arm, and then placed before the Apostolical Commissioners, who declared them heretics and schismatics. Girolamo was perfectly calm, deeply wrapped in contemplation; his faithful Domenico was a "martyr all o'er," and Salvestro had risen out of the weakness that his master was well able to forgive. He was the first to suffer, then Domenico; lastly, the great Girolamo ascended the scaffold, and cast one last look on the multitude who had hung on his lips so many times, and who were only too like the throng at Jerusalem, with their "Hosanna now, to-morrow Crucify."

Then he gave his neck to the cord, and passed to the Triumphant Church, in his forty-fifth year, May 25, 1498. The ashes of the three were thrown into the Arno, and the haters of the light rejoiced; but Girolamo had left a deeply-rooted seed in Florence, nay, in the whole Church, which perhaps bore the more fruit for his martyrdom. On the day of his death arrived a letter from Louis XII., the new King of France, entreating the Signoria to spare the friar, for reasons he would make known to them; but Alexander VI. had probably already taken into account that Louis would not quarrel with him while there was a service that only he could perform, namely, the setting him free to marry the late King's widow, Anne of Brittany.

Wearing black instead of the usual white mourning of Queens of France, Anne at once retired into her own duchy; but she was still only twenty-one years of age, and was as great a political prize as ever; besides which, Louis really preferred her to the gentle Jeanne de Valois, whom he had been incapable of appreciating. He did not even allow her to share his coronation at Rheims, but sent at once to Rome to demand that his marriage should be dissolved. There was no just ground to allege; she had been the truest and most loving of wives, but the reason put forward was the number of years she had been wedded without children, and the confusion that might result if Louis left the kingdom without an heir.

The bribes offered to the Pope were an enormous sum of money, and the French duchy of Valentinois for his son Cesare Borgia, who had grown weary of being a Cardinal; and Alexander was ready to do

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Divorce of Louis XII. 1498.

anything to buy off the chance of a Council of the Church. So he made the Bishop de Luxemburg a Cardinal and Legate to pronounce the marriage annulled; but the people of Paris were all on the side of the meek and suffering Jeanne, and when the Cardinal came from reading the decree the mob shouted after him (Annas, in French, being shortened into Anne), "There go Caiaphas, Anne, and Herodias, who have condemned our holy Queen and discrowned her!" Jeanne submitted to the decision of the Church without remonstrance. She only begged for one interview with her husband, which he unwillingly granted. "I trust, Sire," she said, "that you will be happier with another, and I entreat you to pardon all the vexations I have caused you." Louis absolutely shed tears, and, this time not ironically, owned himself to have been unworthy of so holy a spouse. He had given her rich endowments, and with them she repaired to the Convent at Bourges, where she had been during her husband's imprisonment. She wept as she came in sight of the tower, exclaiming, "Alas! then he was captive; now I am free!"

She founded a new Order of Nuns in honour of the Annunciation, and lived for five years in peace and holiness among them. At her death, in 1504, this gentle creature was found to have secretly worn an iron belt like the penance-chain of James IV. of Scotland, and upon her breast was a cross with five silver points pressed into her flesh over her heart. It was said that these were the nails of a lute, which had once beguiled her from her devotions. The people of Bourges treated her memory from the first as holy. One of the clergy in preaching upon her said, "She was so ill-favoured, that her husband discarded her; so well-favoured, that she became the bride of Christ." And the persistent love of the poor won her a place in the Calendar, where she stands as St. Jeanne de Valois, the only saint who joined her holy ancestor St. Louis on the roll. So differently are the meek rated by the Church and the world! And Louis won his "maîtresse femme," Anne of Brittany, and wedded her only nine months after Charles's death. She was a good wife, a model queen, the last indeed who united spirit and virtue enough to be a true guardian to her ladies. But the male heirs who had been the pretext of breaking Jeanne's marriage never came; Anne was mother to two daughters, but never to another son.

So ends the story of the great battle between darkness and light that closed the fifteenth century. England was not individually engaged in the strife. Savonarola only once mentioned a distant hope that Henry VII. might have joined in the demand for the Council, but the loathing and disgust that Borgia had excited in all good men were fast urging on some attempt at renovation, though vice and ambition succeeded in stifling it till it had become too late in men's impatience to save the unity of the Western Church. Among others there was an Oxford scholar then visiting Italy, through whom something of the tone of this great man was to be carried far west.

CAMEO XXVI.

THE PARTITION OF NAPLES.

(1493—1502.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King and Q. of Spain.*
1485. Henry VII.	1488. James IV.	1498. Louis XII.	1476. Fernando and Isabel.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1493. Maximilian I.	1492. Alexander VI.

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Louis XII. 1498.

ALTHOUGH poor Charles VIII. had thrown away his opportunities, and wakened too late to the sense of what he might have done, he had, by his own intense belief in the glories of chivalry, raised the knighthood of France to what was probably its period of greatest brilliancy. Du Guesclin and the knights who had expelled the English from the lands won by Edward III. were brave and courteous, but less punctilious and graceful; and about La Hire, and the whole band who rose up against the Lancastrian occupation of France, there was the savagery born of a long course of civil war; but among the chivalry trained by the spirit of Charles there was more cultivation, much reading of romance and poetry, and very scrupulous attention to all that was noble and honourable.

Louis XII. himself was an amiable good-natured man when nothing made it his strong interest to be otherwise, truthful when it was not very inconvenient, placable after his first rage, and with a true national love of glory and capacity of making fine speeches. When the former enmity of some persons was urged as a reason against employing them, he answered, that 'The King of France had no memory for injuries done to the Duke of Orleans!' and this reply has become the stock story of him, giving a much higher notion of his magnanimity than he deserved. 'Father of his people' has become his surname, though wherefore it is not easy to say, except that many of the French kings were much worse than he.

Charles's expedition to Italy had filled him with emulation; and he was further lured thither by his pretensions to the dukedom of Milan, though his grandmother, Valentina, was certainly further back in the succession than her niece Bianca, who had carried her right to the Sforze. Ludovico il Moro was a usurper, but to his own nephew, not Louis of Orleans.

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Death of Friedrich III. 1493.

Charles had done little more than make a raid into Italy; but the affairs of many other nations had become involved in the question of French supremacy. Sforza had endeavoured to secure the support of the Empire by a marriage between his daughter Bianca and Maximilian. In 1493 the old Emperor Friedrich died of a wound in his leg,—caused it was said, by his habit of kicking doors open before him. The limb was amputated; and the first thing he said after the operation was, that a healthy peasant was better off than a sick Kaisar. His death was ascribed to the number of melons with which he quenched his thirst, though it was not necessary to seek far for the cause of the sinking of a man of seventy-nine, who had reigned longer than any Emperor since Augustus.

Maximilian never was technically Kaisar, for he never had time or opportunity to obtain the imperial crown from the Pope, of whose misdeeds he was so fully sensible, that he used to say it was a proof that Church and State must be upheld by Heaven, since they both went on, with a wicked old miser like Alexander VI. at the head of the one, and a wild Tyrolean huntsman like himself at the head of the other. He had, however, as much power over the German States as if he had been crowned at Rome; and that is not saying much, for, as he said of himself, he was a king of monarchs who never obeyed him but when they chose, while the King of France was a king of asses, who would bear any burthen he chose; the King of Spain a king of men, who obeyed him in what was reasonable; and the King of England a king of angels, who obeyed him willingly and faithfully in what was just and reasonable.

Pride and boorishness were the chief characteristics of the "monarchs" over which Maximilian had to rule. He was striving to improve them by the spread of education, by destroying the nests of robber barons in the mountain castles, and by encouraging the free towns, the abodes of civilization and learning; and in fact, in his reign, Germany made its first great step out of the barbarism and insignificance it had fallen into ever since the downfall of the House of Hohenstaufen. It was also the frontier against the Turks, the great enemies of Christendom, and then in their full tide of conquest; and the power of Austria, his only absolute possession, was greatly absorbed in the struggle. He had really very little disposable means; and his eager temper never calculated before he pledged himself, so that he soon had an evil character for untrustworthiness. He went eagerly into the compact with Ludovico of Milan, and married Bianca on the 6th of March, 1494, obtaining with her 46,000 ducats, and giving her father investiture of the duchy. But though Bianca was beautiful, she was heavy, dull, and inanimate, and he never greatly cared for her; while she seems to have consoled herself by feasting on snails, which were fattened for her in inclosures near Vienna.

That same year, guided apparently by the Austrian instinct for heiresses that has become a proverb, he entered into a treaty for the

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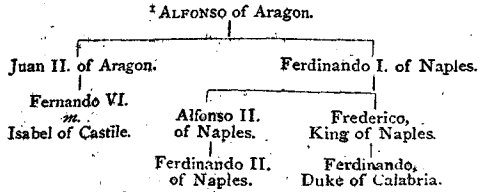
Kingdom of Naples. 1497.

marriages of his son and daughter with the children of the sovereigns of Aragon and Castile, whose union had made Spain a great united kingdom.

In 1474 the House of Trastamare, which Bertrand du Guesclin had placed on the throne of Castile, had ended in two girls, aunt and niece; but the crimes of the mother of Juana, the niece, led to the belief that the poor girl was an unconscious impostor, and she was shut up in a convent, while her young aunt, the noble and high-minded Isabel, was raised to the throne. At the same time she married Fernando, the heir of Aragon. His had been a warlike line, and had added to the mainland of Aragon, Catalonia and Barcelona, the Balearic Isles, Sicily, and under Ferdinando's grandfather, the kingdom of Naples, from which the French House of Anjou, in the person of King René, had been expelled by the conquering King Alfonso of Aragon, counted as First of Naples. He had, however, separated that kingdom from his hereditary dominions, and given it to his illegitimate son Ferdinando; who was the father of the unfortunate Isabel who was married to Sforza's victim Galeazzo.

Fernando of Aragon and Isabel of Castile—*los Reyes Catolicos*, as they loved to be called—had joined their forces to expel the Moors from their last Spanish stronghold in the kingdom of Granada. The war had trained their knights to the perfection of chivalry, and in it had been formed the greatest general of the age, Gonzalo Fernandes de Cordova, called the Great Captain. The conquest was completed in 1492, and had raised the Catholic Sovereigns to the highest order of European powers. When Charles VIII. invaded Naples, the threatened monarchs instantly turned to their kinsmen of Aragon for aid. Ferdinando I. the elder, died just before the invasion; his son, Alfonso II, resigned in favour of his son, Ferdinando II., who had been brought to Naples by Spanish arms under the Great Captain, but died in 1497, so that the crown passed to his uncle Frederico, the fourth King of Naples within three years.[1]

The perception that France was not going to let sleep the unhappy claim it had bought of René, as well as of her pretensions to Milan, kept the other powers on the alert to unite against her; and to confirm their friendship Maximilian offered to give his son Philippe, the Sovereign of the Low Countries, to Juana, the second daughter of the Spanish king and queen, and his daughter Marguerite, the rejected of



Charles VIII., to Juan, Prince of Calabria, their only son. Both these marriages were carried out; but Marguerite, on her voyage to Spain, was nearly shipwrecked. There was a strange humour about her in the height of danger, and she fastened a paper on her arm with these words, to bewilder whoever might find her corpse :—

'Cy git Margot, la gentille donzelle,
Qui a deux maris et encore est pucelle.'

'Here lies Marget, the damsel so nice,
Who a maiden is still, although wedded twice

Sforza then hoped to strengthen himself against France by an alliance with Germany, Spain, Naples, the Pope, and the mighty and astute Republic of Venice. Valentino, Alexander VI.'s son, had become weary of being a cardinal, and wanted to be a secular prince, with a royal wife, and the Pope persuaded Ludovico to promise to obtain for him Carlotta of Naples, the daughter of King Frederico. But Carlotta cried out with indignation that she would never marry "a priest, the son of a priest, infamous by his birth, and more infamous by his actions." And her father was equally disgusted at the idea. Alexander VI. was offended; and Louis XII. perceiving what was Borgia's present price, offered poor little Charlotte d'Albrêt, one of the many children of Queen Anne's old suitor; and as she was the sister of the titular King of Navarre, Borgia contented himself with her and with the duchy of Valentinois, which Louis gave him. It was at this time that he exchanged his former appellation of Valentino for that of Cesare, by which he is best known. He was a man of a good deal of grace and suavity, and was really beloved by those who came in contact with him either as vassals or soldiers.

Not only was the Pope thus detached from the league, but while Louis XII. was assembling his troops at Lyons, Maximilian had been attacked by the Swiss Republic, always the bitterest enemies of the Houses both of Austria and Burgundy, and the allies of France. The Swiss were at this time esteemed the best foot-soldiers in existence; in fact, a free yeomanry alone could supply men with bodily strength or courage to stand an attack from the heavily-armed horsemen; and well-fed prosperous peasants could be found nowhere but in England and Switzerland. The Switzers having found out their own value, hired themselves into any army where they could obtain pay, with the further hope of plunder and ransom; and as Ludovico had reckoned on obtaining a large troop of them, the war between the Cantons and the Empire deprived him of support in two ways, since the Swiss were busy at home, and Maximilian could assist no one, for his troops were actually beaten by the Republic seven times within six months. Thus when Louis XII. assembled his chivalry at Lyons for the invasion of the Milanese territory, all that Ludovico could muster for his defence was a troop of the Italian mercenaries, who fought under condottieri, making a trade of war like the Swiss. They gave way before the

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Louis XII. in Milan. 1498.

French; and the people of Milan, who hated Sforza, rose against him. After vainly trying to appease them by releasing his grand-nephew Galeazzo's son Francesco, the right heir, he sent off first his children and his treasure across the Lake of Como to the Tyrol, and then followed when he saw his cause hopeless for the present.

Louis XII. meantime entered Milan in state; but the people, who had been told that he was so rich a prince that he would not need to tax them, were greatly disappointed and offended when they found that he expected contributions. On his return to France he left an exceedingly unpopular man, named Trivulzio, to represent him; and so much discontent was excited, that Sforza hoped to regain what he had lost, and peace being now made between Germany and Switzerland, he hired a fresh army of Lanzknechts and Switzers, and marched back again. The Milanese opened their gates to him, and Trivulzio was forced to fall back, leaving a garrison still in the citadel. The most distinguished private gentleman of France, Pierre Terrail, Chevalier de Bayard, then a young man of four-and-twenty, was among the few French in Trivulzio's army. In a skirmish outside the walls, he, with fifty men, put three hundred Germans to flight, but he pursued them so far into the town that he was made prisoner. His biographer relates the following curious (not to say improbable) conference between him and the Duke when he was led into his presence.

"Sir," said Ludovico, "tell me what brought you into this town."

"My lord," answered the knight, "I tell you truly, I thought not to have entered it alone, but I believed all my comrades were with me; but they are wiser and better used to war than I, or they would be captives like me; however, I praise Heaven that I have fallen into such good hands."

"How many are the French army?" asked Ludovico.

"My lord," said Bayard, "I do not think there are more than 1400 or 1500 men-at-arms, and from 6000 to 8000 foot, but they are all picked men, resolved to subdue Milan once and for ever; and you, my lord, would be as well and far safer in Germany than here, for your people cannot stand against us."

"On the faith of a gentleman," returned Sforza, "I would that the army of the King of France and mine could meet, that a battle might decide which of us should have this duchy."

"My Lord, I had rather it were to-morrow than in three days' time, provided I were out of prison."

"Grieve not for that," said the Duke; "I give you your liberty."

So Bayard was conducted safely back to the French army, which was really as small as he had said, being greatly outnumbered by the Swiss mercenaries. The battle was expected at Novara, and Ludovico joined his forces, leaving his brother, Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, in command at Milan. There were thus a large mass of Swiss drawn up in array against one another on either side—friends, neighbours, and kindred, who had no desire to fight against one another. At first, the Swiss on

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Seizure of Ludovico Sforza. 1500.

the French side proposed to give up Trivulzio to their friends in Sforza's pay, but probably the recollection of the ten thousand French made some difference in their resolve, and it ended in the whole Swiss contingent in the army of the Duke of Milan going over in a body to the French army, and giving the first example of that reckless want of honour and honesty which distinguished these mercenaries as long as they were deemed essential to war. The wretched Ludovico begged them to conceal him in their ranks; but he was old, lean and dark, and so unlike one of these sturdy pikemen, that he could only be disguised as a friar, so as to pass for their chaplain, and two of the Swiss were base enough to point him out to the French, by whom he was made prisoner on the 6th of April, 1500. He was taken to Lyons, where the court then was, and entreated to see the King; but Louis refused, and sent him to Loches, where the cruelty of his imprisonment was equal to anything in the reign of Louis XI. His dungeon was thirty or forty steps below the level of the ground, vaulted, and with a barred window high up. An iron cage was his sleeping place; this was his parlour; and there is an arabesque pattern cut in the stone above the vault, where the letters of the name of Sforza are intertwined, as if such carving had been the amusement of the captivity of the unhappy usurping Duke. There are some verses cut out in the walls; but as these are in French, not Italian, they are probably the work of some native prisoner. After a time he was placed in a more comfortable chamber, where he died, after ten years' captivity. His unfortunate and perfectly innocent grand-nephew Francesco was placed in a convent, and forced there to take the vows; and the rest of his family were closely guarded in France, while Louis XII. considered himself to have established his claim to the duchy of Milan.

The unfortunate Ludovico had really been a great patron of art. That wonderful and universal genius, Leonardo da Vinci, was in his service at Milan, and in his time painted the fresco of the Last Supper, which, defaced and faded as it is, still remains the grandest and most nearly inspired presentment of that sacred subject that exists. On Sforza's fall Leonardo repaired to Florence, and thence to Rome, where he became chief engineer to Alexander VI., for his powers not only as painter, as engineer, as architect, nay, even as a scientific man, far exceeded those of any ordinary person, nor had he any rival but the great Florentine, Michel Angelo Buonarotti.

Louis was prevented from returning at once to Italy by a long and severe illness, and soon after his recovery the Queen gave birth to a daughter who was named Claude, Anne having a special devotion to the Saint of that name. The little one's hand, which, if she should have no brother, would convey the duchy of Brittany, though not of course the kingdom of France, began already in her babyhood to be the object of ambition, and of different opinions between her parents. If no son were born to Louis and Anne, the crown would fall to François, Duke of Angoulême. This prince was the son of Louis's

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François, Louis of Louis.

first cousin, the Duke of Angoulême, whose father, Jean, was second son to the murdered Louis, Duke of Orleans, the brother of Charles VII.; and his mother was Louise of Savoy, a handsome brilliant woman, but of very coarse unlovely nature. She had been left a widow very early, with one daughter, Marguerite, and this son, whom in a fit of devotion she had named François, after the hermit of Plessis le Parc, and whom she adored with a kind of passionate admiration, which shows through all the memoir she has left of "My lord, my Cæsar, and my son," as she calls him throughout, in relating his baby adventures; and she taught her daughter to worship him in the same exclusive manner, though Marguerite, la Perle des Perles, as she was called, was well worth both Louise and François put together. That is as his mother made François, for he was well endowed by nature; handsome, noble-looking, and with generous impulses, that but for the hateful selfishness and self-glorification his education taught him, might have made him a heroic personage. He was, however, now only six years old; and Louis, with his favourite minister, the Cardinal of Amboise, intended that if no son were born to the King, he and Claude should be married, so as to prevent the dukedom of Brittany from passing away from the French crown.

But Queen Anne loved the independence of her duchy, though her second marriage had again sacrificed it, and she greatly disapproved of the Duchess Louise, so she set her face against the match, and at the moment it was convenient to French policy to appear to sanction one which she much preferred.

Louis wanted on the one hand to receive investiture of the dukedom of Milan from Maximilian; and on the other he had found out that the real obstacle to his possession of the kingdom of Naples was in the brave Spaniards who were sent to its defence; and he therefore proposed to Fernando of Aragon, that as the present king belonged to an illegitimate branch, they should depose him and divide the kingdom of Naples between them, the Aragonese taking the south, and the French the north; and to cement this alliance it was proposed that the babe Claude should be the wife of the grandson of Maximilian and Fernando, the Infant Charles, who had been born at Ghent, on St. Matthias' Day, 1500, the child of the Archduke Philippe and of Juana. His grandmother, Queen Isabel, exclaimed, on hearing of the date of the event, *Sors occidit Matthiæ*—"The lot fell on Matthias;" and this was taken as an omen of the boy's future greatness. Indeed, he was not only direct heir to the Austrian dominions and the great territories of the Low Countries, but Juan, Prince of the Asturias, the heir of Spain, had died not a year after his marriage, and his wife Margot had given birth in her grief to a dead infant. Isabel, the eldest daughter of Spain and Queen of Portugal, likewise died young, and was soon followed by her infant son; and thus Juana was the next in succession to the two great kingdoms of the peninsula. She made a visit to Spain in 1501, with her husband Philippe, in order to be proclaimed by the Cortes of the

two kingdoms; and Louis sent an invitation to them to return by way of France, and arrange the treaty at Blois; but Philippe had shown himself so entirely a Fleming in Spain, and had so outraged all the Spanish notions of dignity, that the King had no great confidence in him; however, the invitation was accepted, and the Prince and Princess arrived with a train so large that six hundred horses drew their waggons or carried their litters. The introduction consisted in the master of the ceremonies ushering in Philippe with the words—

"Sire, here is Monsieur l'Archiduc."

"There is a handsome prince," replied Louis, which was true, for Philippe was the handsomest man of his time—a tall, comely, flaxen-haired Fleming. He made three low bows, and at the second the King embraced him; and while civilities were passing as to the covering of his head, the Archduchess rode to the castle gate on her palfrey, housed with red velvet. A bevy of ladies, headed by the King's sister, the Duchess of Bourbon, received her, and asked whether she would permit the King to kiss her. She referred the question to the Bishop of Cordova, who gave permission; which was fortunate, for Louis coming to meet her on the threshold, had kissed her before she had time to make more than two curtseys. However, she kissed little François of Angoulême, then a pretty boy of seven; and then the King said, "Madame, I know very well that you ladies desire nothing so much as to be alone together; go, I pray, and see the Queen, and leave us men alone together."

Whereupon Anne of Bourbon conducted Juana to the Queen's apartments, where Anne received her with curtseys and a solemn kiss, and she saluted the four chief ladies, after which Madame de Bourbon interposed to cut short the endless kissing of all the other dames and demoiselles. The guest was then conducted to her own chamber by a *maître d'hôtel* and six little pages in yellow damask, carrying wax tapers. Then came Anne, Duchess of Bourbon, carrying a golden box of comfits; then Louise, Duchess of Angoulême, with a golden box of napkins; another lady brought a box of knives and forks with golden handles; and two more ladies, each with boxes of sweetmeats—one comfit marvellously fine, silver-gilt, and so long that it reached from the hand to the floor. It is satisfactory after this to find that the rear of the procession was brought up by the Queen's apothecary, with a golden candlestick. Silver warming-pans, ewers, basons, mirrors, and sponge-holders, were also brought in with great state, also cases of combs and brushes with crimson velvet handles.

Queen Anne and her ladies did their best to entertain their guest, but probably found this no easy task, for poor Juana was the dull member of her family, scarcely of perfect intellect, and incapable of any sentiment save an absorbing and exclusive love for her husband, whom she could hardly bear to have out of her sight, while she scarcely cared at all for her children. During the five days' visit at Blois, the King and Cardinal d'Amboise were engaged with the Archduke over the treaty

CAMEO XXVI. — *War in Naples renewed.* 1501.

for the partition of the kingdom of Naples with Aragon, and for the investiture of Milan from the Emperor, on Louis's payment of a sum to be employed against the Turks; while the contract of marriage between the babes Charles and Claude was drawn out; and the whole treaty was signed not only by Louis and Philippe, but by little seven years old François of Angoulême, the present heir-presumptive of France.

But at the very time the princes were complimenting one another at Blois, there was anything but peace between the armies of the nations they represented in their ill-gotten land of Naples. The two armies of France and Spain, under Louis d'Armagnac, the Duc de Nemours, and Gonzalo de Cordova, "the Great Captain," who had been sent to take possession, both numbered among them some of the most perfect knights whom chivalry has ever produced. They were religious men, brave as lions and gentle as lambs (where they thought it their duty to be gentle), and carrying the point of honour to the most punctilious extent. But as perfect obedience made them servants in the hands of the masters who owned their devoted loyalty and allegiance, no scruple as to the outrageous injustice of the war in which they were engaged ever crossed their minds. Only, as Gonzalo de Cordova had accepted large estates and great honours from the unfortunate King Frederico, he resigned them all, and took back his allegiance, before he would draw sword against him. Frederico soon saw that resistance was hopeless. His people were indeed attached to him; but since the days of the ancient Samnites that languid climate has bred no soldiers, and Capua, the first town that tried to hold out, was so horribly treated by Cæsar Borgia, that though the French were trebly hated, no one attempted further resistance, and King Frederico resigned Naples without a blow rather than expose it to such miseries. He took refuge in the Isle of Ischia, and soon after, by the advice of the French Admiral Ravestein, surrendered to Louis XII., who received him kindly, and gave him the dukedom of Anjou for his maintenance, but kept him under restraint, slight indeed and honourable, but still captivity, until his death in 1504.

In the meantime the Spaniards were arriving to take possession of their share of this unfortunate kingdom, and in a single month they had seized the whole of the two Calabrias, excepting Tarento, which was defended by the Count of Potenza, who had under his charge the young son of King Frederico, a lad of fourteen entitled the Duke of Calabria. It was the strongest city in the kingdom; the spur on the heel of Italy only joined to the mainland by two long bridges. To take it by assault was impossible, and Gonzalo de Cordova was obliged to blockade it, summoning the fleet to watch its port, while with the army he raised the earthworks to cut off the supplies by land. Probably the Tarentines did not know that there was no chance of relief, for they held out long and bravely, having good store of provisions; and in the meantime the Spanish troops, whom the avaricious Fernando always kept short of pay and provision, began to murmur

CAMEO XXVI.

The siege of Tarento. 1502.

and mutiny. Just at this time the French fleet suffered from a terrible storm, and the Admiral Ravestein was shipwrecked on the coast of Cerigo, whence he found his way to the Spanish camp in the most miserable plight. Gonzalo de Cordova, who delighted in nothing so much as in lavish displays of generosity and magnificence, received him as his master's ally, sending him large supplies of provision, and the most costly and splendid equipments for himself and his officers, so that the gifts seemed rather those from a king to a king than from one gentleman to another.

The soldiers, already hungry and disaffected, were very angry that their General should bestow so much upon foreigners. They rose in mutiny, and surrounded the General's lodging, clamouring loudly, and thrusting forward their pikes. He came forward unarmed, calm and grave, with his old Castilian dignity, answering them with his unmoved grace and authority. One man thrust a pike close against his breast, but he gently put it aside with his hand, saying merely, "Take care, or you will hurt me without meaning it." Another, a Biscayan captain, in his rage, uttered an insult towards Doña Elvira, Gonzalo's daughter, who was with him in the camp. He went on quieting the troops, apparently taking no notice; but the next morning the rash Biscayan's corpse was found hanging from the window.

There were great temptations to desert held out by Cæsar Borgia, and all Gonzalo's personal influence was needed to keep the troops from leaving him; but for his good fortune, a Genoese vessel was driven into the Gulf of Tarento, and under pretext that it was carrying iron to the Turks, he caused it to be captured, sold the cargo, and paid his troops with the proceeds. When called to account for this measure, he defended it by declaring that in such a case of necessity any means were lawful, and that the time for mercy and courtesy was *after* the victory.

This he proceeded to secure by far more laudable means. Tarento is on the interior side protected by a salt lake eighteen miles in circumference; and this seemed to the inhabitants so complete a defence, that there were no fortifications on that side. Gonzalo determined here to make his attack, and transported the twenty smallest vessels of the fleet on slides and rollers across the bar of sand that divided the lake from the sea. The sight of these rendered the Tarentines hopeless, and they agreed to surrender on condition that young Ferdinando of Calabria should be allowed to depart freely. This Cordova swore to on the Host; nevertheless the boy was put on board ship and sent as a captive to Spain. It was justified at the time on the plea that the King had a right to refuse to be bound by his General's treaty; but on his death-bed Gonzalo spoke of this with deep repentance as one of the great flaws in his life.

CAMEO XXVII.

CHIVALRY IN ITALY.

(1502—1505.)

King of England. 1485. Henry VII. *King of Scotland.* 1488. James IV. *King of France.* 1498. Louis XII. *King and Q. of Spain* 1472. Fernando and Isabel.

Emperor of Germany. 1493. Maximilian I. *Pope.* 1502. Julius II.

CAMEO XXVII.

War in Naples. 1502.

FRANCE had seized the north, Spain the south, of the Neapolitan domains; but there was a debatable land in the middle; and the two generals, the Duc de Nemours and Gonzalo de Cordova, in vain had a personal interview on the 1st of April, 1502. They could only agree to leave matters as they were till reference could be made to the two kings; but nothing was gained by this means, for neither Fernando nor Louis would abate a jot of his pretensions, and the consequence could only be petty quarrels and skirmishes among the garrisons on either side, at which the Italians, whichever alliance they professed, looked on with the utmost satisfaction.

At last, in July, 1502, Louis having made all his preparations, proclaimed war against the Spaniards unless they should in twenty-four hours entirely leave the province of the Capitanata, at the same time pouring in reinforcements, numbering among them his choicest knights, while Gonzalo de Cordova was left by his parsimonious master with merely the troops he had brought out, and those ill-paid, ill-provisioned, ill-armed. It was in his favour, however, that the Spaniards were far less hateful to the Neapolitan Italians than the French, and that he counted among his personal friends the two great Roman condottieri, Prospero and Fabrizio Colonna, the elder of whom was the best Italian captain, and is also noted as the father of Vittoria Colonna, the flower of Italian ladies. Gonzalo answered the summons that the Capitanata was the right of his master the King of Spain, and that he would defend it to the uttermost; but for want of resources he was forced to shut himself up in the city of Barletta, intending to hold out until he should receive reinforcements from home.

The French attacked him there; and this siege of Barletta was one of the most romantic scenes in history. Both fighting on foreign soil,

CAMEO XXVII.

The siege of Barletta. 1502.

the armies had not that keen sense of injury and patriotism that embitters warfare, and could afford to play at chivalry, and make individual manifestations of prowess in imitation of Charlemagne's paladins in that fabled siege of Paris by the Saracens, of which French romancers wrote and Italian poets sung. A question as to which were the best horsemen, the French or the Spaniards, was answered by a challenge from eleven of the former to a combat with as many of the latter. The fight took place at Trani, neutral ground, belonging to the Venetians, and was regarded as a magnificent tournament, to which hosts of spectators flocked. It began at ten in the morning, and was not to last beyond sunset. Long before that time, all the French, excepting Bayard and one other, had lost their horses, while the Spaniards were still all in their saddles; but the French inclosed themselves within a rampart of their dead horses, and no power would induce the Spanish steeds to charge over it, so that at the end of the day it was decided to be a drawn battle. The adversaries embraced in the lists, and feasted together afterwards; but the Great Captain was displeased with his champions.

"We thought we had shown ourselves as good horsemen as the French," said they.

"I sent you for better," was his answer.

There was another single combat, between Bayard and a Spaniard named Alonso de Sotomayor, who had accused the French knight of treating him discourteously when a prisoner. Bayard was the smaller man, and weak from a recent fever, nevertheless he killed the Spaniard, and was adjudged to have performed a grand feat of arms.

Still more famous was a trial of strength between thirteen French and thirteen Italians, a combat provoked by a boastful French knight named De la Mothe. Whoever yielded was to pay one hundred crowns for his ransom; but the thirteen Frenchmen, among whom Bayard was not, thought themselves so secure of victory, that no one brought the money. Their vanity was probably the cause that they were all defeated, one killed and the rest made captives. This *disfida di Barletta*, as the Italians called it, was viewed by them with the greatest pride and complacency, and is the leading event in Azeglio's mournful novel, *Ettore Fieramosca*, which gives an admirable picture of the state of Italy during this strange war. The Spaniards guarded the lists and acted as umpires in this challenge of Barletta; and it was well for them that they had so much of knightly sport to enliven the tedium of the seven months' blockade, during which their master, Fernando, seemed to have forgotten them. All the time Gonzalo showed the utmost confidence and high spirit, talking of the supplies he expected, and contriving actually to obtain the cargoes of two vessels from Venice and Sicily at his own expense, and distributing them among his men.

Meanwhile the whole realm was in the hands of the French, who could ride from one end of Calabria to the other without opposition; but Gonzalo kept his army patient, in the assurance that the

CAMEO XXVII.

Attack on Ruvo. 1502.

"*Longanimidad*" of the Spaniard would in time fret the French ardour into making some fatal error.

He was right. The French army vowed to bring the Dons out of their old den, sallied forth from their head-quarters at Canossa in full array, and challenged them to a pitched battle with sound of trumpet. The Great Captain quietly answered that he was wont to choose his own time and place for fighting, and would thank the Duc de Nemours to wait till his men had shod their horses and furbished their arms. Nemours found that he must return after his bravado; and as he retreated, the Spaniards sallied out and did a good deal of damage in his rear.

At last, the tidings that a little town called Castellaneta had given itself up to the Spaniards caused Nemours to march with the main body of his army to chastise it. This gave Cordova a favourable opportunity of attacking Ruvo, where was a garrison under La Palisse, one of the choicest French knights, whose defence was most spirited. He was greatly outnumbered, the Spaniards broke into the town, and he found himself surrounded and alone in a street; but perfectly undaunted, he set his back against a wall, and kept the enemy at bay, until his strength gave way under repeated wounds; and then, while sinking to the ground, he threw his sword far over the heads of the rabble, disdaining to yield it to any save one of knightly birth. He was carried to the Great Captain, who received him with his wonted courtesy, took every care of him, and sent him his own surgeon; but the common men-at-arms were sent to serve as galley-slaves on board the Spanish galleys, a fate that since ships have been furnished with cannon had become more horrible than ever, seeing that one great object of the enemy was always to disable the vessel by raking with their shot bench after bench of the living machinery chained to the oar.

The stately courtesy and generosity of knight to knight was still accompanied with terrible indifference to the suffering of all that did not come under the knightly vow of generosity to the weak; but this Gonzalo always kept, for he faithfully protected women in all his victories. He had taken large stores of provisions and treasure at Ruvo, and moreover one thousand horses, which enabled him to mount seven hundred of his best men. By this means, together with the arrival of a large band of hired German lanzknechts, he was enabled to march out of Barletta and offer Nemours the battle he had promised at his own convenience.

Little it mattered to him that the Archduke Philippe, after a second visit in Spain, where he had by his levity and rudeness greatly offended both the King and Queen, was making a second visit in France. He had left his wife behind him; the birth of her second child was too near to allow of the journey; and he would listen to no entreaties of Queen Isabel, who feared the effect upon her health; he was weary of poor Juana's childish fondness and petulant jealousy, and hurried away to snatch at amusements in her absence. Unwillingly Fernando had been obliged to grant him powers for concluding a treaty with France;

CAMEO XXVII. *Battle of Cerignola.* 1503.

Louis XII. met him at Lyons, and they agreed that the disputed kingdom of Naples should be presented at once to the betrothed babies, the little Charles of Austria and Claude of France, who were henceforth to be known as King and Queen of Naples, while the northern part should be governed by a French viceroy, the southern by a Spanish one; and that the Capitanata should be divided in the same way, each party keeping what he had got.

This agreement was signed on the 5th of April, 1503, and whereas telegraphs did not exist, the Great Captain was in perfect ignorance of it, when on a day so burning with heat that many of his men sank down fainting on the old field of Cannæ, Hannibal's greatest victory, he set forth to make a considerable difference in that question "what each had got." The exhaustion of his men as they advanced towards Canossa was such that he bade each horseman take up a foot-soldier behind him, himself setting the example with a German.

Early in the afternoon they reached the vineyards and gardens before Cerignola, about sixteen miles from Barletta; and here he learnt that the French had marched from Barletta and were coming against him. He decided on making a stand in this post, and bade his men dig a deep trench as for a camp, and plant pointed stakes within it, while with the earth dug out he raised a bank or rampart, on which he planted his thirteen cannon, drawing up his men behind it in order of battle. By this time, through the fennel and cane brakes in the gardens of Cerignola was seen the glistening of the French armour.

The French had seen the Spaniards likewise, and paused to hold council. The Duc de Nemours wished to defer the attack till morning; but it was the old story, Ives d'Allêgre and the other captains wanted to attack at once, and taunted their leader with want of courage. Nemours had almost fallen upon d'Allêgre on the spot, but his arm was caught by Louis d'Ars, and he then said, "We will fight to-night, and maybe those who vaunt loudest will be found to trust more to spur than sword." The battle was then decided upon; but the marshalling of the troops was not completed till half an hour before sunset. Then the Duc de Nemours and the splendid cavalry spurred against the Spaniards, who, on foot, levelled their cannon, and were firing on them, when a spark caught the magazine of gunpowder, and it exploded.

"Courage!" cried the Great Captain, seeing his troops alarmed; "these are the beacon-lights of victory!"

The gallant French horse dashed through the smoke to the main body of Spaniards, never seeing the ditch till many of them fell into and over it in the shock; and Nemours finding it vain to think of charging across it, rode along it to find some other access to the enemy; and while so doing, was shot in the side by a harquebus, and dropped mortally wounded from his saddle. The Swiss and Gascon foot came up, and tried desperately to cross the ditch, but the loose earth crumbled under them; and their leader, Chandieu, was likewise killed at their head. In the confusion of their loss, they were charged by the

CAMEO XXVII. — *Expulsion of the French.* 1503.

Spaniards from the inclosure, and the rout was total, while Louis d'Ars and Ives d'Allègre rode headlong from the field. Nemours' corpse was found the next day so much disfigured as only to be recognised by the rings on the fingers. He was the last of the line of Armagnac—south-country nobles, who had risen into importance during the troubles of the reign of Charles VII.; whose name had been the war-cry of the anti-Burgundian party at Paris, and afterwards of the patriots against the English; who had been relentlessly persecuted for their importance by Louis XI., and restored to honour by his son; and whose last scion now perished on an Italian battle-field. The dukedom of Nemours was however one of those titles that, to the perplexity of historians, are continually being bestowed by royalty, and seem to carry a doom of extinction to the family on which they are conferred.

On the very day of the battle of Cerignola, the old and indolent French commander, D'Aubigné, was likewise routed by the Spaniards at Seminara in Calabria, and the whole of the province tore down the French lilies and set up the striped and quartered shield of Aragon. Naples opened its gates to the Great Captain, and welcomed him with garlands and banners; and he had only to take the fortresses which the French had garrisoned, Castel Novo and Castel d'Ovo, the first of which was assaulted, the second surrendered.

Meantime, Louis XII. complained bitterly to Fernando of the breach of his treaty with the Archduke; but the Aragonese, after waiting till he thought Cordova's conquests secure, made answer that he did not hold himself bound by Philippe's treaty, and even made an attack on France on the Pyrenean side, in order to hinder Louis from sending succours to D'Aubigné and the French army still remaining in Italy. Ives d'Allègre was besieged at Gaeta by the Great Captain, and was holding out bravely in the hope of the reinforcements which Louis at length succeeded in sending off to him under command of La Trimoille, who ever since his conquest of Brittany had been esteemed the best captain in France.

He was to meet the hired Italian and Swiss troops at Parma in August, but here he encountered the startling tidings of the death of the Pope. There seems to be no doubt that the infamous Alexander died as he had lived. He and his son were in the habit of raising money by the presentation to benefices, and therefore of providing that the succession to them should be rapid. Ecclesiastics had learnt to dread invitations to banquet with the Pope, and made their wills before they fulfilled an invitation they did not venture to decline. It has become a well-known fact that those who once enter on the unspeakably horrible path of the poisoner acquire a mania for it, which gradually deprives them of the power of taking the precautions that may have shielded the earlier crimes. Alexander's villa was fatally noted, and when Cardinal Corneto had shared a supper there, he was not a little astonished to find himself in good health, while the Pope and his son were both lying prostrate in well-merited agonies. The butler is said to have confessed that the Duke

CAMEO XXVII.

Death of Alexander VI. 1503.

of Valentinois had given him two bottles of wine, bidding him only produce them at a special signal. By some mistake, designed or otherwise, the wine was bestowed on the hosts instead of the guests, and in consequence Alexander died in a few hours, in his seventy-second year, on the 18th of August, 1503. Cæsar had made every possible arrangement for keeping the election in his own hands upon his father's death. He thought he had reckoned on every contingency; but he had forgotten that he might be caught in his own trap, and lying helplessly on the verge of the grave, while others were left to intrigue without him.

The great desire of Louis XII. was to see his favourite minister, Cardinal d'Amboise, on the Papal throne, and hoping to influence the election, he caused La Trimoille to advance to the neighbourhood of Rome. D'Amboise however found that this display of force was justly regarded as a public scandal, and requested La Trimoille to keep at a greater distance. To procure his own election was impossible; but by way of stop-gap, a sickly old Italian, Pius III. was chosen. He died at the end of a month; and in the meantime the Conclave had made up their minds to choose Giuliano della Rovere, the high-spirited Cardinal who had protested against Borgia's election. He called himself Julius II., and though free from the odious crimes of Alexander, did almost as much to bring the papacy into disrepute by manifesting the temper and habits of a fierce military patriot rather than of a priest, and devoting himself to two objects, namely, the expulsion of foreigners from Italy, and the aggrandizement of his kindred.

On his election, D'Amboise gave up the hope of being assisted by the French army, and permitted it to advance to the succour of Gaeta; but the detention in central Italy had led to the illness of La Trimoille, who had been forced to resign the command to an Italian, the Marquis of Mantua, who was the more distasteful to the French from having actually fought against them at Fornovo. However, they marched on, till the river Garigliano alone lay between them and the Spaniards, whose camp had become very swampy, and who were as usual in distress for provisions. More brave feats of arms were now taking place, the French in vain trying to get across the river, the Spaniards successfully keeping them back, and all in constant rain and sleet, which was unable to damp the ardour of either. The Spaniards dashed against batteries of cannon, as if, said the Marquis of Mantua, they had been made of air instead of flesh and blood; and an *alferez*, or standard-bearer, who had one hand shot off, seized the colours with the other, and upheld them as before. In the action in which this occurred, the French made themselves masters of the bridge across the river, but could not attempt to traverse it in the face of the enemy, and so still remained cut off from their besieged friends. The object of the Spaniards was of course to recover the bridge; and one night the clever little deformed knight, Don Pedro de la Paz, caused one hundred and twenty horsemen each to take a foot-soldier *en croupe*, and led them through a ford, hoping to surprise the bridge. But the knight who lodged nearest was

CAMEO XXVII.
Battle of the Garigliano.
1503.

Bayard. Starting up at the first sound, he armed himself, and sent his only companion to call for help, while he threw himself behind the bar that defended the entrance of the bridge, and kept it single-handed by the desperate sword-strokes with which he assailed all who approached. At length about a hundred men came up and drove off the Spaniards, whom they pursued till seven or eight hundred more came out to receive the fugitives.

"Messires, we have done enough for our honour," said Bayard. "Let us retreat in a close square." So they did, Bayard going last to defend the retreat; but his horse was worn out and could not keep up with the rest; and he was surrounded and called on to surrender. He did so, but when asked his name only replied "A Gentleman." At first his comrades had not perceived that he was not among them, but no sooner did they miss him than they turned round and charged the enemy at full gallop, shouting, "France! France! Turn, Spaniards, you shall not thus bear off the flower of chivalry!"

The Spaniards were amazed, but they did face about and receive the shock. Several fell, and Bayard, leaping from his own tired steed, sprang on a riderless horse, and galloped off with his friends, shouting, "France! France! and Bayard whom you have let go free!" So says his biographer, though it is rather difficult to understand on which side of the river this adventure took place.

The French had become so discontented, that the Marquis of Mantua resigned the command to another Italian, Marquis of Saluzzo; but after seven weeks, Gonzalo decided to lead his army across the river higher up, and surprise the French amid their Christmas rejoicings. Accordingly, on the 29th of December, a desperate battle was fought, in which the French were beaten on all points and compelled to retreat, losing between three and four thousand men. Bayard had three horses killed under him, and was only saved by a desperate charge of one of his friends; and in their broken, dispirited state, the French commanders agreed to give up Gaeta on the 1st of January, on condition of being allowed to return safely to France. Only Louis d'Ars disdained to capitulate, and fought his way back, the length of Italy, to France.

Louis XII. was furious. He thought himself betrayed, put his court into mourning, and treated the captains who had conducted the negotiations with so much severity, that Saluzzo, already sick, died under his displeasure, and another Italian noble put an end to his own life.

So closed the second French invasion of Naples, while Gonzalo de Cordova took possession of the kingdom as Viceroy, and there received Cæsar Borgia, who had struggled through the effects of the poison to find his cause ruined, his bitterest enemy Pope, and he himself a fugitive and wanderer. Gonzalo at first treated him as a prince, but the King caused him to be sent to Spain as a prisoner. He escaped, but was killed in an obscure skirmish three years later.

No one could expect Louis XII. to sit tranquilly down with the loss of Naples; but at first he was entirely disabled at Blois by a very

CAMEO XXVII.

Illness of Louis. 1505.

severe illness. He lost his speech; and in April, 1505, was in such a condition that Queen Anne had taken all her measures for retreating to Brittany with her only daughter, Claude; and had even packed up all her plate and jewels, and put them on board four vessels which were waiting on the Loire.

Anne's object was the womanly one of saving her daughter from the son of the dissipated Duchess, Louise of Angoulême, and her Bretons from absorption in France; but to French statesmen it appeared rank treason to prevent the heiress of Brittany from wedding the heir of France, and to bestow her great duchy on the young Flemish Charles, already heir to Austria and Castile, and probably to Aragon. The Marshal de Gié, Governor of Angers, who had superintended François' education, and had been one of his mother's many admirers, discovered the Queen's intentions, brought up cannon from Tours to command the river, and laid an embargo on the ships. The Queen was infuriated when she learnt how he was frustrating her measures; but in the meantime Louis passed the crisis of his illness, and began rapidly to recover.

Anne then demanded from him the punishment of De Gié's insolence; and though Louis had actually signed a will desiring his daughter's marriage with François, and was determined never to give her to Charles of Austria, he actually sacrificed his servant to his wife's displeasure. Nay, the unfortunate man was persecuted with equal bitterness by Louise of Savoy, in whose service he had incurred disgrace. It was thought that this bold coquettish woman must have met with some repulse from him to account for her enmity, for she joined with the Queen in requiring his trial. It was before the Parliament of Toulouse; and Anne gave large sums out of her own means to forward the prosecution. While the witnesses were turning him into ridicule, poor De Gié held up his long white beard so as to hide his face, when suddenly, the favourite monkey of the Count de Dreux jumped upon him, and fastened on the beard, nor could it be removed without a long struggle. The incident was repeated with no small amount of mockery in the mummings at Paris. The judges condemned the victim to lose his marshal's office for five years, also his government, to pay a heavy fine, and to remain at a distance from court at his estate of Verger. The Queen said, vindictive Kelt as she was, "that death was too good for him." She wanted to see him poor and mean, which would grieve him more than death itself. The wits, meantime, made a pun of the whole affair: thus, "*Un maréchal qui voulait ferrer un Ane, en avait reçu un tel coup de pied qu'il avait été jeté par-dessus les murailles jusque dans le Verger.*"

France was already becoming a despotism tempered by epigrams; but one great essential in that power of the crown was to prevent the great fiefs from ever becoming detached from it; and Louis was more than ever determined that Brittany should never pass to the house of Austria; and he arranged a plan for forcing consent from his wife to the union with François.

CAMEO XXVII.

Betrothal of François and Claude.
1505.

The States-General were convoked; the Orator received the King with the most warm thanks and compliments that a nation could lavish on a sovereign, bestowed on him the title he has ever since borne,—"Father of his People;" and as soon as the shouts of the audience had died away, entreated of him one boon, namely, that he would not give his daughter in marriage to a stranger, but to "M. François, who is all French!"

The King shed tears, and caused his chancellor to answer that *he had never heard of this marriage before*—a pretty barefaced assertion; but that he would confer with the princes of the blood. Anne saw that all France was against her; besides, when the girl was four years old and the boy was twelve there was time enough for a change to take place; so she submitted to see François and Claude betrothed the next day, by Cardinal d'Amboise; while a polite letter was sent off to the Flemish Archduke pleading the will of the burghers of the great towns.

Anne still had hopes, though Louis gave her little encouragement. "I match my mice," he said, "with rats of my own barn." And when she persisted, he told her a fable of a doe which had horns and butted at the stag, therefore her whole kind was deprived of them.

But had Anne survived her husband, such was her resolution of character, that it is very probable that the marriage would never have proceeded beyond the betrothal, and that she would have protected her daughter from Louise of Savoy.

CAMEO XXVIII.

THE SPANISH AND SCOTTISH MARRIAGES.

(1496—1510.)

Kings of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King and Q. of Spain.*
1485. Henry VII.	1488. James IV.	1498. Louis XII.	1472. Fernando and Isabel.
1509. Henry VIII.			

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1493. Maximilian I.	1502. Julius II.

CAMEO XXVIII.

Children of Henry VII.

THERE was nothing that Henry VII. was more eager about than to intensify, as it were, the royalty of his line by magnificent marriages. His Queen, the good and beautiful Elizabeth of York, brought him a child about every two years, though only four of them survived their infancy —Arthur, Margaret, Henry, and Mary. Very beautiful children they were, and instruction was given them by the best masters who could be procured; indeed, Henry showed such a turn for theological studies, that it was proposed that he should seriously prepare for Holy Orders and become Archbishop of Canterbury, a position in which a man of high ability and royal birth might be able to carry out the grievously necessary reforms which it was the interest of all the ambitious and negligent to obstruct.

But for Arthur—in whom his father hoped to see the fabulous glories of his great namesake revived—he was resolved to seek one of the noblest matches in Europe. We had not had a Spanish queen since the gracious Eleanor of Edward I., and Spain was a very different alliance now from the little Castile of two hundred years back. It was just as the Moorish city of Ronda had been conquered by the united forces of Castile and Aragon that Catalina, the last child of Queen Isabel, was born at Alcala de Henares, on the 15th of December, 1485. She was chiefly brought up at Granada, which was taken while she was an infant in the cradle, almost at the same time as, in the words of his motto, "Columbus gave a world to Spain." Henry VII. who, like all the Tudors, took much interest in all that concerned maritime affairs, had been very near reaping the benefits of the great Genoese mariner. When Christoforo Colon, the poor sailor, was vainly seeking patronage to enable him to make his westward voyage, he sent his brother Bartolommeo to England, and King Henry actually desired to see the

CAMEO XXVIII.

Discovery of Newfoundland. 1498.

adventurer; but while his brother was on the way to fetch him, he had obtained from Isabel of Castile the means that he wanted. It was, as has often been observed, happy for our national character that the tropical gold-bearing regions of Central America, with their wonderful population, did not fall to our share, and that our settlers were necessarily labourers rather than plunderers. Henry did send forth a Venetian family named Gabotto, or, as the English called them, Cabot, who went further to the north, and were the first to discover Newfoundland and Labrador: but there was not much attraction for the present in the ice-bound territory; while the lovely Bahama islands were enchanting the Spanish discoverers, and tales of gold were luring them forward.

The Spanish successes in Naples and Sicily, where Gonzalo de Cordova, the greatest captain of the day, was overthrowing the forces of Louis XII. in some of the most brilliant chivalrous enounters France or Spain can reckon, further raised the fame of "los Reyes Catolicos," the Catholic Sovereigns, as Fernando and Isabel were called; and they themselves extended their policy, and began to send forth the ambassadors, whose letters, preserved at Simancas, are some of the best authorities for the history of the sixteenth century. Henry had already made propositions for the hand of Doña Catalina as early as 1492, and some thought the execution of poor Edward of Warwick in 1499 due to his desire to assure the parents that no possible competitor to the throne could arise.

This year, 1499, there was a deadly outbreak of the plague itself in London, where the deaths were reckoned at thirty thousand. Moreover, the royal palace on the banks of the Thames, called Shene, from the shining beauty of the landscape, was burnt down; and the new one rebuilt by Henry in its place was named by him Richmond, in honour of his own original title. To avoid the contagion, Henry took his queen to Calais, where early in 1500 he held a conference with Philippe, son of Maximilian, and Prince of the Netherlands, as well as husband of Juana, the second of the Spanish princesses. Philippe refused to enter any walled city belonging to another prince, and the conference was therefore held in St. Peter's Church, outside the walls of Calais. The marriage of Arthur and Catalina was discussed, and a further and most distant scheme mentioned for wedlock between Henry's little daughter Mary, and Charles, the newly-born son of Philippe. Their hands were yet to be offered a good many times, but never clasped one another.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Morton, died of quartan ague in the October of 1500; and Thomas Langton, Bishop of Winchester, who was elected in his place, died a week after the appointment; upon which Henry Dean was translated from Salisbury. This year 1500 was a Jubilee, an occasion by which such a Pope as Alexander Borgia was sure to profit to the utmost. The privileges of a Jubilee—*i.e.*, the remission of a certain amount of the penance of

CAMDEN XXVIII.

Buildings of the time of Henry VII.

purgatory—were properly obtainable by the pilgrims to Rome; but the Pope declared that such an indulgence might be obtained by contributions to a crusade against the Turks, instead of by coming to Rome, and he dispersed agents to sell certificates of such remission for the sums that a fiction declared were intended for the Holy War. The idea stirred Henry's mind for a little while into a thought of the glories of driving back the Turkish invasion. He was in his own way a religious man, not unconscientious in his Church appointments, encouraging the growth of a better and purer spirit in the universities, and providing as good an education as was in his power for his children; he was pure in life too, and fairly merited the report that had made Savonarola put his hope in him as a good man. Church building too revived in his reign. He himself built the exquisite chapel known by his name, at the east end of Westminster Abbey, as the place for the chapter of the Knights of the Bath instituted by Henry IV., and raised a shrine within it for himself and his wife. Stephen Fox, Bishop, first of Durham and then of Winchester, and godfather to Prince Henry, and Bishop Alcock of Ely, the founder of Jesus College, Cambridge, were likewise noted builders in the same style—which, seeking to enliven the baldness of the perpendicular with elaborate ornament, flattened the arch, drew it with four centres, adorned the roof with wondrous fans and pendants and the mouldings with lacework, putting small separate devices in every possible place, but often more as if they had been made separately and fastened on than as essential parts of the fabric made beautiful. Wood-carving and stained glass were, however, in their perfection just then, stimulated by the wonderful growth of art in Italy and Germany, for this was the age of Michel Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Albrecht Dürer.

The real fault and hindrance to anything great in Henry VII. was his love of money. No doubt he found the royal estates impoverished by the long wars, and by the extravagance of Edward IV., and his desire for thrift soon led to extortion. His policy also made him declare that to impoverish his nobles took from them the means of doing mischief. Two barons of the exchequer, Richard Empson and Edmund Dudley, were his ready instruments, reviving with the utmost rigour all the old feudal dues of the Crown, hunting up disused statutes, offences against which furnished subjects for fines, and discovering every possible excuse for exaction. In the latter, indeed, they had an example, if the story be true which is told of the King. He had been visiting the old Lancastrian Earl of Oxford at his castle of Henningham, and at his departure walked along a double line of retainers in the Earl's livery. "My Lord," said the King, "I had heard much of your hospitality, but I see it is greater than the speech. These handsome gentlemen and yeomen, that I see on each side of me, are surely your menial servants?"

"That, may it please your Grace," returned the Earl, "were not for mine ease. They are most of them my retainers, come to do me service at a time like this, and chiefly to see your Grace."

CAMEO XXVIII.
Avarice of Henry VII.

Whereupon Henry exclaimed, "By my faith, my Lord, I thank you for your good show; but I may not brook to have my laws broken in my sight. My attorney must speak with you."

The law he alluded to was not an obsolete one, for it was one passed in his own first parliament, forbidding noblemen to gather retainers about them—a very wise precaution against future Earls of Warwick; and under it the Earl of Oxford had to pay a fine of ten thousand pounds. It fell very hardly on him, and was viewed as most ungenerous and ungrateful on the part of the King, who owed him so much, but who very possibly had selected him as the first example, because he knew he could trust to his loyalty, and might wish not to be suspected of specially oppressing the Yorkists.

Another marriage for which he was very anxious was that of his daughter Margaret with James IV. the young King of Scotland. The Spaniards had a great inclination likewise for this alliance—indeed, they doubted at times whether James's undoubted rights did not make him preferable to Arthur Tudor. Their ambassador even proposed to give him an illegitimate daughter of Fernando, inventing a story of an early private marriage, and thus detaching Scotland and her terrible adventurers from her old alliance with France, and throwing her into the league that Spain had formed with Italy and Germany against Louis XII. This plan was too disgraceful; but Doña Catalina was by turns held out to the English and the Scots, with great fears on the part of Fernando and Isabel that either King should hear of their dealings with the other!

All the time James was reluctant to marry anyone but Margaret Drummond, the love of his youth, in honour of whom he had written the melody called "Tay Banks." He is said to have applied for a dispensation from the Pope when the obstacle to a royal marriage was cruelly removed by some foe of the house of Drummond. Margaret and her sisters, Euphemia, Lady Fleming, and Sybilla, were all poisoned at one breakfast which they shared together! They were buried under three long blue stones in the Cathedral of Dunblane. It was believed that the crime was wrought by the Kennedy family, for James had for a time preferred their daughter Janet to Margaret. Another favourite was Mary Boyd, who had given him a son. He seems to have been always alternating between sin and repentance. One little daughter whom Margaret Drummond had left was brought up at court, and ended by marrying the Earl of Huntley.

King James, after the first shock, allowed the contract offered by Henry VII. to proceed, the less unwillingly, perhaps, that Margaret Tudor was so young that he would not quickly be called on to take her home—indeed there was more than seventeen years between them. A skirmish at Norham Castle on the Border caused negotiations to be entered into in 1500. The contract was solemnly made and sworn to. In the midst the English counsellors bethought themselves that, supposing the lineage of Margaret's two brothers should fail, the

CAMEO XXVIII.

Betrothal of Margaret Tudor. 1500.

succession to the crown would devolve upon her, and so—dreadful catastrophe!—England would become an appanage to Scotland! They went to the King in dismay; and he, shrewdly smiling at their alarm, told them not to trouble themselves, for, even in such a case, they might be secure that the lesser kingdom would assuredly become an appanage of the larger.

So the little maiden was called Queen of Scots; and thus the two Tudor alliances took place which were to make the most lasting differences to the whole realm of England: for meantime the boy Arthur had been solemnly affianced to the Spanish ambassador as proxy for the princess; and in 1501, ambassadors were sent to Granada, where the Spanish court was then in residence, to demand the person of Doña Catalina, who was to be endowed with one-third of the income of the Prince of Wales at present, and one-third of that of the Crown when he should succeed to it, while she brought a portion of two hundred thousand crowns, half of which was paid down with her.

At Coruña she embarked, biding adieu for ever to all her own kindred. Her sister Juana was the only one she was destined ever to meet again; and except the few Spaniards who accompanied her, her whole nation was left behind, with its solemn Eastern customs and flowing and majestic tongue. Henceforth her name was Katharine, and all that she retained was the pomegranate device, in allusion to her birthplace at Granada, and the most deep and devoted attachment to the faith of which her parents were the champions.

Her voyage lasted more than five weeks, and she had suffered very severely before the vessel arrived at Plymouth, or Salamonte as her Spanish journalist called it—perhaps confusing it with Saltash. There the Duchess of Norfolk and her son the Earl of Surrey came to attend on her, and she slowly set out eastward, while the King and Prince of Wales as slowly journeyed westward; but on the plains, as the Spaniards called them, *i.e.* Bagshot Heath, a party of the Castilian escort came to meet the King, with a solemn intimation that no man—not an Englishman of them all, not King Henry himself, and far less his bridegroom son—might approach their Infanta, nor behold her face, before the marriage ceremony. So much of Oriental seclusion had the Spaniards adopted from their Moorish neighbours.

It was a November day, raining hard, when King Henry and his son met this unwelcome message, and they received it with contempt. Spaniards might do as they pleased on Spanish ground, but an English King meant to look at anyone he liked in his own dominions, more especially his own daughter-in-law. So he rode on rapidly to Dogmers-field, a hunting abode of royalty, where the lady was, leaving his son to follow more slowly, and dismounting, demanded to see and welcome the Infanta. An Archbishop, a Bishop, and a Count, all stood up to bar his way, saying their Infanta had retired to her chamber. "If she were in her bed, I would see and speak to her," said Henry—afraid, perhaps, that some fraud was designed.

CAMEO XXVIII.

Marriage of Arthur. 1501.

Catalina was really in that last entrenchment, but she rose, dressed, and Henry could at least see a pale, dignified, dark-eyed girl of fifteen, unable to speak a word of English, so that their greetings were conveyed in Latin. Just as the King had parted from her, and gone to change his wet riding-dress, Prince Arthur arrived; and the Spaniards had to endure the spectacle of his father conducting him into the Infanta's apartments, and making them there exchange their troth in person. They supped separately; but afterwards the Infanta danced some of her national dances with her ladies, and the Prince showed off an English dance with the Lady Guildford, their feet no more than their tongues having learnt accordance. Two days more journey brought the young lady to Kennington, where the Queen came to welcome her; and on the 12th of November, London welcomed her with a pageant of St. Katharine and St. Ursula, with all her virgins. The chronicler Hall is quite overpowered by the splendour of her march. He says, "I pass over the wise devices, the prudent speeches, the cunning portraitures, practised and set forth in seven goodly beautiful pageants erected and set up in divers places of the city. I leave also the goodly ballads, the sweet harmony, the musical instruments which sounded with heavenly noise on every side of the street. I omit farther the costly apparel, both of goldsmiths' work and embroidery, the rich jewels, the massy chains, the stirring horses, the beautiful bards,* and the glittering trappings both with bells and spangles of gold. I pretermit also the rich apparel of the princess, the strange fashion of the Spanish nation, the goodly demeanour of the young damosels, the amorous countenance of the lusty bachelors. I pass over also the fine engrained clothes, the costly furs of the citizens standing on scaffolds railed from Gracechurch to Paul's. What should I speak of the auriferous scarlets, the fine velvet, the pleasant furs, the massy chains, which the Mayor of London with the senate, sitting on horseback at the Little Conduit in Chepe, ware on their bodies and about their necks? I will not molest you by rehearsing . . . . the wine which ran continually out of the conduits, the gravelling and railing of the streets."

On Sunday the 14th, the wedding took place in St. Paul's Cathedral. The place was the middle of the nave, where, in order that the ceremony might be seen by all, there was a long bridge, six feet from the ground, extending the whole length of the nave, and in the middle a round stage, large enough for eight persons to stand on, railed round, and covered with scarlet cloth, with steps to ascend by on all sides. Here came Prince Arthur, dressed in white satin, and Archbishop Dean, in mitre and robes. Then the bride, with her hair loose and flowing, was led up by young Henry Duke of York, likewise in white satin; while the Queen's sister Cecily, Lady Wells, held up the Princess's train.

Here the actual wedding took place; then the pair proceeded

* Not poets, but the horses' armour.

CAMEO XXVIII.

Death of Arthur. 1502.

to the High Altar and heard Mass, and outside the door of the Cathedral the Prince endowed his wife with a third of all that belonged to him.

After days of tournaments and evenings of dances, where young Henry and his sister Margaret shone as the most perfect performers, the two young people, neither of them sixteen, were sent off to reside at Ludlow, the castle of the Princes of Wales. It must have been a trying winter journey for the young girl, reared in the orange and pomegranate groves of the Alhambra, but she does not seem to have suffered from it, though, to the dismay of all England, in the spring of 1502, only five months after the marriage, young Arthur became hopelessly ill, and died on the 2nd of April. It is doubtful whether he died of the plague, or whether he had inherited his mother's delicacy and sank under the cold of Shropshire. The King and Queen do not seem to have been previously alarmed, for the King's confessor was sent to break the tidings to him. Knocking at the King's door, he addressed him in Latin with the words, "If we receive good from the hand of God, shall we not also receive evil?" When the King understood the fact, he sent for the Queen, saying that "he and his wife would take their painful sorrow together!" Elizabeth, like a true and loving woman, set herself to comfort him, and only gave free course to her own sorrow when alone with her ladies. She sent a litter, covered with black velvet, to bring the young widow from Ludlow, and treated her with the most motherly kindness, placing her at the palace of Croydon; while Henry, extremely unwilling to refund the one hundred thousand crowns she had brought with her, and still more so to let her carry away a third of the revenues of the principality of Wales, declared that, as Arthur and she had been too young to be truly man and wife, there was no impediment to her being transferred to his surviving son Henry, now Prince of Wales; and he detained her as a sort of state prisoner while pressing on the negotiations. At sixteen, the notion of marrying a boy of thirteen was very distasteful to Katharine, though she does not appear to have had any scruples as to the relationship. She had one foretaste of Henry's temper when he flew into a furious passion at being required to salute his sister Margaret as Queen of Scots, when, in the June of this year, 1502, her betrothal to the King of Scotland took place, though she remained at home for another year. His anger was probably out of boyish national prejudice, and also perhaps dislike to parting with his favourite companion; and the severe ague that visited him was attributed to his vexation.

The last six years of Henry VII. seem to have been almost entirely taken up with deaths and marriages, in strange alternation. First, on the 11th of February, 1503, nine days after the birth of a daughter, died the good and lovely Queen, Elizabeth of York; and while she was still lying in state in the Tower, Henry Dean, Archbishop of Canterbury, likewise died. In a poem on the Queen's death, Thomas More, the rising young lawyer, making her bid farewell to all her

CAMEO XXVIII.

Death of Elizabeth of York.

1503.

children, puts the following pretty lines to her new-born babe into her mouth—

"Adieu, sweet heart, my little daughter Kate!
Thou shalt, sweet babe, such is thy destiny,
Thy mother never know—for lo! now here I lie."

Before the ink was dry, however, little Kate had joined her mother, whose coffin was placed in St. Edward's shrine, to await the completion of Henry VII.'s Chapel, of which the Queen is made to say in the poem,

"At Westminster that costly work of yours,
Mine own dear lord, now shall I never see.
Almighty God, vouchsafe to grant that ye
For you and all my children well may edify!
My palace builded is—for lo! now here I lie."

More also ascribed to her great regrets at the approaching parting with her daughter, moralizing thus—

"Now I am gone, and have left you behind:
O mortal folk, but we be very blind;
What we least fear, full oft it is most nigh;
From you depart I first—for lo! now here I lie."

For the marriages went forward in spite of sorrow. Dispensations for the marriage of James IV. and Margaret (rendered necessary by the Beaufort connection), and for the very improper one of Henry Prince of Wales and Katharine of Aragon, were among the first acts of Julius II., Cardinal de Rovere; and in that same summer of 1503, Margaret Tudor, with a magnificent train, was sent off, under the charge of her uncle the Duke of Norfolk, to Scotland. She took leave of her father at her grandmother's house of Colley Weston, and rode northward. She had a litter when she was wearied, but in general rode one of two white palfreys; and among her suite was a herald, who has left a minute account of her progress, and all the pageantry that welcomed her at each castle, as well as of his own scorn at the lack of gold cloth and gold tinsel on the coats of the Scottish nobles, who received her from the Duke of Norfolk at Lamberton Kirk on Lammer Muir.

Two days later she reached Dalkeith Castle, the Earl of Morton's stronghold on the banks of the Esk, and she had scarcely entered before the King galloped up. Without any of her sister-in-law Katharine's scruples, Margaret met him at the door of her withdrawing-room, and they kissed one another.

They were a goodly pair, though there were eighteen years between their ages. James was one of the most attractive of all the race of Stewart—tall, stately, sweet, and blithe,

"And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkest dye
His short curled beard and hair."

Margaret was a plump girl of fifteen, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, exquisitely fair; and though time would develop in her the coarseness inherent in the Tudor family, she was at that time a comely young maiden. Poor

CAMEO XXVIII.

Marriage of Margaret. 1503.

child, she had a grief that touched her nearly, for after the King had gone back to Edinburgh, in the revelries of the evening, the stables caught fire, and her two poor white palfreys were burnt. She was very fond of one, and cried for its sad fate almost all the next day; no doubt it was a link with the happy days spent with her brother and little sister at Croydon and Richmond.

However, romantic pageants and amusements of all kinds, together with the kindness of her princely bridegroom, might well brighten her; and on the 8th of August, 1503, she was married to King James in Holyrood Chapel before the whole court of Scotland.

It was for opposing the monstrous "aid" for which Henry made the marriage of his daughter a pretext, that Master Thomas More got into such trouble, that instead of writing elegies on the Queen he had to seclude himself in Sion Abbey. Henry's exactions were the cause of universal discontent, and Empson and Dudley were more and more hated. They observed legal forms, but kept a rabble to sit as jurors, and paid spies and informers. Dudley, a man of good family, had a plausible tongue, and did the smoother work; but Empson, the son of a sieve-maker, was rude, loud, and violent, and bore down opposition; and after Thomas More's boldness in parliament had been rewarded by a fine on his father, no one ventured to remonstrate there.

However, Edmund de la Pole, the second son of Edward the Fourth's sister Anne and of the Duke of Suffolk, and brother to that Earl of Lincoln who had been killed fighting for Lambert Simnel, hoped to make capital of the general discontent. He had a great grievance of his own; for on the death of his father, the King had alleged that he was heir not to his father, but to his dead elder brother, who dying as a rebel had forfeited the lands and honours he had never possessed, and the parliament had actually sanctioned this monstrous injustice. Edmund had been put off with a corner of his inheritance and the title of Earl of Suffolk instead of Duke, and he remained an angry and embittered man. In a quarrel he struck a man to death, and finding the King determined to regard the action as murder, not manslaughter, he fled to his aunt, Duchess of Burgundy, but returned when the matter was blown over, and appeared at Prince Arthur's wedding with such splendour as to plunge him deep in debt, and lead him again to seek a refuge with Duchess Margaret, together with his younger brother, Richard de la Pole. Henry, suspecting mischief, used the same arts that he had employed in Perkin Warbeck's case, and sent a gentleman called Curzon to feign discontent with the King, and worm himself into Suffolk's confidence. To disarm all suspicion of Curzon, Henry actually had him proclaimed as a rebel together with Suffolk from St. Paul's Cross, even while in consequence of his information there were arrested Lord Courtenay, husband to the Queen's sister Katharine, Sir James Tyrrel, and some others; and Tyrrel was executed, though not for this conspiracy, but for having favoured the Earl of Suffolk's first escape. It was while Tyrrel lay under sentence of death that the

CAMEO XXVIII.

Betrothal of Henry and Katharine. 1504.

confession as to the manner of the murder of the princes was said to be obtained from him, twenty-one years after the deed, and when all the other witnesses were dead except Dighton, who confirmed his story. It looks very much as if the King had taken this opportunity of stopping the mouths of obstinate Yorkists at the betrothal of his son Henry and Katharine of Aragon on the 25th of June, three days before he completed his fourteenth year, his birthday being on the 28th; but the matter went no farther, as, besides his extreme youth, each of them was decidedly averse to accepting the other, and Katharine's mother, Queen Isabel, was full of misgivings, and sent for a copy of the dispensation for her own inspection; but the fact was that the Papal dispensations, so easily granted—at first for distant or only fictitious affinities,—had entirely demoralized the Spanish conscience as to any degrees in marriage. Isabel had—with a dispensation—given her third daughter Maria to her eldest daughter's widower, the King of Portugal, and all that she cared for was that there should be no flaw in the form.

Meantime, Juana, the heiress of the two kingdoms, immediately after the birth of her second son Fernando, became wild to rejoin her husband in the Low Countries. She actually stood a whole night in indoor clothing before the castle gates of Burgos, entreating to be allowed to go to him at once. Her mother calmed her for a time, but was forced to let her soon set out on her journey; and after a sorrowful parting full of misgivings for her daughter's health and peace, fell ill of an infectious fever at the same time with her husband. He recovered; but the Queen, after languishing for some time, died, on the 26th of November, 1504. She was revered as one of the noblest and most womanly, as well as the most pious of sovereigns. It was thought to be in accordance with the piety of her life that she begged that not her recovery but her salvation might be prayed for; and of her modesty, that when receiving Extreme Unction she could not bear to have her feet uncovered. Both Henry VII. and Fernando of Aragon changed not at all for the better after the death of their respective queenly wives, each of whom seemed to have done an ennobling part, and kept her husband from the meanness and hardness into which both fell as widowers.

Fernando was placed in an uncomfortable predicament, since, though his wife had left him the regency of Castile, the kingdom belonged to his half-insane daughter and her wrong-headed husband, who was exceedingly jealous of him; and so much wrangling took place about the government of Castile, that Fernando even tried to cut his daughter out of the succession to Aragon by espousing Germaine de Foix, daughter of a sister of Louis XII., to whom that monarch resigned the rights to Naples, from which Gonzalo de Cordova had driven him. In the January of 1506, Philippe, King-Archduke as he called himself, set out with Queen Juana to take possession of Castile; but they had hardly set sail from Zealand before a furious tempest arose and scattered

CAMEO XXVIII.

Philip and Juana in England. 1506.

their fleet. Their own ship caught fire in the storm, and they were in extreme danger. On being told of it, Juana displayed much composure and presence of mind; she dressed herself in her richest array, and secured a large sum of money in her robes, so that if she were drowned and washed ashore, she might be known for a person of distinction, and receive royal obsequies. However, the flames were extinguished, and the ship, a miserable wreck, put into Weymouth. It was then the inhospitable rule that a prince landing without a safe-conduct in the territories of another became a prisoner, and was liable to ransom. Philippe's counsellors would have put to sea again at once, but this proved too perilous. Every hospitality was offered, and the Earl of Arundel was sent with an invitation to the Archduke and the Queen of Castile to visit Henry VII. at Windsor Castle, and there meet the young Princess of Wales, who had never seen her sister since her earliest childhood, and who must earnestly have longed to return with her to sunny Andalusia; but King Henry would by no means let her go, and indeed was bent on keeping the shipwrecked travellers till he had made his full profit out of them.

The Archduke perceived that the sooner he went the sooner he should be free to depart, so he rode off with a good grace, leaving Juana to follow by easy stages. The meeting between the two kings was on Elworth Heath, on the 17th of January, 1506. Henry rode a bay horse with embroidered trappings, and wore a purple velvet gown and hood, and a gold chain, with his George set in diamonds; and all his train had horses robed all over with foot-cloths covered with goldsmiths' work, roses, dragons, tassels, &c., in that cumbrous style of profuse magnificence in which Gothic taste was finally stifled as the sixteenth century came in. Philippe and his horse were in black velvet, and his followers in "sad tawney" and black. He must have been in mourning for his mother-in-law, but black and gold have been the Austrian colours ever since Philippe's father, Maximilian, wore black permanently for his beloved Marie of Burgundy; however, the English observers, who were always on the look-out for velvet, thought there was very little of it among the Flemings in his train. In fact, the want of gentlemanliness, in which no Plantagenet had ever failed, was apparent in the Tudor's reception, though he meant to be very polite: and when Philippe amiably said he was rightly served for having refused to come within the walls of Calais, he replied that "walls and seas were nothing where hearts were one!" But when they reached Windsor Castle, instead of holding the stirrup for his guest—son to the head of the German Empire, and King Consort of Castile—Henry had the arrogance and ill-manners to sit for a long time on his own steed after Philippe had dismounted, and then at last conducted him to an apartment hung with gilt tapestry, and with three state beds, the like of which could be shown by no Christened prince!

What Henry exacted as the price of his guest's liberty was a treaty of commerce favourable to the English; also that Philippe's sister

CAMEO XXVIII.

Schemes of Marriage. 1506.

Marguerite, widow to the Prince of Spain, and his little six-year-old son Charles, should be married, the one to the King himself, the other to his little daughter Mary; and that the Earl of Suffolk should be given up to him. The Archduke made no difficulties about the marriages. His son's was still in the far distance, and Mary was a lovely little girl; and as to his sister, who was living in the Low Countries, attending to the education of his neglected little ones, and governing in his absence, not only was she at her father's disposal instead of his own, but she had more sense than all the rest of the family put together, and could not now be bandied about as in her girlhood. He did not, however, tell Henry this; but he strove to save the Earl of Suffolk, representing that the transaction was not at all for the honour of the English king; but Henry undertook to take care of all that, and gave his solemn oath to spare the life of the unhappy captive; on which Philippe yielded.

William Wareham, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, a good and learned but timid man, joined the court at Windsor, where a magnificent chapter of the Order of the Garter was held, and Philippe was admitted to it, after which he returned the compliment by making Prince Henry a knight of the Golden Fleece—that most brilliant Order instituted by his great-grandfather, Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy. Henry gave very sound advice when he offered to mediate between the Archduke and his father-in-law, and greatly recommended submission to the advice of "a prince so prudent, so experienced, and so fortunate, as King Fernando." To which Philippe replied, "If my father-in-law will let me govern Castile, I will be ruled by him." The royal pair made a favourable impression; Philippe was a very fine-looking young man, of gay, open manners, and a free-handed disposition; nor did his mingled weakness and obstinacy show themselves, when merely a visitor, as at home. He was ignorant of business, though a sovereign prince from babyhood, and was easily preyed on by the designing; he was also dissipated, and careless of his melancholy and jealous wife, and altogether their mutual relations bore a curious likeness to those of their grandson and Katharine's daughter, fifty years later. Juana seems however to have been in better spirits than usual, and showed no symptoms of insanity while at Windsor. Three months passed before they resumed their voyage, and they did not land at Coruña till the month of April.

It was during these negotiations that a young aspiring politican came into notice, who was to have no small influence on the reign of Henry's successor. Marguerite of Austria was to be demanded of her father, Maximilian, and as the messenger—not to make open demand, but to ascertain the sentiments of the King of the Romans—Bishop Fox and Sir Thomas Lovell suggested one Thomas Wolsey, one of the young clerks who hung about the court hoping for employment in the service of the State. He was born in 1471, a native of Ipswich—son, it was said, of a butcher; but he had received every advantage of education,

had studied at Oxford, and at fifteen had won his B.A. degree, thus obtaining the honourable nickname of the Boy Bachelor. He became a Fellow and a Tutor of Magdalen College, and had the charge of the three Grays, sons of the Marquis of Dorset, and thus nephews to the late Queen. He was appointed bursar to his college; but having a magnificent taste, he spent so much of the funds of the college on the lovely tower of Magdalen, that the other Fellows, little heeding the glory his building conferred on them and their city, turned him out of his office, and he was glad to accept the Rectory of Symington in Somersetshire, offered him by the father of his pupils. He was still very young, and at Symington he got into trouble by being concerned in a riot at a fair, whereupon Sir Amias Paulet, a justice of the peace, "laid him by the heels," or "set him in the stocks," his biographers are not agreed which. It shows that the honest magistrate bore more regard to justice than to "benefit of clergy," and the effect was that the young Rector—who in fact never ought to have been a clergyman—went off to London, and there his Oxford honours recommended him to be chaplain first to Archbishop Dean and afterwards to the King. The habit of seeking statesmen among the clergy was not wholly gone out, and Wolsey was observed as promising in that line. So he was sent out from Richmond, where the court then was, arrived in London at four o'clock, boated to Gravesend, posted all night to Dover, crossed to Calais with a fair wind in the forenoon, and made such speed that he saw the Kaisar the same night, obtained his consent, and was at Calais again in time to return by the same vessel that brought him, landed at Dover at ten in the morning, and was at Richmond the same evening. After a night's rest, he presented himself before the King after morning Mass. Henry thought he had never gone at all, and began to reprove him.

"May it please your Highness," quoth Wolsey, "I have been with the Emperor, and executed my commission to the satisfaction, I trust, of your Grace." And kneeling, he presented Maximilian's letters.

The King, a good deal startled by such celerity, asked if he had received no orders by a pursuivant who had been sent after him. He said he had met the man on his way back, and craved the King's pardon for having ventured himself to supply the lack in his credentials. Then on the meeting of the Council he gave so lucid an account of his mission, that from that time his fortune was made; and in earnest of future preferments he received the Deanery of Lincoln.

Meantime, the Archduke-King of Castile and his father-in-law continued their bickerings, until the wily old Fernando resigned his pretensions to the Regency, and went off to arrange his affairs in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, where the popularity of his noble and loyal servant Gonzalo de Cordova made his sordid and suspicious heart uneasy and ungrateful. Castile was placed in the hands of Juana; but her husband removed all her Spanish friends, kept her under restraint,

CAMEO XXVIII.

Death of Philip the Handsome. 1506.

and surrounded himself with Flemings, to the extreme disgust of the Castilians. However, this did not last long. Philippe had been only five months in Castile when he overheated himself at tennis, which brought on fever, and he died at Burgos in his twenty-eighth year, 25th September, 1506. His unhappy widow Juana fell from that moment into a piteous state of morbid, concentrated grief, sitting in a stony torpor, and only saying when disturbed that she must pray for her husband's soul. She travelled by night to Granada, to lay his corpse in the royal sepulchre prepared by her parents; but on the way she fell under the influence of a Carmelite monk, who persuaded her that the King might return to life at the end of fourteen years, and in consequence she had his coffin placed in the chapel of a convent at Torquemada, and there lived in the nunnery adjoining, where in June, 1507, she gave birth to a daughter, who was named Catalina, but this made no change in her melancholy; indeed, she had never heeded her children, of whom there were five.

In July, King Fernando returned from Italy and came to see her, but she was so haggard and changed that he scarcely knew her. She showed more feeling and understanding on seeing him than she had done before, resigned all the affairs of her kingdom into his hands, and never again signed a paper, though she lived forty-seven years longer in a house at Tordesillas, whence she could see from her window the Church of the Monastery of Santa Clara, where her husband's corpse had been laid. She was called by the Castilians "Juana la loca," or the Insane; and she never crossed the threshold, or thought of her five children, of whom three were in Flanders under charge of their admirable and motherly aunt, Marguerite, and two in Spain, where they had been born. Yet in this piteous condition poor Juana was an object of ambition to various suitors, and among others to Henry VII., who, allured by the thought of the kingdom of Castille, dropped his engagement to the wise and excellent Marguerite to woo the unhappy Juana, whom he professed to have much admired at Windsor. When Fernando answered that the poor lady was distracted, and utterly unfit for marriage, Henry, probably believing it was all his diplomacy, insisted that his ambassador should see her, and gain a reply from her own lips, fancying perhaps that his lean fifty-years-old visage, backed by all his violet velvet and cloth of gold, might have left an impression that might efface that of "Felipe el Hermoso," as he stands in Spanish nomenclature, the handsomest and most graceful cavalier of his day.

So determined was Henry not to take "no" for an answer, that he intimated that unless he were allowed to marry the elder sister, his son should not marry the younger, the second half of whose portion had never been paid. This threat had the effect of making Fernando afraid of having his daughter after so many years returned on his hands, as well as of stirring up the Prince of Wales, who was nearly eighteen, to much indignation at the way in which he and Katharine were treated.

CAMEO XXVIII.

Death of Henry VII. 1509.

He began to resort to her, and so entirely fell in love with her, that the King put him under restraint for fear he should marry her privately!

Henry VII. was only fifty-two, but his intrigues were nearly over; he suffered much from gout, and had besides complaint of the lungs, which brought him very low every spring. In the height of these illnesses he would distribute alms, and send to the jails to release all confined there for debts or fees. In 1508 he made some attempts to check Dudley and Empson, but as soon as summer relieved his cough he let them go on; and this year they actually trumped up charges by which they laid monstrous and illegal fines on three ex-Lord Mayors of London. Two chose to lie in prison rather than submit to the extortion; but one with his sheriffs gave in, and paid as much as 1400*l.*! In the spring of the next year the King was trying to repent again, and drawing up a will in which he charged his successor to make restitution for all the wrong he had done. This time he did not rally to test the reality of his repentance, but died on the 21st of April, 1509, carrying with him little love or regret.

There was a golden age coming in with that noble-looking young prince, not yet nineteen, tall, fair, beautiful of feature, learned and accomplished, deeply read in divinity, yet skilled in all chivalrous and gentlemanly exercises and sports, and with all the frankness and grace that had been so beloved in the Plantagenets. "King Harry" won the hearts of the people from his accession, and kept them to the end of his days, in spite of the many deeds by which in his later years he deserved to lose them. Now, however, all was gladness, and the King *was* a splendid being, richly endowed with all that could make himself or others happy, and looked to by all as the instrument of a great renovation. In witness of which, he had not been king a day before he sent Empson and Dudley to the Tower, with all their crew of informers on whom he could lay hands, even before he proceeded to lay his father in the beautiful tomb in course of completion.

"Taylers, embroiderours and Goldsmiths" were taking "pain, labour, and diligence," beyond old Hall's reckoning, not only for the adorning of "lordes and ladies, kinghtes and esquires," but of "coursers, jenets and palfreys," for the Coronation; but the young King and his Council were taking pain, labour, and diligence as to who should be queen! The King was thoroughly in love with Katharine, as he told Don Gutierre Gomez de Fuensalida; and his grandmother, the old Countess of Richmond, approved; so did all the Council, including Archbishop Wareham, and Bishop Fox of Winchester, Henry's godfather; the last of the dowry was paid, and Fernando professed himself Henry's hearty ally.

So on the 3rd of June, (or 11th, it is not certain which,) 1509, five weeks from the old King's death, Archbishop Wareham married Henry and Katharine, pains being taken to show that he took her not as a widow but a maiden. She wore white satin, and her hair flowing on her shoulders, as widows never did at second marriages, and the bull of

CAMEO XXVIII. *Coronation of Henry VIII.* 1509.

Julius II. was promulgated, releasing her from the inability to marry Henry which her contract with Arthur had laid her under. On the 29th, St. Peter's Day, King and Queen were crowned together, with all the splendour imaginable, which they well became; but the festivities were shortened by the death of the King's grandmother, the Countess of Richmond, a wise old lady, and foundress of "the Lady Margaret" professorship of divinity at Oxford, and of two colleges at Cambridge—Christ's and St. John's.

But the work of clearing away the evils of Henry the Seventh's time did not cease. The people were invited to make their complaints against the satellites of Empson and Dudley, and hopes were held out of restitution. The throngs of injured persons, however, proved so enormous, that the idea was abandoned, and the doors of the courts were shut in the faces of more than half; but at any rate, they had the satisfaction of seeing their wretched tormentors set in the stocks and pillory, with their ears cut off and riding to jail towards the tail of sorry horses, and nobody hindered them from such savage pelting and other ill-treatment that most of the victims lived but a short time after reaching the prisons. As to Dudley and Empson, they could not be tried for their real crimes without implicating the late King, so an impossible charge of conspiring against the present one was got up, and on that they were condemned. A report got abroad that the Queen had interceded for them, and there was an outcry for their death, so they were both beheaded on Tower Hill, August 17th, 1510. Empson's name never occurs again, but Dudley's son and grandsons were to play a considerable part in the events of the century.

CAMEO XXIX.

THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S AND HIS FRIENDS.

(1496—1519.)

Kings of England.
1485. Henry VII.
1509. Henry VIII.

King of Scotland.
1488. James IV.

Kings of France.
1489. Charles VIII.
1498. Louis XII.

Kings and Q. of Spain.
1470. Fernando and Queen Isabel.
1517. Charles I.

Emperor of Germany.
1493. Maximilian.

Pope.
1492. Alexander VI.
1503. Pius III.

CAMEO XXIX.

Erasmus.
1467.

OTHER life besides that which Borgia had tried to crush out at Florence was stirring in the Church. In 1467, on the 28th of October, was born at Rotterdam in Holland a child under most inauspicious circumstances. His mother, Margaret, was the daughter of a physician; his father, Gerard, a younger son of a family of tolerable means, but who were resolved that Gerard should enter the priesthood instead of being provided for out of the common stock. He struggled hard against it, having in truth betrothed himself to Margaret, with the ceremonies that in the middle ages were viewed as equivalent to marriage, and equally indissoluble; but his position at home became so uncomfortable, that, after they had had one son, named Anton, he made his way to Rome, and gained his livelihood there as a transcriber of old books. There his relations falsely sent him intelligence that Margaret was dead, upon which he consented to take Holy Orders; but on his return to Holland found how cruel had been the deception, for she was not only alive, but she had borne him a second son, to whom she had given his name of Gerard. They were separated for life; but Margaret never would marry any other person, always considering herself as his wife. Her little son was sent to school at four years old, and having a good voice, was soon taken into the choir at Utrecht Cathedral. At nine, however, his father removed him to a school at Deventer, a community where the spirit of Thomas à Kempis seems still to have lingered, and where he soon learnt so fast, that he could repeat all Horace and Terence by heart. His mother—with whom he seems to have lived—died of the plague when he was only thirteen; and his father never recovered the loss, but died a short time after her, bequeathing their boys

CAMEO XXIX.

Erasmus's education.

to the care of three guardians, who proved faithless to their trust. They wanted to divide the small property among them, and therefore forced their poor young wards into a friary at Bois le Duc. Now, though such a fraternity as that at San Marco was the home of peace, piety, and learning, the ordinary condition of country friaries was far beneath that of the Benedictine or Augustinian monasteries. The friars were generally low-bred, vulgar men; if pious, too ignorant not to be grossly superstitious, if otherwise, coarse and repulsive in their vicious habits—the chief interests of the community being in their quarrels with the parish priests, as preachers or confessors, or in their begging expeditions.

Young Gerard's turn was not especially for piety or devotion. His whole nature was scholarly. Theology had indeed a higher interest for him than any other form of science, but it was because that science is the deepest and most satisfying, rather than because of any peculiar earnestness either practical or devotional, that he loved it. And to the fourteen-years-old boy, the prime scholar at Deventer, thirsting for knowledge, delighting in languages, refined, sensitive, clear-sighted, satirical by nature, the company of the ordinary vulgar and ignorant friars was as irksome as the sight of their silly superstitions was ridiculous. He thought religion the least thing regarded in religious houses, and both brothers refused to take the monastic vows. The guardians, however, persuaded Anton to submit, and he became a monk at Sion at Delft; and after three years, which he always considered lost to his life, Gerard too was persuaded, by hopes of leisure for study, to enter on a year's noviciate, among the Augustinian monks of Stein, who were much more cultivated, and where he could pursue his studies; and he took the vows at the end of the year. He seems while there to have painted a crucifix, and—a less worthy employment—to have preyed on the pears of the Superior's favourite tree. Otherwise, though with no love for monasticism, he submitted as a matter of course; till in 1490, Herman de Bergis, the Bishop of Cambray, intending to go to Rome, and wishing for so learned a companion, with the consent of his priors took him out of the convent and ordained him priest. The Bishop did not make his journey to Rome, but Gerard never returned to the convent, being in process of time absolved from the monastic vows on proving that they had been taken by compulsion, not from vocation. He was a grey-eyed, yellow-haired Dutchman, of a countenance whose keenness and clearness impresses itself on all who have ever seen his portrait; and his intellect was wonderful for force and originality. His industry and power of learning were immense, and the first use he made of his liberty was to repair to the college of Mortaign, at the University of Paris—a place of learning indeed, but of dirt, foul air, and evil smells, very trying to a native of Holland, the land of cleanliness. His patron, the Bishop of Cambray, had promised to maintain him, but the pension was ill-paid, and thus he was forced to maintain himself and obtain books by taking private pupils. One of these was the young English

CAMEO XXIX.

Greek Scholars.

Lord Mountjoy, who seems to have first turned his attention towards the University of Oxford, as a place where learning was making a fresh and eager start, in especial where Greek was being taught.

One of the consequences of the Turkish conquest of Constantinople had been the driving of many Greek scholars and their books into Europe. Lorenzo de' Medici had delighted in collecting the latter, and had obtained the tuition of the primest Greek scholars he could procure for his sons. Several English scholars took advantage of this collection of learned men and books, among them William Lilly, Thomas Linacre, William Grocyn, also John Colet, who thus were at Florence when Savonarola's preaching was in its glory. Linacre and Grocyn undertook to teach Greek in Oxford—no small novelty in any of the European universities.

John Colet was the son of a rich merchant who had more than once been Lord Mayor of London. The misused priest's son and the favoured child of the princely tradesman were born in the same year, 1467; John was bred from the first to learning, but in the course of his boyhood, every other child of his parents—to the wonderful number of twenty-one—died, leaving him the sole survivor. Instead, however, of becoming his father's successor in business, he adhered to his former resolution of taking Holy Orders, and was already ordained when he travelled in Italy.

Thence he returned to St. Mary Magdalen College at Oxford, and in 1496 commenced a course of lectures on the Epistles of St. Paul, which soon were felt to open new lights and strange to men who had been used to the arguments and interpretations which in sluggish hands had become dull routine. Perhaps Colet may be quoted as one of the first to exercise that great influence which the teachers at the two Universities have ever since possessed over the youth of the country. Here is one sketch of the attraction he exercised. One winter evening, as he sat alone, there was a knock at his door, and a priest came in, whose face Colet had often seen at his lectures. They sat over the fire and talked a little desultory chat, till suddenly the priest, taking courage, pulled out of his bosom a little book. Colet smiled, and said, "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

The treasure was St. Paul's Epistles, written out by the hand of the priest, who said he loved St. Paul above all writers in the world, more especially since he had heard Master Colet's lectures on him. "Then, brother," said Colet, "I love you for loving St. Paul, for I too dearly love and admire him." And then came an entreaty for further help in seizing the main points; and Colet said, "Open your book, and we will see how many and what golden truths we can gather from the first chapter only of the Epistle to the Romans."

This account Colet himself gives when writing to his friend the Abbot of Winchcombe, a summary of what he calls "the truths cut out roundly like rings from the gold of St. Paul."

Prior Charnock, the head of the College of St. Mary the Virgin was

CAMEO XXIX.

John Colet.

likewise a great friend of Master Colet. To him came, with letters of introduction from the Prior of St. Geneviève at Paris, the scholarly Dutchman Gerard Gerardson, who, discontented with his own name, had, after the fashion of the period tried to translate it into something more imposing. Ger-hard properly means Spear firm, but through modern Dutch and German it could be made to seem—*Ger*, all; *erd*, earth—all nature, which gave an idea of beneficence. Wherefore he considered that the Latin equivalent might be Desiderius, beloved; and the Greek, Erasmus, amiable; and as Desiderius Erasmus, Gerard Gerardson made himself known to the world, and won his almost unique fame as a scholar, a thinker, and a letter-writer. Prior Charnock and John Colet at once saw that the stranger was no ordinary man, and he was at once admitted to their close companionship. "I cannot tell you," he wrote to Lord Mountjoy, "how delighted I am with your England. With two such friends as Colet and Charnock, I would not refuse to live in Scythia."

These friends were about thirty years old; but there was a youth of seventeen, who looked up to them with deep veneration, and whom they loved like a younger brother for the wonderful depth and sweetness of his nature.

This was the young Thomas, son of John More, a lawyer, a man of great worth and weight. The great ecclesiastics used to give young boys appointments in their households, where they could receive training in all good learning and nurture in return for some light service. Thus young Thomas More had spent his boyhood as a sort of page to Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and had listened with all his ears to the conversations on matters of State and Church between his master and the distinguished guests, whom he might be entertaining, with the queer sayings that the jester threw in between. The Cardinal, who was Chancellor to the University of Oxford, saw the great promise of ability in More, and assisted in sending his pupil to Oxford, not, however, with a view to the priesthood, which had happily ceased to be associated with legal aptitude, but to his becoming a lawyer. Mr. More, indeed, was so much afraid of his son's being led astray by idleness, that he kept him so short of money that he could not even buy a new pair of shoes without reference to his father; but his nature was cheerful and patient, he neither rebelled nor complained, but worked on happy in his industry, with a success that astonished all who watched him, and with a sweetness of temper and bright humorousness that made Erasmus write, "When did Nature mould a disposition more gentle, endearing, and happy, than that of young Thomas More?"

There seems to have been a great freshness and vigour in Colet's lectures, working from the original fount in Holy Scripture, instead of arguing on the groundwork which had in that day become hackneyed, though it had been established by such great men as Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus. "Keep to the Bible and the Apostle's Creed, and let divines, if they will, dispute about the rest," was Colet's advice to

CAMEO XXIX.

Study at Oxford.

his hearers. Erasmus and he argued much, but in the main agreed in thinking that the speculations that were taught as doctrines were often defective and sometimes trivial; and as they studied the original Greek, and detected interpretations based merely on the Vulgate, their desire to give clearer and simpler explanations increased. There was, however, a strong party against them, who dreaded all novelty, were wedded to the reasoning of their youth, and thought that as the Greek Church was not in communion with the Roman, Greek literature must be heretical. Hot disputes took place, in which it may be feared Colet showed temper while More and Erasmus showed wit; and the University gave the name of Greeks to their party and Trojans to that of the old Latinists. Among all the many changes, it is pleasant to see how like Oxford ways and Oxford wit were to what they are still.

Colet would fain have kept Erasmus to lecture at Oxford on some book of the Old Testament; but the scholar had set his heart upon pursuing his studies in Italy, where Greeks themselves could be met, and the liberality of his English friends enabled him to set forth. His journey to England had been chiefly at the entreaty of his friend Lord Mountjoy, who gave him a pension of one hundred crowns. The Bishop of Cambray and the Marquise de Vere, a Flemish lady, widow to one of the many bastards of Burgundy, likewise professed to patronize learning by pensioning Erasmus; but while his letters are full of lamentations at the uncertainty of the remittances of these patrons, there is not one complaint of the English nobleman. Lord Mountjoy had been page to Prince Henry of England, and studied history and geography with him, both prince and page being often examined in their studies before King Henry VII. Mountjoy caused Erasmus to spend the winter with him at his country house, whence the scholar wrote of himself—"Your friend Ersamus is greatly improved, has become a perfect horseman, almost a hunter; a tolerable courtier, he makes a good bow, and smiles with a good grace, and all this in spite of nature. You too, if you are wise will proceed to England." He was also much delighted with the beauty of the English ladies; and young More, whose father, alarmed by his taste for Greek and theology, had recalled him to his studies in the Inns of Court for fear he should be spoilt for a lawyer, did the honours of all the royal children in the hall of their nursery palace—except Arthur, Prince of Wales, who was, as usual, brought up at Ludlow. Erasmus thus describes them: "In the middle stood Prince Henry, then only nine years old; he bore in his countenance a look of high rank and an expression of royalty, yet open and courteous. On his right hand stood the Lady Margaret, a child of eleven years, afterwards Queen of Scotland. On the other side was the Lady Mary, a little one of four years old, engaged in her sports; while Edmund, an infant, was held in his nurse's arms." This little Edmund did not live more than a year, so that the mention of him fixes the time of Erasmus's visit. More put some literary performance into the hand of Prince Henry, disconcerting Erasmus, who had not expected such homage to

CAMEO XXIX.

Erasmus in England. 1500.

be required at nine years old; but the boy sent him a challenge in a note at dinner-time, and "in despite of the Muses, from whom I had long ago divorced myself," Erasmus composed a poem in hexameters and iambics in praise of Henry VII. and his children, which the young Prince—then believing himself embryo Primate of all England—appears to have understood and admired. But the favour of the court did not carry the scholar far on his journey. There was an old short-sighted statute, forbidding any precious metals to be carried out of the kingdom; and Henry VII., always greedy of gain had revived it. So when the Dutch scholar arrived at Dover, he was indeed allowed to cross, but all the gold pieces which Lord Mountjoy, Archbishop Morton, Bishop Fisher, Bishop Foxe, and others, had contributed to enable him to pursue his studies in Italy, were seized in the King's name, and carried to the exchequer.

Poor Erasmus reached Paris only to fall ill, recover—as the physician told him, by a vow to write a poem in praise of St. Geneviève—and then struggle on for bare existence, living at the University of Paris, and teaching for his support, while striving for study and authorship, and in ill-health all the time. The more fortunate Colet had in the meantime been appointed Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London and made his sermons as notable as his Oxford lectures had been, whilst More was called to the bar, and was rising into eminence, not only as a lawyer but as a religious man. The patron of More, Archbishop Morton, died in 1503, and in his place was appointed William Wareham, a statesman-ecclesiastic, but a good man, though wanting in force of character. In 1503 More was in Parliament and there had opposed one of Henry VII.'s unjust demands (for a huge aid on the marriage of his daughter Margaret), and he had thus become so obnoxious to the Court, that he had been forced to retire to the Carthusian monastery of Sion, where he followed the rules of the brotherhood, and strove to school himself by wearing a hair-shirt and sleeping with a log for his pillow, but was full of blitheness and humour, and was studying Greek, Latin, geometry, and music. The evils he saw in monkery, as it had then become, probably withheld him from entering the cloister, as he for a short time thought of doing. This was in 1506, when Erasmus made a short visit to England, where he saw his friend Colet in his deanery, and More as "the wretch of Sion," as he termed himself. Erasmus was welcomed in Archbishop Wareham's household, and soon obtained two pupils, whose payments would defray the expenses of his long-desired journey to Italy, namely the two sons of Baptista Boeria, Henry VII.'s first physician, who were to be educated at Bologna. They had a tutor besides, and a royal courier to take care of them; but with all these advantages, the journey through Germany was an exceedingly miserable one, and Erasmus has left a most doleful and repulsive picture of the German inn, with one single room, where eighty or ninety travellers of all conditions would congregate, with their wet clothes steaming round the stove, and as Scott puts it in the description of Anne of Geierstein, taken

CAMEO XXIX.

Erasmus in Italy. 1506.

rom this very letter — performing all those little matters of personal rrangement usually carried on in the bed-room. An ill-cooked meal of oarse viands was then spread, and no one, however sick or weary, was llowed to retire till the general breaking up, and then the beds were o less dreadful. Moreover, on the Alps, the tutor quarrelled with the ourier, and came to blows, while Erasmus rode apart, solacing himself by composing a poem on the infirmities of old age, which he felt fast approaching, though he was not yet forty. At the University of Turin he took his doctor's degree, knowing, he said, that it makes a man neither better nor worse; "but it must be done if a man would be esteemed in the world." He finished his connection with the two sons of Boeria after fifteen months, which he called the most unpleasant he had ever spent; but he obtained a more agreeable pupil, Alexander Stewart, the son of James IV. of Scotland by a lady named Margaret Boyd. He was only eighteen, but, for all that the Spanish ambassador has told us of James's devotion, he had actually presented him to the Abbey of Dumfermline, the Priory of Coldingham, and even the Archbishopric of St. Andrews! It was not the fault of the lad, who had all the Stewart intelligence and grace, and Erasmus seems to have liked him the best of all his pupils. But Italy was a great disappointment. Greek indeed could be studied, and Erasmus published one of his books there; but Louis XII., Maximilian, and Fernando of Aragon, were tearing the country to pieces with their armies, and Pope Julius II., a fierce passionate old man, desired nothing so much as to expel the foreigners from Italy, and was actually besieging Bologna in person when Erasmus arrived there. Savonarola had for ten years been crushed, and the corruption of the very heart of the Church was only too manifest. There was no hope that reformation would begin there; and Erasmus willingly listened to an invitation from his English friends, backed by a remittance from More and Archbishop Wareham, to return and see what better days might shine under a young and candid-minded king, whose training as a future Archbishop of Canterbury still made him delight in theological questions.

Thomas More's retirement at Sion had convinced him that the great days of the early monks were over, and that he could serve God better as a lawyer than as a friar. He had also been busy in translating the life of Pico de Mirandola, a young Italian, a prodigy of talent and learning, who, by Savonarola's teaching, had been turned to earnest study of the Scripture, and to deep holiness of life. He had died very early, but had left a great impression on all who had known him, and through his memoirs on More, who came quietly back to his practice at the bar, keeping up secretly the devout observances he had begun at Sion, even while his genial smile and bright talk showed the joy he found in them. In 1507 he felt secure enough to venture on marriage with a lady named Jane Colt, and set up housekeeping at Bucklersbury, where Erasmus was warmly welcomed by him to his happy home, somewhere about the year 1510.

CAMEO XXIX.
—
The Praise of Folly.

There, while laid up by an attack of illness after the fatigue of his journey, Erasmus wrote a curious satirical book called "Encomium Mori," or the Praise of Folly, in which he unsparingly derided all the existing shams and fooleries, never touching real religion, but unsparingly deriding every kind of pretence and counterfeit of prelate or monk, and not sparing the ambition of the Pope himself. The incongruous sight of the successor of St. Peter, an old man on the verge of the grave, fighting for mere territorial aggrandisement, at the head of a besieging army, was a sight Erasmus could not forget. Courtiers and flatterers, misers and usurers, came in for his lash; and its wonderful wit and irony soon made the Praise of Folly a favourite with all who had understanding enough to appreciate it.

Colet meantime was doing a noble work, which still endures. As the heir of a great London merchant he had a large private fortune, and with this he founded a great school under the wing of his Cathedral of St. Paul's, for the instruction of one hundred and fifty-three boys in good and pure learning. "My intent," he wrote, "is by this school specially to increase knowledge and worshipping of God and our Lord JESUS CHRIST, and good Christian life and manners in the children." The school was dedicated to the child JESUS, a figure of Whom was placed over the master's desk, in the attitude of teaching, with the motto, "Hear ye Him." Very strong were the Dean's injunctions against the savage cruelty with which schoolboys were often treated, for no other cause sometimes than to break their spirit. William Lilly was the first head-master, and both Colet and Erasmus assisted him in the composition of the Latin grammar, which long continued the standard book. Greek was also to be taught; and as criticism and scholarship were much dreaded and disliked as leading to questioning the received interpretations, the school was looked on with a good deal of dislike and distrust by the older party, who held by the scholarship of Aquinas and Scotus. More indeed said that St. Paul's school was "the wooden horse, in which were concealed Greeks for the destruction of barbarian Troy." To find a second master was exceedingly difficult. "Who would lead such a slavish life among boys at school, if he could have any other way of living?" said the Masters of Arts; and Erasmus could hardly find one who would accept this form of "feeding the lambs" as a work of true charity.

Meantime, the good Dean preached courses of sermons on the Gospels, the Apostle's Creed, and the Lord's Prayer—not fiery cries to repentance like Savonarola's, but calm, clear, and sober, bringing men to the pure wells of truth, of which they had long lost sight. His Bishop, Richard Fitzjames, did not understand this at all. He was of the old fierce and narrow sort, who saw no evil in the past, and was wedded to the old scholastic theology; and he was greatly displeased by Colet's unmeasured denunciation of Thomas Aquinas. He was an open-handed man, but a strong partizan, and severely persecuted the remains of the Lollards, so that there was a large proportion of fires at Smithfield

CAMPO XXIX.

The Dean of St. Paul's.

during his episcopate. There was strong distaste between him and the heads of what was called "the new learning;" and it is plain that Colet, carried along by eagerness, and with a sharp temper, did not always show temper or moderation. Men with such power of satire as these Oxford friends own a weapon that it is hard to use with consideration or reverence, and which rouses the bitterest enmities.

Nor did Colet make himself popular as a Dean. He routed out abuses, and had offended many of the chapter and officials by his caustic wit as well as his intolerance of bad habits. Moreover, the Cathedral officials of every degree, though they had salaries, expected the Dean to keep an open table for them; and this was apt to degenerate into such revel and riot among the inferior clerks, that Colet put a stop to it, and incurred vehement abuse.

While all this was going on, Erasmus had been invited to Cambridge by Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who lodged him in Queen's College, and appointed him to the Professorship of Divinity, founded by the Lady Margaret, mother to Henry VII. He was at Cambridge when Convocation was summoned to meet in 1512, and among the subjects recommended to them for deliberation was on the means of the extirpation of heresy. Archbishop Wareham selected the Dean of St. Paul's to preach the opening sermon in his own cathedral, and a wonderful sermon it was; falling directly and severely on the vices of the prelates themselves, their self-indulgence, greed, and corruption, with all the force, though not the fervid half-prophetic fire of the great Dominican, he bade them reform themselves. The sermon was printed in Latin and English, and eagerly read; and if it stirred some souls to repentance, it pricked many hearts with bitterness.

Bishop Fitzjames was not a bad man. He could be accused of none of these vices, but the priest who openly rebuked bishops, and the scholar who derided Aquinas, could not in his estimation, be a safe man. He was probably the prelate who denounced St. Paul's school as a temple of idolatry, because classic poets were to be studied there; and he lent a willing ear to the complaints of the greedy cathedral officials. He associated with himself two other bishops, and brought before the Archbishop three chief accusations: one, that the Dean had preached against the worship of images; two, that he had denied that the charge to St. Peter "Feed My lambs," meant the exercise of hospitality, considering that St. Peter had no material food to give the lambs; and thirdly, that he had spoken contemptuously of sermons read instead of extemporized, the former being the custom of Fitzjames. It is also said that another charge was that he had translated the Paternoster into English; which he had certainly done, but such translations had been used for centuries back. At any rate, Archbishop Wareham pronounced all the charges equally foolish, and would listen to none of them. In fact, Wareham was thoroughly distressed and perplexed by the state of the clergy. His own powers as Archbishop were not sufficient to deal

CAMEO XXIX.

More and Erasmus.

with them; and Rome was so much worse than England, that no help could be obtained from thence.

Yet it was a time of hope, and the friends went eagerly on their way. More was rising as a lawyer and made his home at Bucklersbury delightful to all. His wife died early, leaving him three daughters and a son, but he soon married again, a widow with one daughter; and he was educating the whole family in all good learning, obtaining good tutors for the little girls as well as for his boy, and encouraging them constantly to write to him when he was called from home for a day or two.

Erasmus meantime had been hard at work at Cambridge, preparing an edition of the Greek New Testament, and likewise of St. Jerome, the Father with whom the collation and criticism of Holy Scripture first commenced. He wanted to print these at the University of Basle, and for this purpose intended to leave England, first making some stay with Colet at his Deanery. Erasmus likewise made a pilgrimage to Canterbury, with a companion, who is believed to have been the Dean; and afterwards described in a tone of satire, the marvellous and costly jewellery at the shrine of Thomas à Becket, and how not only was the veritable face of the saint shown set in gold and jewels, but how visitors were expected to kiss with delighted reverence the martyr's old shoe and old pocket-handkerchief! At Walsingham, in like manner, Erasmus had found the house of the Blessed Virgin, brought thither by the angels. He does not seem to have known of the Santa Casa di Loreto, but he thought the materials of the cottage looked much as if they came from the country round.

The friends talked earnestly over the means of dealing with the corruptions that might well make them cry, "The whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint." They parted in the summer of 1514. Erasmus plodded through his troublesome journey to Basle, but had not been there long before the state of the continent sent him back to England. However, Basle was the only place where Greek could be satisfactorily printed; and there, in 1516, he brought out his greatest work, his New Testament in Greek with its Latin comment.

That very same year Thomas More published *his* contribution to the cause, in the form of a picture of an ideal state, to which he gave the name of Utopia or Nusquama—that is, Nowhere; and in which he was free to picture a state as it ought to be. He was rising himself in importance, and had been sent on an embassy to Flanders; and by way of introduction to his book, he professed to have there met a Utopian traveller, who described to him the perfections of his commonwealth. It was a grand dreamland, and no doubt did much to raise the standard of men's minds, though such leaven has to work slowly. And the plans for a calm and authoritative reformation of the Church, such as men like Colet and Erasmus would have brought about, were postponed at first by the wars and ambition of kings, then stifled by the wickedness of the Papal court, and only partially effected at the expense of an explosion, whose rents still remain deep and wide.

CAMEO XXIX.

Death of Colet. 1519.

But John Colet did not live to see this disruption. His constitution was not strong, his strength early gave way; and after completing his arrangements for St. Paul's, he died on the 15th of September, 1519, at no more than fifty-three years of age, leaving his two friends to endure the tempest that was coming, and to meet it each in his own characteristic manner. Erasmus, now in the height of his fame, met with offers of honour and promotion from half the sovereigns of Europe, but he refused them all; and though we may meet his name again, he never afterwards came forward as an active influence. He was only anxious to be free to pursue his studies, without the burthen of ecclesiastical responsibility. His intellect was immense, his conscience more concerned with others than himself, his nature nervous and timid; he was a man of word rather than action, and in the troublous days he beheld coming, he shrank from accepting the rudder, and only wanted to be sheltered from the storm.

Basle, with its university and press suited him as a residence, and he lived there more entirely as storms raged in England and Germany, and his friends perished or were tempest-tossed in them. He has incurred blame from both parties—from the Roman Catholics as having found fault with them, from the Protestants as not having joined them. In truth, he was a veritable Catholic; and if he erred, it was only in the shrinking timidity,—inseparable perhaps from his feeble organization—that made him hold aloof from all personal interference or responsibility.

When Basle became Lutheran he left it with great regret, to reside at Friburg, whence he was invited to the Diet of Augsburg; he returned, however, to Basle for convenience of printing. Paul III. made him provost of Deventer, and wanted to make him a Cardinal: but he was ill and suffering, and though grateful, shrunk more and more from exertion. He intended to return to a Catholic country before his death, but became unable to move, and died at Basle on the 12th of July, in his seventieth year. His last words were, "Lord, I entreat Thy mercy! Lord Jesus, deliver me. O Lord, end my sufferings. O Lord, have compassion on me."

CAMEO XXX.

JULIUS II.

(1506—1513.)

Kings of England. 1485. Henry VII. 1509. Henry VIII. *King of Scotland.* 1488. James IV. *King of France.* 1498. Louis XII. *King and Q. of Spain.* 1470. Fernando and Isabel.
Emperor of Germany. 1493. Maximilian I. *Pope.* 1503. Julius II.

CAMEO XXX.
Julius II. 1506.

WHEN Erasmus took his journey to Italy with the uncongenial Boerias and the promising Alexander Stewart, instead of finding that famous university at its studies, he encountered an army, headed by no less a person than the Pope, Julius II., a venerable looking man with a long white beard, aged about sixty-five, but full of vigour and boldness. He had claimed Bologna from the Bentivoglio family as a right of the Papal See, and the French had not interfered to prevent his resuming it.

Erasmus was so much scandalized, that he wrote a dialogue called *Julius Exclusus*, in which St. Peter shuts his successor out of Paradise as being a stranger to the fisherman of Galilee. In fact, the wars of Julius II. did almost as much to revolutionize the Church as did the vices of Alexander VI., of which indeed they were partly the consequence, for the purpose of the life of Julius was to recover the lands that had been alienated from the Holy See, and to revenge the French seizure of Milan, and the captivity of his brother Ludovico.

For Julius had begun life as Ascanio Sforza, and had struggled hard against the usurpation of Milan by Louis XII. He had all the pride of a member of a recently ennobled family, and when he had to wash and kiss the feet of the beggars on Maundy Thursday, he used to cross his own thumbs and kiss them, to avoid true compliance with the act of humility. He was said to have chosen his name in memory of Julius Cæsar; and when Michel Angeolo was about to cast a colossal statue of him in bronze, having placed one hand in the attitude of blessing, proposed to put a book in the other—"No", said the Pope, "I never was given to letters. Let me have a sword!"

However, he greatly appreciated art. He began the great Church

CAMEO XXX.

Michel Angeolo. 1506.

of St. Peter, and first intended Michel Angeolo to be the architect, but changed his mind, and placed Bramante at the head of the works, while Michel Angeolo painted the awful picture of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel, and Raffaelle Sanzio de Urbino, the man who could best depict spiritual loveliness, adorned the walls with his exquisite frescoes. Julius also caused him to design a series of Scripture subjects to be executed in tapestry in Flanders, and used as hangings in processions. A few original drawings, or cartoons, were purchased many years later by our own Charles I. They were rescued from the Puritans by Cromwell and are still some of our greatest treasures.

A Pope of some respectability being on the throne, Maximilian wished to go to receive the Imperial crown, for being only technically King of the Romans, he could not otherwise vacate that rank, or obtain the election thereto of his grandson Charles, so that the empire might have been lost to the House of Austria on his death. He could not, however, come to Rome save through the Venetian states; a passage was refused him, he could not force his way for want of money; and when he concluded a truce, the Venetians ridiculed him in their public shows as Massimiliano *pochi danari*, or few pence.

Now Venice held some papal lands alienated by the Borgias; and Julius II., who hated her for her power, and Cardinal d'Amboise, who believed her to have kept him out of the Papacy, together hatched a scheme for including all the four great powers, Germany, Rome, Spain, and France, in devouring and dividing the territory of St. Mark. Maximilian's offence with Venice made him not averse to the plan; and a dispute about Gueldres gave him a pretext for sending his daughter Marguerite, the Duchess of Savoy, the regent of the low Countries for her young nephew Charles, to meet Cardinal d'Amboise at Cambrai. The lady and the Cardinal met alone, without permitting the presence either of the Pope's nuncio or the King of Aragon's ambassador; and so hot was their contention, that Marguerite wrote to her father, "We almost came to pulling one another's hair." After they had settled the treaty of partition, they demanded the ratification from the other powers, and obtained it, Julius absolving everybody from all oaths and engagements to Venice, unless within forty days she voluntarily resigned her cities. Erasmus was set by the Cardinals to write a treatise justifying the war. He set down all the *pros* and *cons*, but the against preponderated, and he got no reward! As the court poet Jean Marot wrote, the Porcupine of France, the Eagle of Germany, and the Spaniel of Spain, were to curb the ravages of the Venetian Lion! However, the Spaniel had nothing to gain, and very little intention of being bound by the League, and the Eagle's penniless condition detained his flight; but the Porcupine, having as usual plenty of spears, and no lack of gold, was speedily across the Alps. Louis XII. made the campaign in person, and marching through his own Milanese territory, encountered the Venetian forces at Agnadello on the 14th of May, 1509, and gained a complete victory, making the

CAMEO XXX.

War with Venice. 1509.

condottiere prisoner. Marot went with the King, and closely chronicles his campaign, mentioning all the cities they took—Bergamo, Brescia, and Cremona, by surrender; Peschiera by a brief assault, when the noise of the cannon so terrified the King's jester Triboulet, that he crept under a bed to hide himself. Louis even advanced to the gates of Venice, and fired upon her, but only for the honour of having actually defied the Queen of the Seas.

Maximilian and Louis were to have had an interview on the borders of the Milanese, but the Emperor as usual could not keep his appointment; and Louis returned to France, having won all his share of the Venetian domain in the single month of May.

He left an army with Chaumont; but no sooner was his back turned than the Venetians began to recover all they had lost, and Padua, which had been surrendered to the Emperor, was recovered by two Venetian nobles, and all its lanzknecht garrison of eight hundred men massacred.

Maximilian was thoroughly roused, and marched in person to chastise the Paduans. He asked Louis to lend him five hundred men-at-arms for three months, and they were placed under the command of the Seigneur de Chabannes, formerly called La Palisse. As they were marching out at the gates of Milan, Chabannes saw Bayard. "Friend and comrade," he said, "will you not be of our company?"

Bayard was most willing, and many of the most distinguished French knights also volunteered. Meantime, Maximilian, who was a great amateur in gunnery, was bringing up his artillery—two hundred heavy cannon, and many bombards so cumbrous that they could only be discharged three times a day, and some had to be left behind for want of horses. On the 15th of September, 1509, he beleaguered Padua, having one hundred and twenty Germans of high nobility in his camp, besides an immense number of lanzknechts, as well as Flemings, Spaniards, and Italians.

As soon as the cannon had begun to effect a breach, there was an attack in which Bayard and the French penetrated four barriers, but the attack was not made so much with a view to effecting any object as of trying the temper of the troops.

It was another of those Italian sieges of gallant encounters, chiefly with the Stradiots—Albanian soldiers in the Venetian pay, a wild picturesque race; but some of the more eastern of the Austrian dependencies had perhaps a secret understanding with them, for a gunner was detected turning his piece on the camp instead of the city. He was put into the mouth of one of the cannon and blown into the town; and Chabannes accused a favourite counsellor of Maximilian, a Servian prince named Constantine, of having instigated him, and of being in correspondence with the Venetian commander, the Count of Pitigliano, offering to prove his words by single combat, but the Servian refused.

Pitigliano had a strong force, and was very secure; indeed, when he took a prisoner who was ransomed, he had him conducted to look at his

entrenchments and carry an account of them back to the camp. However, Bayard disconcerted his plans; and on one occasion arranged an ambush so successfully, that falling on a troop from the garrison of Treviso, which used to harass the besieging camp, he chased them back to their walls, and took a hundred and seventy prisoners, whom he marched into the camp before his own troop, which did not reckon nearly so many.

On the way he met Maximilian, who was much impressed with the spectacle. "Knight," he said, "the King my brother is very happy to have you in his service. Would that I had a dozen like you, even if they cost me a hundred thousand florins a year!"

These French and Italian captains seem to have devised expeditions on their own account, without any reference to head-quarters; and in fact, there was no notion of combined operations or military tactics; or if Maximilian had the theory in his head, he could not work it out for want of unity in the forces at his disposal.

Another enterprise of Bayard consisted in the surprise of a company of Stradiots, whom he chased to Treviso, taking captive more than sixty. In Bayard's company there was a newly-arrived youth from Dauphiné, by name Guy Guiffrey de Boutières, only seventeen, who seeing the banner-bearer of the noble Venetian House of Contarini leap a ditch and take flight, made his horse after him, struck him such a blow with his demi-lance as to unhorse him, and standing over him sword in hand, forced him to yield his sword and banner, then made him re-mount and ride before him to head-quarters.

When Bayard was sitting at dinner with his two prisoners, Venetian captains of rank, in walked young Guy de Boutières to present his prisoner, a man of thirty, and twice his size.

Bayard could not help laughing. "There, gentlemen," he said, "there is a boy who has only been a page for six days, and will not wear beard these three years, yet he has taken your banner. I do not know what you officers think, but in France we give our colours to the strongest."

The Venetian captive replied somewhat hotly. "Captain, if I yielded it was not out of fear of my captor. He could not have taken me, but I could not resist your whole troop single-handed."

"Do you hear your prisoner?" said Bayard, looking at the lad.

"Yes, Sir; and I ask you a favour," said Guy, blushing. "Let me give him back his arms and horse. I will mount, we will both go into the meadow and measure ourselves against one another again. If he is victor, I will give him back his ransom; but if I overcome him, I swear that I will kill him." Bayard, transported with joy, gave permission; but the Venetian wisely declined the conflict. Certainly this gives a curious notion of the discipline of armies, as well as of the prime standard of honour and courtesy.

By this time a breach five hundred paces wide had been made by the artillery; and the Emperor dictated the following letter to Chabannes—

CAMEO XXX. — *Siege of Padua.* 1509.

"Cousin,—This morning I have been to see the breach, which I find quite reasonable for one who wishes to do his devoir. I have determined to storm it to-day. I request that immediately upon the sound of my great drum, which will be at noon, you should make ready all the gentlemen under your command, to go to the assault with my infantry; and I hope, by God's help, to carry it."

Chabannes did not approve of not being consulted, but he sent out summonses to all his captains to assemble in his tent. The report of the assault had set everyone not only confessing, but entrusting his purse to the priest; and as there was an unusual amount of money in the camp, it was said that the priests would have had plenty of consolation if all the gentlemen had been left on the breach.

After dinner, Chabannes read aloud the Emperor's letter, which was listened to with surprise, and read a second time. No one was willing to be the first to speak. At last the Sieur d'Humbercourt said, laughing, that the Seigneur de Chabannes might tell the Emperor that they were all ready to obey. "I am getting weary of the place," he said; "good wine will soon fail us."

Everyone gaily agreed; but Bayard did not speak, and went on picking his teeth absently.

"You Hercules of France," said Chabannes to him, "is this the time to pick one's teeth? How shall we answer the Emperor?"

Bayard replied in the same tone, "If you wish to follow the Seigneur d'Humbercourt's advice, we have only to go straight to the breach; but as it was not a man-at-arms' business to go afoot, I would willingly avoid it. However, this is my opinion, if you want it. The Emperor bids you dismount all the French gentlemen to go to the breach with his lanzknechts. For my part, though I have neither lands nor lordship, I have still the honour to be a gentleman. I do not compare myself to you, my Lords, who are all rich and of great families; but I don't know what the Emperor means by confounding so much nobility with his infantry—one a cordwainer, another a baker, another a tailor, and so on, without fame or honour to care for like us. No offence to his Majesty, it is holding us too cheap. So my advice is to answer the Emperor that he must be aware that all who serve the King here are gentlemen, and that it is undervaluing them too much to put them on a level with his infantry; but that there are plenty of German counts, lords, and gentlemen, whom he can send on foot with us French men-at-arms. We will show them the way, and the lanzknechts may follow them."

Everyone thought this conformable with French honour, and Maximilian seems to have recognized his mistake, for he caused all his drums and trumpets to sound, and informed all the gentlemen of his army that the assault was to take place in an hour, that the French gentlemen would lead the way, but that they had requested that the German gentlemen should go with them, and that he made the same demand.

There immediately rose a great hubbub among the Germans, and by and by a spokesman came forward to inform the Emperor that their rank required them to fight on horseback, not on foot, far less to storm breaches! The Emperor was bitterly grieved and ashamed, but he was

CAMEO XXX.

Retreat of Maximilian. 1509.

forced to send a message to Chabannes that there would be no assault that day. The Prince of Anhalt and a brave Swabian gentleman named Jacob Empser longed to join the French and win the town, offered their services to the Kaisar, and came to apologize to the French.

Maximilian must have outgrown his days of personal daring, for he never seems to have thought of leading the attack himself; in fact, there is reason to think that he had found out that he was betrayed both by Julius II. and Fernando of Aragon, for the Pope had become dismayed at the progress the French were making in Italy, and had resolved to slip out of the league. The Kaisar shut himself up for two hours, and then left the camp with an escort of five hundred men, sending back word to Chabannes and Constantine to raise the siege as creditably as they could.

The Pope meanwhile was in correspondence with Henry VIII. about the dispensation for the marriage with Katharine of Aragon; and Henry, whose clerical education rendered him always interested in the affairs of Rome, offered his mediation with the Venetians, who were reconciled upon sending a deputation to do penance at the seven basilicæ, and thought themselves happy not to be actually flogged by the Pope and Cardinals.

Henry was rewarded with the Golden Rose, the special gift of the Pope to faithful kings. It was dipped in chrism, perfumed with musk, and sent to Archbishop Wareham to be presented to the King after High Mass at St. Paul's Cathedral.

Peace, however, was the last thing desired by the restless spirit of Julius. All he wanted was to regain certain towns which Alexander VI. had made part of the dowry of his daughter Lucrezia on her marriage with the Duke of Ferrara. The Duke Alfonso I. was an ally of France, and Julius further offended Louis XII. by presenting a bishop to a see in Provence without the King's consent. Both Louis and Maximilian began to consider of a general council for the reform of the Papacy; but the Emperor conceived the most wonderful of all his ideas, namely that of getting himself chosen Pope. Probably he was in despair of any other reformation; but he had no scruples about simony, for he was actually making arrangements with the Fugger family, the great merchants and money-lenders of Germany, to raise a sum for bribing the voters at the council, by pawning not only the imperial jewels, but three-fourths of the revenues of the Holy See for three years. The Fuggers could hardly have based many hopes upon this speculation.

Louis had his plan likewise, namely, to obtain the election of his beloved George of Amboise, who had hitherto relieved him from all the labours of government. D'Amboise had amassed an enormous treasure, although he and his brothers were all great builders, in the new Italian style which was supposed to be classical. He was sometimes called *le Mediçis François*, from the Italian taste that he introduced into France. The buildings of the old palace at Blois were erected under his auspices, and a house is shown there which the Cardinal inhabited, and which had a projecting balcony so closely protruding towards a window of the palace, that it is said that the King and minister used to hold conference there.

CAMEO XXX.

Death of the Cardinal of Amboise. 1510.

Perhaps Louis may sometimes have hailed the Cardinal from his window, but a stranger or more unlikely place for a cabinet council could hardly be imagined.

In the midst of their projects, an attack of the gout, which had seized on the minister at Lyons, assumed a dangerous form. The sense of the hollowness of his ambition came over him; and struck by the peaceful demeanour of a simple monk, by name Frère Jean, who was attending on him, he cried out, "Ah, Frère Jean, Frère Jean, why, my good friend, could I not be contented to be Frère Jean all my life?" He died on the 25th of May, 1510; and Louis talked of governing for himself, but was, as ever, too indolent to take much trouble or exertion. However, he convoked a synod of his clergy at Tours, and they assured him that it was lawful to resist a Pope who took up the arms of temporal warfare; and that according to the Council of Basle, a Pope who made war on a Christian prince might lawfully be deposed. Anne of Brittany was, however, very unhappy at seeing her husband in opposition to the Pope, and the Breton clergy with one voice declared that they did not belong to the Church of France, and protested against its decisions.

Julius, who could never forget the treatment of his brother Ludovico il Moro, excommunicated Charles de Chaumont d'Amboise, the Viceroy of Milan, and all his principal officers, Bayard among the rest, and then began the war, undaunted even by a violent attack of illness which made everyone for a few days suppose him dying. Early in 1511 he had arrived at a little town called San Felice, and spies brought word to Bayard that he was about to move from thence to form the siege of Mirandola.

Bayard conceived the daring project of pouncing on the Pope by the way and making him prisoner; and he certainly would have succeeded if there had not been so deep a snow, that after the Pope had actually set out he turned back again. In fact, Bayard had come out of his ambush too soon, and only dispersed the suite of secretaries, protonotaries, and all the rest, and they galloping as fast as their mules could carry them, overtook the Pope—luckily for him after he had turned—for he was forced to hasten with the utmost speed to the castle, and the French had at least the pleasure of seeing his agility as he jumped out of his litter and helped to raise the draw-bridge with his own hands. "If he had stayed to say a Paternoster he would have been caught," says Bayard's biographer. He had a fever for twenty-four hours after, and sent to the Duke of Urbino to escort him to Mirandola.

There was such a wonderfully deep snow immedately after his arrival, that it is said to have been the height of a man in the camp; and to this succeeded a frost so hard, that the ice in the ditches was two feet thick, and was not broken when a cannon and its carriage fell upon it. The town was thus cut off from all succour, and surrendered, but the Pope refused to enter through the gates, and had a breach made in the wall to come in by.

CAMEO XXX.

Wars of the Holy League. 1510.

There was a good deal of jealousy between Chaumont and the Italian General Trivulzio, which prevented the French resistance from being effectual. Chaumont was besides unhappy at his excommunication, and fearful of losing the King's favour since his uncle's death. His health was beginning to fail, when he fell off a bridge into a river, and the shock to his constitution proved fatal.

After a short interval of being commanded by Trivulzio, the French army was placed under the command of Gaston de Foix, son to the King's elder sister, and brother to Germaine, the young queen of old Fernando of Aragon. The King gave him the duchy of Nemours, one of those ill-omened titles which are always becoming extinct.

Maximilian and Louis tried to get their council for deposing the Pope held at Pisa in the summer of 1511, but only three persons came to open it, though all France, except Brittany, lay under sentence of excommunication from the Pope. However, after a time a few cardinals arrived, while Julius held a counter-council at St. John Lateran, and formed his allies, the Venetians and the Kings of Aragon and England, into what he called the Holy League, the object of which was, as he avouched, to prevent the Emperor and King of France from dismembering the Church.

The wars of this Holy League of 1510 were to be fought out not merely in Italy, but in France and England; but the operations in the former country preceded those in the other two, since the armies were already on foot; and young Gaston de Foix, who was only twenty-two, had all the fire and activity of a Gascon joined to the intuitive strategy of a true general. An astrologer who saw him at Milan is said to have told Bayard that if he lived through his first battle he would be one of the greatest men France ever saw; and this battle was to be on the next Easter Day. Bayard was told by the same astrologer, "a little dry man," that he would be rich in honours and virtues, but would never obtain lands or dignities, though he would be much beloved by another King of France. Bayard asked whether he should survive the battle that threatened his chief, and was told that he should, but that twelve years later he should die in battle, and by fire-arms—weapons to which Bayard had a strong aversion, declaring that they would be the ruin of chivalry. He was so far right, that their use rendered men mere machines, and made personal strength and dexterity less available, so that the result of battles chiefly depended on the steadiness of the masses, who were hired mercenary soldiers, in contradistinction to the highly-trained man-at-arms "of noble name and knightly sire," who had a strong sense of personal honour towards his own congeners, though often horribly cruel and rapacious.

The next exploit of the French army proves, by the great credit Bayard acquired for forbearance, what was commonly expected from captains and men-at-arms.

Brescia, the favourite city of the Venetians, known as the Little Daughter of St. Mark, was a very strong place, more like several separate

CAMEO XXX.

Assault of Brescia. 1512.

fortresses than a single fortified city. The town revolted and admitted the Venetians early in 1512, but the French garrison were still in the citadel, and the Duke de Nemours hurried to relieve them and retake the place.

He summoned it to surrender, representing what horrors would be suffered if it were taken by assault; but his offer of terms was refused, and Bayard led the storming party, while Gaston came on with the main body, taking off his boots that he might walk the better on ground slippery with rain.

Both sides fought like lions, shouting, "France! France!" or "Marco! Marco!" as Bayard's troop climbed the rampart. Just as they had gained the summit and forced back the Venetians, a pike penetrated the good knight's thigh, and broke off short in the wound. The pain was such that he thought himself killed. "Take the command," said he to Captain Molard; "the town is won, but I am wounded to death."

The troops were pressing in behind, bearing down all before them, but some of his men, wrenching a door from the hinges, carried Bayard fainting to a large handsome house standing a little apart. At their peremptory knock, the door was opened by a noble-looking lady; and as Bayard was carried in, he uttered an order that two sentinels should stand at the door and let none but his own people come in. "If they know that I am here," he said, "no one will force the door; and I will make up to you for your loss of pillage."

The lady showed the way to a large room; and as soon as Bayard was placed on the bed, she threw herself on her knees, telling him the house and all in it was his by the rights of war, and only begging for mercy for her two young daughters.

"Madame, said Bayard, "I do not know whether I shall get over this hurt, but while I am alive I promise that no harm shall be done to you or your daughters, and that no one shall come into the house without your consent." The lady was thus emboldened to go, under the escort of one of his soldiers, to fetch a surgeon who lived a little way off. He declared that the wound was not mortal; and as soon as it was dressed, Bayard asked his hostess after her husband. She wept, and said she knew not whether he were dead or alive, but she thought he had taken refuge in a convent where he had many friends. When the horrible noise and tumult of the sack abated, he was sent for, and escorted home by some of Bayard's men, while the two daughters came out from the hay-loft, in which they had been hidden; and all felt secure under the good knight's protection.

Indeed, the Duke de Nemours restored order as soon as he could, but not before there were twenty-two thousand corpses to be carried out of the town!

During the week that he remained there, he came to see Bayard every day, and put him under the charge of his own surgeon. He also made him a present of five hundred crowns, which Bayard divided between his two sentries as compensation for the plunder they had missed.

CAMEO XXX.

Bayard's Farewell. 1512.

The Duke rejoined the army, while Bayard remained unable to move; and though waited upon with the utmost courtesy by his hosts, whose young daughters used to entertain him by bringing their needlework to his room, and singing and playing on the lute, the disabled warrior chafed to be in the camp, for a battle was expected within a short time, and the astrologer's prediction weighed upon his mind. At the end of five weeks he was able to move about the room, and though his wound was still open, he resolved on leaving Brescia in two days' time.

Such were the sixteenth century notions of warfare that his hosts considered that their wounded victor had a perfect right to use or misuse them as he pleased, and they expected to have to pay a ransom of ten thousand ducats for their lives and property. The lady had so much trust in Bayard's generosity, that she hoped that he would be content with two thousand five hundred ducats, which she contrived to scrape together, placed in a richly adorned steel casket, and caused a servant to carry to his room behind her. She then threw herself on her knees, and only rose on the knight's refusing to listen to her unless she was seated, and she then made him a speech about his rights of conquest, thanking him for his merciful use of them, and praying him to accept the little present she had prepared.

"How much is there?" asked Bayard.

"Signor," said the poor lady, "there is but two thousand five hundred ducats; but if that be not enough, command what you will, we will try to raise it."

"Nay," said Bayard, "if you had offered me a hundred thousand crowns I should prize them less than your kindness and good entertainment. Instead of taking your money, I am for life your servant and your friend."

The lady still insisted; and at last he accepted, only begging that he might see her daughters to take leave of them. Meantime he divided the ducats into three parcels, two of a thousand each, and the third of five hundred; and when the two maidens appeared, he said, "Ladies, you know that men-at-arms are not apt to be laden with jewels or trinkets for young damsels; but your lady mother has just given me two thousand five hundred ducats, which you see there, and I give you one thousand each for a marriage portion."

The remaining five hundred he put into the mother's charge to be bestowed upon the nunneries which had suffered the most; and then he took leave of the ladies, who all cried and sobbed as if he had been their father. One young lady had made him a pair of bracelets of gold and silver thread, and the other an embroidered crimson velvet purse, and these he accepted with the utmost gratitude and courtesy, wearing the bracelets as he left the house.

He joined the army before Ravenna, which they were besieging, while it was protected by a mixed army of Italians and Spaniards under Fabrizio Colonna and Raymond de Cardona. Orders came from

CAMEO XXX.

The Battle of Ravenna. 1512.

Louis XII. to give battle as soon as possible, for Maximilian had just concluded a ten months' truce with the Venetians, and would be sure to withdraw his troops. In fact, orders that every German should leave the French army arrived that very night; but the commander of the lanzknechts was the brave Jakob Empser, who had been so disappointed of assaulting Padua. He consulted Bayard, who took him to the Duke of Nemours, and they agreed to keep the secret, and fight the battle before another courier could arrive.

And thus the battle of Ravenna took place on the Easter Day of 1512. It was a very fiercely contested struggle. Fabrizio Colonna was made prisoner by the Duke of Ferrara, and Cardinal Giovanni dei Medici was also taken; but the Spanish infantry—the best in the world—made great havoc of the Germans, and the bold Empser was killed. Gaston of Nemours, however, after breaking the Spanish cavalry, came to the rescue of his allies, and drove back the infantry, which retreated in good order. Bayard was pursuing one body of them, when Gaston charged another; but it was on a narrow road with a deep ditch on both sides, and he became entangled among them. His horse was hamstrung and fell, and he defended himself on foot, but he was closed in and wounded. An officer called out, "Save him, he is our Vice-roy, your queen's brother!" but the enraged Spaniards cared little for the French Queen of Aragon; and Bayard came back from the pursuit to find the brave young duke dead on the road, pierced with thirteen wounds.

Here, too, Bayard had to dismount and leave his good horse Carman, who had been taken at Brescia, and was a noble and intelligent creature, but, with two pike-thrusts in its body and twenty sword-cuts in its head, could carry him no longer. The next day, however, he found it grazing, so altered by its wounds that he only knew it by the affectionate neigh with which it greeted him. It submitted gently to the searching of its wounds, but if a naked sword were shown it, its eyes flashed, and it would seize the weapon with its teeth. For the present Bayard was obliged to leave the good steed to the Duke of Lorraine.

The victory, as Bayard wrote to his uncle, was as bad as a defeat, in the loss of Gaston de Foix. While he was carried to his burial in Milan Cathedral, Rome trembled, expecting an invasion in forty-eight hours, but the French had suffered too much to venture; Chabannes, who had succeeded to the command, found his numbers diminished, and Maximilian permitted twenty thousand Swiss to be hired by the Venetians. Louis could send no succour to his army, for England was threatening him at home, and Chabannes was forced to retreat. While protecting the rear before Pavia, Bayard had his arm torn from shoulder to wrist by a ball from an arquebus, and on the 28th of June the French army re-ascended the Alps on their way home.

All Lombardy thereupon revolted, Genoa rose, the troops of the Holy League occupied Milan, placed Massimiliano Sforza on the ducal throne, massacred the sick French who had been left behind and

CAMEO XXX.

Death of Julius II. 1513.

turned the coffin of Gaston de Foix, as an excommunicate, out of the Cathedral into the burial-ground of the nunnery of Santa Marta.

So for the third time had the French, after brilliant successes, to retreat deplorably from Italy. Julius II. had so far triumphed, that his great-nephew was Duke of Milan; but the Germans and Spaniards still defiled the soil of Italy, and in the height of his schemes for setting the one to expel the other, he fell sick of a fever, and died on the 21st of February, 1513. He had neither lived in vice nor favoured his kindred, but his wars and politics had done almost as much to alienate men's minds from the Church as had the licentiousness of Alexander VI.

Giovanni dei Medici, who was elected in his place, and called himself Leo X., was to show that a Pope of taste could do quite as much for the ruin of the Church as either of his predecessors.

CAMEO XXXI.

FLODDEN EDGE.

(1512—1514.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1509. Henry VIII.	1488. James IV.	1498. Louis XII.	1461. Fernando VI.
Emperor of Germany.		*Pope.*	
1493. Maximilian I.		1513. Leo X.	

CAMEO XXXI.

Spanish seizure of Navarre. 1512.

HENRY VIII. had joined the Holy League chiefly for the pleasure of making war upon France. An invasion was a demonstration expected of every young king, and the people felt baulked without it.

As a beginning, the Marquis of Dorset, and Lord Howard, son to the Earl of Surrey, were sent with ten thousand men to Fuente-arabia, where Henry's father-in-law, Fernando of Aragon, was to supply them with artillery and provisions, and put them on their way to recover the long-lost duchy of Guienne.

But wily old Fernando no sooner heard of the death of young Gaston de Foix at Ravenna, than he devised a different scheme. The acknowledged Queen of Navarre was Catherine de Foix, wife to Jean d'Albret, a son of grim old Alain; but though the little Pyrenean kingdom had always gone in the female line, Gaston's father, the Count de Narbonne, had long ago put in a claim. The young duke had never troubled himself about it, but Fernando declared that he had been rightful King of Navarre, and that on his death the claim descended to his sister Germaine. Fernando meant to avail himself of the Englishmen whom he had invited to conquer Guienne to obtain this little kingdom.

So when Lord Dorset, who had brought no artillery, expected the Spaniards to accompany him to the siege of Bayonne, he was told by Don Fadrique de Toledo, Duke of Alva, who had joined him with six thousand men and twenty cannon, that they must first secure the kingdom of Navarre. Taken by surprise, and with small forces at any time at their disposal, the unfortunate Queen of Navarre and her husband left Pampeluna, fleeing to their estates in France. "Had I been King and you Queen," said Catherine to her husband, "this had never happened."

Dorset absolutely refused to assist in this nefarious attack, or to make

CAMEO XXXI.

The English Expedition. 1512.

war anywhere save in France; but he could do nothing without the Spaniards, and had no choice but to wait till the Navarrese attack was over; and meantime they suffered severely from sickness and want of provisions. When Pampeluna had fallen, Dorset again wanted to attack Bayonne. But no—the Spaniards must march against Béarn, the old inheritance of the Counts of Foix. Dorset protested, and refused to move; but Fernando sent an ambassador to Henry VIII., and so talked him over that a reprimand was sent out to the English commander, and he was laid under orders to follow the commands of the Spanish king, with an assurance that his master's service would be attended to at last. However, the English troops had not waited for the answer; they were furious, and clamoured to fight for their own king or else be sent home; Fernando saw they were growing dangerous, so he provided ships for them, and they were just embarking when the answer came. It was too late, the men forced their commanders to set sail, and arrived about Christmas of 1512, ragged, sickly, and ashamed, with their numbers much reduced, though they had not struck a blow.

Henry was very angry, and threatened the disobedient troops a good deal at first, but there were so many of them, that punishment was impossible; and he proposed to lead a grand expedition himself the following year, which should wipe out all remembrance of disappointment. The parliament granted him very considerable levies, and half the young men in the kingdom were eager for war; moreover, Maximilian and Fernando both bound themselves to invade France within the year; Fernando from the south, Maximilian from the Burgundian side in concert with the Swiss.

Louis was in a good deal of perplexity. The battle of Ravenna had indeed been a victory, but Gaston de Foix had been his best general, and the loss of him had led to another rapid loss of all his conquests. The best thing he could think of to keep England off his hands was to stir up Scotland; and Scotland was not hard to stir, in spite of the marriage between King James and the sister of the English king. The brothers-in-law were both extremely fond of their navies, and as maritime adventure was managed in those days, no taste could well be more likely to lead to quarrels. Who was a pirate, and who was not, was a difficult and delicate question. Almost all the merchant-ships went about armed to the teeth in self-defence, and when the stronger sighted the weaker and the wealthier, there was not much inquiry made whether there were war between the countries to which each belonged. In general, sovereigns seem by general agreement to have troubled themselves little about mutual injuries on the high seas, but to have acquiesced in the "good old plan"—

> "That he should take who had the power,
> And he should keep who can."

But when a pretext for war was wanted, these little accidents assumed a graver character; and now and then they actually did exceed any reasonable patience in their sovereigns.

CAMEO XXXI.

The Navy of England. 1510.

Henry and James were both great ship-builders. Henry's one big ship of war was the *Regent*, of one thousand tons; but little Scotland managed to produce the biggest ship of her time, namely, the *Great Michael*, with shot-proof sides ten feet thick, her length 240 feet, and on her upper deck thirty-five cannon, besides lesser artillery known by the odd names of Culverins and Double-dogs. She had 300 sailors, 120 gunners, and 1,000 soldiers; and the King took great pride and delight in watching her construction; but she seems to have proved too unwieldy for the seamanship of the time. Her first captain was the Earl of Arran, but he could do nothing with her, and brave old Sir Andrew Wood of Largs was appointed in his stead, but probably he too found her unmanageable.

Sir Andrew Wood was growing old; but there was a large family named Barton, whose seamanship was almost as much esteemed as his own. As long ago as 1476, some of these Bartons had been plundered by the Portuguese, and had obtained letters of marque to make reprisals, which they did in such sort, that others besides the Portuguese had to complain of them; and in 1507, John Barton was pounced upon, thrown into prison at Campvere in Zealand, and his ship, the *Lion*, seized. His sons obtained more letters of marque, and were apparently not more particular on whom they made their reprisals, for they fell upon the Portuguese carracks returning with jewels and spices from India and gold-dust and negroes from Africa, and brought home wealth to enrich, and unfortunate black-a-moors to astonish, the Scots. Indeed, it appears that these letters were regarded as a licence to the family to plunder, up to the eighty-seventh year after the offence! The English merchantmen that fell in their way shared the fate of the Dutch and Portuguese; till in 1511, the Earl of Surrey, hearing of the mischief they had done, vowed that "the narrow seas should never be so infested while he had an estate that could furnish a ship, or a son to command it."

So he fitted out two ships of war under command of his sons, Thomas and Edward Howard—not that they had been bred to the sea, but sailing and fighting were supposed to come by nature—and sent them against the two ships of the Barton brothers, the *Lion* and the *Jenny Pirwen*, which were lying in the Downs. According to a ballad, whence Scott has taken his account of the fight, the captain of a merchantman who had the day before been plundered, guided the two brothers to the place where they might find the pirates. They showed no sign of war, but hung on their masts a willow wand, the token of a trader. Andrew Barton immediately signalled to them to lie to and be plundered, whereupon they displayed their colours, and fired a broadside; while Andrew Barton appeared on the deck of the *Lion*, clad in bright armour, with a golden whistle and chain about his neck, the like of which was the ensign of the High Admiral of England. The ballad further states that Barton's ship had machinery for dropping beams from the yard-arms on the hostile ship, and that this contrivance was managed from the main-mast. The Howards, to provide against this, placed their best

CAMEO XXXI.

Death of Barton. 1511.

archer, a Yorkshire squire named Hustler, where he could pick off anyone who ascended the main-mast. Two men had fallen in this manner, when Andrew Barton, trusting to the strength of his armour, began to climb to the post of danger.

"Shoot true for your life!" called Sir Thomas Howard to his archer.

"Were I to die for it," said Hustler, "I have but two arrows left."

The first glanced off the well-tempered armour. With the second, Hustler took aim at the arm-pit as Barton stretched upwards to climb higher. The arrow took effect; Barton descended, only saying, "Fight on, brave hearts! I am a little wounded, but not slain. I will but rest a while, then rise and fight again."

His whistle was heard at intervals, but at length it ceased; and presently the English, boarding the vessel, found that the daring captain was dead. They brought the two ships into port in triumph, and the *Lion* became the second ship in the Royal navy. James was very angry, and sent off Rothsay herald to demand compensation; but Henry coolly answered that the fate of pirates need never be matter of concern among princes.

This was in 1511, and the offence had not been forgotten. Henry rewarded Edward Howard with the office of Lord High Admiral, and did all he could to improve his shipping. One important step in his reign was the chartering the Corporation of the Trinity House, Deptford, a body of experienced persons, who have ever since been charged with the examination of pilots, the inspection of buoys, light-houses, and all that is needful to make navigation secure upon the British coasts.

Brittany had given France a navy; and in 1512 several encounters took place, in one of which the best English ship, the *Regent*, was blown up on one side, and the French Admiral on the other. Louis sent numerous sailors from Genoa and Marseilles to supply the loss; and on the other hand, Sir Edward Howard sailed from Portsmouth in March, 1513, with orders to scour the Channel, and fall on the French fleet at Brest. In high spirits, he wrote to the King that if he would join the fleet, he would see a great and glorious victory; but he received for answer a sound rating from the Council, for wishing the King to put his person in such jeopardy. Howard was brave even to rashness, and was wont to say that no sea-captain was worth anything if he would not attempt *any* enterprise, however full of risk.

On St. Mark's Day he attacked a squadron of six galleys under one Prior Jean, or Préjean, with only two galleys and four boats. He leapt on the deck of *Le Cordelier*, Préjean's vessel, bidding his own be lashed to her; but only sixteen men followed him, and his orders not being carried out, his ship dropped astern, and he himself, with his men, was forced over into the sea, and drowned before the boats under Sir John Wallop could come to his rescue. He had been seen, while still on the deck of *Le Cordelier*, to throw his Admiral's gold chain and whistle into the sea, that the French might not have them for trophies. The English fleet returned sorrowfully, and Préjean insulted the coast of

CAMEO XXXI.

War between England and Scotland. 1512.

Sussex; but Henry appointed Sir Thomas Howard in his brother's room, and he soon cleared the Channel, and left the way open for the passage of the army that was assembling for the French expedition.

Queen Katharine was appointed to preside over the Council in the King's absence; and the Earl of Surrey was appointed to keep guard in the north, since there was every reason to expect an attack from Scotland.

Besides the resentment excited by Andrew Barton's death, James had the farther subject of complaint, that all Queen Margaret's jewels had not been delivered to her on the death of her father, and other disputes were pending; but the real point was, that Scotland always held with France, and Louis was doing all in his power to excite this formidable enemy. He decreed that all Scots should be reckoned as born citizens of France, without having to pay for their naturalization. He gave all his interest to make the clever Scots ambassador, Andrew Forman, Archbishop of Bourges, as a recompense for assisting in bringing on a war with England; and Anne of Brittany did her part, in working on the fanciful side of James's nature.

She had never been well since the birth of her second daughter, Renée, in 1510, and she was very unhappy and much disturbed at having her husband at war with the Pope; but Henry's blockade of Brest, and the death of her brave captain Primoguet, would naturally anger her; and when she heard that the English were embarking, she wrote to King James a romantic letter, depicting herself as a distressed dame attacked by a treacherous prince:

"Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance,
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on Southron land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance."

It was literally true that Anne, thirty-six years of age, and in failing health, thus spurred on the Scottish king, husband of a fair young English queen, whose first babe was little more than a year old, to rush into this senseless war; for senseless it was, when there was no real ground of quarrel with England, when even Border feuds were quieting down, when the strong hand of the King was establishing something more like peace and justice, and in the prevailing good order, commerce, art, and science, were flourishing as they had never done before. James had all the elegant tastes of his race, and unlike his father, could indulge them without accusation of effeminacy; for if he introduced printing, discovered Scottish gold and coined it, studied alchemy and astrology—the delusiveness of which could only be learnt by experiment—he was also a fearless rider and hunter, and excelled in the tournament. The reward of the victor in the lists was a golden lance-head; and after all, there was perhaps no better way of teaching the rude subjects the courtesies of war.

CAMEO XXXI.

Warning to James IV. 1513.

But, as if urged by the dementing demon of the Stewarts, James must ieeds peril all this prosperity for the lure of fame and ambition. Already Borthwick, his master gunner, had cast his cannon, others were collected rom the castles, the fleet was equipped, and summonses sent out for he whole force of the kingdom to meet on the Borough Moor, near Edinburgh. Of course, all that was enterprising was enchanted to narch into England, but the prudent grieved; and more than one trange warning—still unexplained, though the facts are undoubted—oresaged the result of the expedition.

First, while on the anniversary of his father's death, the 18th of June, James was attending a solemn service in Linlithgow Church, both as xpiative, and to entreat that his undertaking might be prospered, 'there came a man clad in ane blue gown, belted about him with ane oll of linen, and ane pair of brodekins on his feet, and all other things onforme thereto." He seemed about fifty years old, had a bald fore-ead, and long hair hanging down. He passed through the nobles to he desk where the King was leaning, and laying his hand upon it vithout obeisance, only leaning down, said, "Sir King, my Mother as sent me to thee, desiring thee not to go quhair thou art purposed, uhilk if thou do, thou shalt not fare well in thy journey, nor none that s with thee. Further, she forbade thee to mell with nor use the ounsell of women, quhilk if thou do, thou wilt be confounded and rought to shame."

Evensong was nearly over, and the long northern summer day dark-ning, and ere the King had framed his answer, or Sir David Lindesay, Lord Lyon king-at-arms, could lay hands on the figure, it had vanished. Scott spoke the popular impression when he made Lindesay say,—

> "His simple majesty of face,
> His solemn bearing and his pace
> So stately gliding on—
> Seem'd to me ne'er did limner paint
> So just an image of the Saint
> Who propped the Virgin in her faint,
> The loved Apostle John."

No doubt she was the Mother the words were intended to mean; but the warning against the "counsell of women" made the King suspect the pageant was a device of the Queen, for he had not kept his resolution of fidelity to her, and was swayed by passions less romantic and distant than that for Anne of Brittany.

Another strange incident took place, after one hundred thousand men from all parts of Scotland had assembled on the Borough Moor, and the artillery was being put in motion. The King was sleeping at Holyrood for the last time, when from the market-cross of Edinburgh, the tall beautiful structure whence the Acts of Parliament were proclaimed, at midnight a voice was heard, being the "summons of Plotcock," *i.e.* Pluto, the King of Shades, or Death himself, to appear before him within forty days, and citing the whole army, as it were, one by one, by name, beginning with the King himself. At last another

CAMEO XXXI.

March of James. 1513.

voice was heard: "I, for my part, appeal from your summons and judgment, and betake me to the mercy of God."

It was not Ralph de Wilton, but one Richard Lawson, who was walking in his gallery and heard the summons, took a crown-piece from his purse, and threw it over the stair, saying these words. Probably the cross upon the money was held to be his protection. His appeal does not seem to have broken up the fatal proclamation, as in *Marmion;* indeed, there appears to have been nothing visible, only the voice. It rests on the authority of "ane sufficient landit gentleman," then twenty years old, who swore to Pitscottie that no one summoned had survived the forty days, except such as appealed. If it were done for the sake of disheartening the army, it was an odd time to take when everyone was fast asleep, except such as, like Mr. Richard Lawson, were "evil disposed."

James heeded it not at all, but proceeded on his march; and thus, by one of the curious repetitions of history, an English King was fighting on the soil of Picardy, while his Queen was left to repel a Scottish invasion, in each case led by his own brother-in-law. Henry's battle was in point of fact fought a little earlier than James's; but as his subsequent proceedings connect themselves with French rather than Scottish history, it may be best to follow James, before passing to Calais and Terouenne.

On the 22nd of August, 1513, James crossed the Border, and after a week's siege took Norham Castle, then Etal and Ford, in which last place it was that he fell in with "the lovely Lady Heron gay," whose husband was already his prisoner in Scotland. She seems to have purposely amused and detained him, amid the bare hills around her castle, while his army were eating up the forty days' provision that they had brought with them from home, and giving time to Queen Katharine to issue orders, and to Lord Surrey to collect the northern forces, taking up at Durham the standard of St. Cuthbert, which had waved over the defeat of one Scottish king at Northallerton, and another at Neville's Cross. Land and water were alike to Surrey's brave son Thomas, the High Admiral, who came up with five thousand men at Alnwick; and Lord Dacre, Sir Marmaduke Constable—all, in fact, who were not with Henry in France—hurried to the army, bringing the standards and banners that Queen Katharine describes herself as being "horrible busy" in embroidering, while she adds, all the people "be very glad to be busy with the Scots, for they take it for pastime."

Surrey sent before him his herald, Rouge Croix, to bear his challenge in due form to the King of Scots, reproaching him with having broken faith to King Henry, and defying him to battle on the ensuing Friday; while the High Admiral added another message, that he himself would be in the vanguard in his own proper person, to justify the death of that pirate of the sea, Andrew Barton; adding that "he nor none of his company should take no Scotch nobleman prisoner, nor any other, but they should die if they came in his danger, unless it were the King's

own person, for he said, he trusted to none other courtesy from the hands of the Scots."

CAMEO XXXI.

Flodden Edge. 1513.

James answered the challenge, that he earnestly desired the encounter, and would abide the battle; and he sent Islay herald back to retort the accusation of broken faith.

He chose his ground on Flodden Edge, a spur of the Cheviots, steep on both sides, and with the deep river Till "rinning still" in front of it.

Surrey thought the post too strong to be approached, "except the Englishmen would have temerariously run on his ordinance," which he was too wise to issue; so he sent Rouge Croix with a letter to reproach the King with having put himself into ground more like a fortress or a camp than any indifferent field of battle, calling him down, in fact, as a matter of fair play. James would not answer him in person, but sent a "servitor to reply," that it beseemed not an earl after that manner to handle a king, and that he "would use no sorcery, nor had no trust of any ground."

Had he been a wary general, he would have held to this advantage, and starved out the English army, as the Black Douglas had done before him; but Surrey made it his business to tempt him down, and therefore, on the 8th of September the English host began to cross the Till, concealed by a low hill from the Scottish army, and the next day, the 9th, his van under the Admiral re-crossed the Till at Troisell bridge, and he himself with the rest of the army at a ford about a mile higher up, thus interposing themselves between the Scots and their own country. Meantime there were wranglings in the Scottish camp. The barons, who had begun to have doubts of their King's ability as a captain, and who saw desertion thinning the ranks of their followers, wanted to take the matter into their own hands, and met in council. The principal speaker was Lord Lindesay of the Byres, no other than the "Mr. Patrick," who had so stoutly spoken up for his brother David four-and-twenty years previously, and who, old lawyer that he was, had come forth at the muster.

He proceeded to give "ane similitude;" likening the venture in the coming battle to one between a honest merchant staking a rose-noble, and one cast against a gilt halfpenny of a common hazarder. The rose-noble was of course King James, the gilt halfpenny, Lord Surrey, whom he politely termed "ane auld crookit carle lying in ane chariot."

Wherefore Lord Patrick sums up: "And though they tyne him, they tyne but little; but gif we jeopard our noble Prince at this time with ane simple wight, and happen to tyne him, we will be callit evil merchants and waur counsellors to his Majesty, for gif we tyne him, we tyne the haill realm of Scotland and the nobility thereof; so I conclude that it is not decent nor seemly for us to jeopard our noble King and his nobility with ane auld crookit carle, and certain sutors and tailors with him in company."

The barons proceeded to select some of their number to lead the different divisions, and others to take charge of the King, and conduct

CAMEO XXXI.

Flodden Edge. 1513.

him a little aside, where he might look on at the battle and see the valiant acts on both sides, when they were suddenly interrupted by James himself, in great wrath at the comfortable arrangements for his security, swearing that he would fight against England with his own arm, though they all had sworn to the contrary.

"And as for Lord Lindesay, I vow I shall never see Scotland again, but I shall hang him over his own yett."

There was no question but that James IV. was master of his nobility when he chose to assert himself, but it is impossible not to pity them. The army now almost entirely consisted of gentlemen—for the commons had slipped home as their provisions melted away during the days of inaction, and the one hundred thousand were much reduced; while, however, Scottish pride might call Surrey a crookit auld carle, and his army shoemakers and tailors, they were quite aware that they would be such tough material that no advantage of ground ought to be sacrificed in dealing with them. Everyone saw how easy it would be to destroy the English army in the act of crossing the river; but James, with his high-spirited notions of a battle being a more serious tournament, would not hear of taking an unfair advantage.

Old Bell-the-cat Angus, who had never much troubled himself in his life about scruples of honour or loyalty, besought the King to attack the enemy at once, or to retreat. "Gif ye are afraid, Angus, ye may gang hame," answered James—the one taunt that the hoary old sinner did not deserve; for traitor, rebel, and tyrant as he had been, he had always been bold enough. He burst into tears, saying he might have been spared the insult. His age rendered him useless as a warrior, and as a counsellor he was despised; so he withdrew from the field, leaving two of his sons to lead his vassals. Then Borthwick, the master gunner, fell on his knees to entreat James to permit him to fire upon the English, but was only ordered to desist on peril of his life. But it is due to James to own that it was chivalry, not blundering, that made him sit

> "Inactive on his steed,
> And see, between him and his land,
> Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
> His host, Lord Surrey lead."

Having gained his point, Surrey divided his army into two chief divisions, each with separate wings. The first main division was led by the Admiral Thomas Howard, with his brother Edmund on the right wing, and Sir Marmaduke Constable on the left. Surrey himself led the main body; Sir Edward Stanley commanded in the rear, and there was a reserve of horse under Lord Dacre.

James now thought the moment come. He drew up his army in five main divisions, the Gordons under the Earl of Huntley, and the great Border family of Home, forming the advance; and then, keeping on a line, the King himself with the choicest of his nobility in the centre; the Earl of Argyle with the Islanders and men of Lorn, the Earl of

Lennox with the other Highlanders, and Bothwell leading the reserve. Then he commanded that the huts and booths where the host had lodged, their straw beds and litter, should be set fire to, so that they might descend the hill in silence under its cover.

CAMD. XXXI. *Flodden Edge.* 1513.

"From the sharp ridges of the hill
All downward to the banks of Till
Was wreathed in sable smoke;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone
Announced their march, their tread alone,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England from his mountain throne
King James did rushing come!
Scarce can they hear or see their foes,
Until at battle's point they close."

It was as late as four o'clock in the afternoon when the silence was broken by the report of all the artillery on both sides, while the vanguard of Borderers, with Huntley and Home, fell with long-spears upon Sir Edmund Howard's wing, which partly consisted of a body of Cheshiremen, somewhat discontented at being under a Howard instead of their native leader Stanley, and unused to Border pikes.

"If Lancashire and Cheshire be fled and gone,
Of those tythings we may be unfain;
But I dare lay my life and land,
It was for want of their captain;
For if the Earl of Derby our captain had been,
And us to lead in our array,
Then no Lancashire or Cheshire man
That ever would have fled away!"

After resisting for some time, Edmund's banner was torn down, he was overthrown, and the Cheshiremen fled in disorder; but the Admiral came up in haste, rescued his brother, gathered the remains of his division into his own, and Lord Dacre coming up with his horse, there was a desperate struggle, lasting long, and in which the Homes and Gordons were borne back upon the Lindesays and Grahams; but these rallying, fought so well that the two Howards again found themselves being worsted; and Thomas taking the jewelled "*Agnus Dei*" from his neck, sent it by special messenger to his father, to entreat him to advance as promptly as possible with the centre.

As Surrey moved forward, so did James, and the shock was desperate. The other Borderers under Bothwell joined in the fight, and for a time the Scots had the advantage; but when Huntley called on Home to carry their victorious division to reinforce the King, the Borderers' reply was, "We have foughten our vanguard and have won the same, therefore let the lave do their part as well as we." And so the Homes and their fellows threw themselves on the spoil; while far to the west the plaided Highland clans, descending the hill in face of Sir Edward Stanley's archers and pikemen, had found themselves galled beyond endurance by the arrows. Flinging away their round targets and plaids,

CAMEO XXXI.

Death of James. 1513.

they grasped their broad swords with both hands, and dashed against the spears with the utmost fury. The French gentlemen, who were always to be found in a Scottish army, tried to restrain them, but were incomprehensible and disregarded; and the Englishmen, after standing the first headlong shock, cut down and pierced the naked ranges without more mercy than if they had been as many wild beasts, and killed their leaders, Lennox and Argyle. After this victory, Stanley brought his force to the assistance of Surrey in the centre; as did also the Admiral, who had, as the old ballad says, "quit himself so well," that the two Earls of Crawford and Montrose had both fallen.

James and his central force were thus hemmed in on all sides. So desperately did they fight, that when the ground became slippery with blood, they took off their boots and fought barefooted. No quarter was given. The English averred that the Scots fought in so cruel and savage a manner, that they *would* not admit them to ransom. Any way, they fought like desperate men. It was like the end of the battle of Hastings, the ring of brave and hopeless men gathered closer and closer as darkness fell.

> "No thought was there of dastard flight;
> Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
> Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
> As fearlessly and well—
> Till utter darkness closed her wing
> O'er their thin host and wounded king."

And as for James—

> "He saw the wreck his rashness wrought;
> Reckless of life, he desperate fought,
> And fell on Flodden plain.
> And well in death his trusty brand
> Firm clenched within his manly hand,
> Beseemed the monarch slain."

He fell, pierced in the body by an arrow and his skull cloven by a bill, just as evening closed, only a few paces from Surrey, who did not see the fall, and still remained uncertain whether the battle were gained. It was too dark to see one man from another, so the English Earl drew his men together and remained where he was; but his scouts brought him word that the Scots were in full retreat, and he "thanked God with an humble heart," still, however, keeping his troops close together; and it was well he did so, for the Homes, whose selfishness had greatly contributed to turn the scale against their sovereign, together with the lawless reivers from Tynedale and Teviotdale, who had never been in the battle at all, were plundering and despoiling the slain all night long.

When morning had dawned, Home's banner, far more disgraced than those that lay honourably clenched by dead hands in the dust, was seen floating at no great distance; and on the hillside there was still the remnant of the Scots army, apparently ready to resist; but Surrey turned his artillery on them, and they retreated slowly and in good order, followed for about four miles by the English horse; while Home made off with his plunder across the Tweed.

CAMBO XXXI.
—
Death of James IV.
1513.

Surrey then knighted forty gentlemen, and proceeded to view the scene of this victory, which had been due to as gallant courage, discipline, and unity of purpose, as ever did honour to an Englishman; with the exception of the Cheshiremen early in the day, every man had done his duty to the very utmost, and had shown a discipline that above all the rest had served to win the day. The English arrows had not done as much execution as hitherto, excepting on the wild Highlandmen; the Scots, being chiefly gentry and their retainers, were too well fenced in the heavy plate armour of the time to suffer much from them. Their day was nearly past; and the seventeen cannon that were deserted on the hill showed that new warfare had set in. These Scottish cannon, the delight of poor James, were the neatest, best made, and smallest in the touch-hole that had yet been seen. Seven, called the Seven Sisters, had been cast by Borthwick, who lay dead near them.

Alas! when the slain were counted, who did not lie there? Scarcely a Scots pedigree but has its men slain at Flodden. Twelve earls had fallen, and many families had lost every member capable of fighting. Erasmus' promising pupil, the young Archbishop Alexander Stewart, had perished in his nineteenth year. Poor boy! he deserves little blame. He was still unordained, and he had seen the Pope himself leading an army. He was the one of all his scholars whom Erasmus liked best, and his keepsake—a ring, bearing a gem engraven with the Roman god of boundaries, Terminus—was used by the scholar as his seal, further inscribed with the motto "*Concedo nulli*,"—I yield to none. But for the Pope's turbulence, and the selfish persuasions of France, he might have lived to be a blessing to the unhappy Church of Scotland But there was a still greater present loss; for under a heap of dead, Lord Dacre knew King James by his sword and dagger, and by Anne of Brittany's turquoise ring. Some of the prisoners likewise recognized the body; but it did not wear the iron belt, in which probably he could not have fought, and on this account the Scots were unwilling to believe that the English really had found the corpse. Some said that he had escaped across the Tweed, but had been killed by the Homes; and others, that he had gone on pilgrimage to the Holy Land—not very likely, when he left a depopulated country, and a successor of eighteen months old!

James had been included in the sentence of excommunication, launched by Julius II. against the party of Louis XII., and he could not therefore receive funeral rites; but Surrey caused his corpse to be embalmed and lapped in lead at Berwick, and it was thence sent to the monastery of Shene at Richmond; and though Henry VIII. obtained permission from Leo X. to bury it honourably, after the grant of Shene Abbey to the Duke of Suffolk, the corpse lay shamefully disregarded, and the head was hewn off by a workman, and carried home for the sake of the sweet smell of the embalming. He was but forty-two years old, and but for the selfish machinations of France, might have been the renovator of his country.

CAMEO XXXI.

Queen Katharine's Letter. 1513.

Surrey had arranged relays of posts, to carry the tidings as fast as possible to the south. They reached Queen Katharine at Woburn, before the 16th, as she was preparing for a pilgrimage to Walsingham; and she wrote her joyful letter to her king. "To my thinking," she says, "this battle hath been to your Grace and to all your realm the greatest honour that could be, and more than should you win all the realm of France. Thanked be God of it, and I am sure your Grace forgetteth not to do this; which may cause to send you many more such victories, as I trust He shall do. My husband, for hastiness with Rouge Cross I could not send your Grace the piece of the King of Scotland's coat, which John Glyn now bringeth. In this your Grace shall see how I can keep my promise, sending you for your banners a king's coat. I thought to send himself to you, but our Englishmen would not suffer it."

So wrote Katharine. How different it was in the sister kingdom with the sister Queen, can well be believed, when the fugitives, flashing across the Tweed in the darkness, brought tidings of the defeat and death. Scarce anyone was left but "women, babes, and aged men;" and well was it for them that the English had fought not for aggression's sake, but in self defence. But while it was yet doubtful whether Surrey would not follow up his victory by an advance beyond Berwick, the aged men rose to the occasion. Old Archibald of Angus, and Patrick Lindesay of the Byres, seemed to have retired from the army, when they found that as counsellors they were of no use. Angus had lost two sons, Lindesay one; a very old Alexander Lindesay had become Earl of Crawford; and Sir David Lindesay as a herald had not been exposed to danger. These and some others met in council; and the four remaining bailies of Edinburgh did their part gallantly, by issuing commands to restrain the dire lamentation in the streets, and rushing hither and thither for tidings. All men were commanded to repair to their work as usual, unless the bell should summon them together, when they were to come armed; and no woman was to run wailing about the streets; but they were either to keep their houses, or pray in the churches; and measures were immediately taken for fortifying Edinburgh, which had hitherto been unwalled.

Queen Margaret was in agonies of lamentation. Her little son was but a year and five months old. He had had three elder brethren, none of whom had lived many months; and his tenure of life seemed very frail, when on the 21st of September, twelve days after his father's fall, he was carried to Scone, for what was known in Scotland at "the Mourning Coronation." Then he was committed to the charge of Sir David Lindesay, who must have been the tenderest of foster-fathers. He thus describes himself and the little king, James V.—

"How as ane chapman bears his pack,
I bore thy Grace upon my back,
And sometimes stridlings on my neck,
Dancing with mony bend and beck."

CAMEO XXXI.
—
James V.
1513.

He further tells how he "happit" the child warm in bed, and that the little fellow's first words were "Pa Da Lin" upon the lute—probably, "Play, Davie Lindesay."

The Queen was declared Regent, and the Parliament met at Perth in December, now almost entirely consisting of clergy; but though Queen Katharine had at once sent to offer a truce, the minds of the Scots were too much embittered to accept it; a Border warfare was still kept up, until Margaret's entreaties to her brother obtained a year's truce, for which she was little thanked by the vindictive Scots. An infant, whom she named Alexander, was born to her in April, 1514; and next in succession to him stood the Duke of Albany, son to the turbulent brother of James III., and thoroughly French in habits and breeding. After him came Hamilton, Earl of Arran, son to James III.'s sister Mary, and of late commander of the fleet, with which he had sailed to France; and there, with consent of the Scots, the Great Michael and two more large ships were sold to Louis XII. An invitation was sent to Albany to return to Scotland with Hamilton; but Louis XII., being by this time on friendly terms with Henry, would not let him go, and he could only send his friend the Sieur de la Bastie, who kept up a French or Albany party in opposition to the Queen's English party.

Margaret soon amazed and alienated her friends. After the danger of invasion had passed away, old Bell-the-cat, broken-hearted for his sons, had gone into Whitehern Priory, and there died; and the Earldom of Angus passed to his grandson, Archibald Douglas, a handsome accomplished youth of nineteen, who had been educated in France. Margaret seems to have hoped to secure a protector in her stormy regency; but she asked no permission, and the English and Scottish courts were alike amazed by the tidings, that on the 6th of August, 1514, eleven months after King James's death, she had been privately married to the "Earl of Anguish," as Henry VIII. and his ministers always spelt the title.

It was an age of poetical effort, and each side commemorated Flodden in poems; but as usual the Scots were victorious in verse; perhaps because sorrow is always more poetical than joy. Skelton, the English court poet, wrote some lines which betray a good deal more national hatred than poetry.

"Ye were stark mad to make a fray,
His Grace being then out of the way;
Ye wanted wit, sir, at a word:
Ye lost your spurs, ye lost your sword;
Ye might have boune to Huntley branks,
Your pride was peevish to play such pranks."

Another English poet, name unknown, represented Queen Margaret as striving in vain to prevent the war between her husband and her brother; but the writer could not have been very perfect in his calendar, as he begins—

"King Jamie had made a vow,
Keep it well he may,
That he will be at lovely London
Upon St. James's Day."

CAMEO XXXI.

Ballads upon Flodden.

Now as one St. James's feast falls on May Day, and the other in July, James was making his appointment a good while beforehand, as he could hardly have meant St. James the Persian martyr, whose day is the 27th of November. Margaret remonstrates—

"The waters run swift and wondrous deep,
From bottom unto the brim;
My brother Henry hath men good enough,
England is hard to win."

James replies, certainly without his wonted chivalry—

"'Away,' quoth he, 'with this silly fool,
In prison fast let her lie;
For she is come of the English blood,
And for these words she shall die.'"

The result was:

"To tell you plain, twelve thousand were slain,
That to the fight did stand,
And many prisoners took that day,
The best in all Scotland."

Another ballad much better in diction, seems to have been written to soothe the feelings of the Cheshiremen for their early misconduct in the battle. The first tidings of the battle are represented as coming to Henry at Touraine.

"Then bespake our comely King,
And said, 'Who did fight and who did flee?
And who bare him best upon the Mount of Flodden?
And who was false, and who was true to me?'

"'Lancashire and Cheshire,' said the messenger,
'Clean they be both fled and gone;
There was never a man that longed to the Earl of Derby,
That durst look his enemy upon.'"

On these tidings,

"Then bespake our noble King,
And he called upon his chivalry,
And said, 'Who will fetch me the King of Man,
The Honourable Thomas Earl of Derby?'"

Before the Honourable Thomas makes his appearance, two Cheshiremen, Egerton and Brereton, declare that it was all for want of the Earl of Derby; and Brereton challenges a gentleman named Compton. When the Earl of Derby arrives, there is nothing he will not undertake with the men of Lancashire and Cheshire; and moreover he refers to his former doings on behalf of Henry VII., and makes a piteous lamentation over all his knights and gentlemen, who he fears must have been slain, and likewise takes an affecting leave of all his manors, as if he never meant to see them again.

"'Farewell, Lancaster, that *little* town,
Farewell now and for aye;
Many poor men may pray for my soul,
When they lie weeping in the way.

"Farewell, Latham, that bright bower,
Nine towers thou bearest on high,
And other nine thou bearest in the utter walls;
Within thee may be lodged kings three.

"Farewell, Knowsley, that little tower,
Underneath the holtes so hoar;
Ever when I think on that bright bower,
Wyte me not though my heart be sore.'"

In the midst of these farewells, a Cheshire yeoman of the guard, James Garsy, runs up to beg the Earl of Derby to rescue him from punishment for having "sticked two" and wounded three of his fellows for speaking contemptuously of the Earl, in whose house he had been brought up. The man pleads with a good deal of spirit—

"'I had liefer suffer death,' he said,
'Than be false to the Earl that was true to me.'"

Henry refuses; and the next morning comes another post, and—

"'Lancashire and Cheshire,' said the messenger,
'They have done the deed with their own hand;
Had not the Earl of Derby been true,
In great adventure had been all England.'"

Whereupon rewards rain down on Lancashire and Cheshire and all their inhabitants.

Meanwhile the Scots sung their ballad, in which they made their King rise from the battle-field, and—

"Cut the Cross on his right shoulder,
Of cloth of the bluidy red,
And has ta'en his way to the Holy Land.
Where Christ was quick and dead."

A beautiful tune, called the "Flowers of the Forest," survived in Ettrick Forest with the tradition that it was a lament for the fallen on Flodden side, and with a few fragmentary lines that bore out the idea:

"I've heard them lilting at the ewes' milking.
* * * * * *
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

And again—

"I ride single on my saddle,
For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

And among the laments of Flodden—as fresh and as national as though they had been sung in the first shock—we may reckon the noble poem of Marmion, and the not less gallant poem of Aytoun upon the brave attitude of mourning Edinburgh.

CAMEO XXXII.

THE BATTLE OF THE SPURS.

(1513—1517.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*Kings of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1509. Henry VIII.	1513. James V.	1498. Louis XII. 1515. Francis I.	1561. Ferdinand VI.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1493. Maximilian. I.	1517. Leo X.

CAMEO XXXII.

Colet's Sermon. 1513.

NOTHING was so popular in England as a war with France; and when in 1513 Henry sent out writs to summon Parliament to make him a grant for an invasion of France, there was no backwardness.

However, Archbishop Wareham appointed Dr. John Colet to preach the sermon before Convocation, and the brave Dean did not spare to denounce the ambition of princes, and the sinfulness of war, speaking in such an uncompromising way, that his enemies thought that the King must take offence, and that he would have a fall. Henry sent for him to Greenwich, had a long conversation with him in the garden, and then disappointed all the envious by saying before all his court, "Let everyone have his own doctor, and let everyone favour his own. This man is the doctor for me."

Henry might admire Colet's boldness and ability, but he did not on that account give up his project. A poll-tax throughout the kingdom was readily paid. A duke, of whom there were few, was rated at £6 13*s.* 4*d.*, his wife at £4; and there was a graduated scale, according to means, coming down to sixpence and fourpence a head. Twenty-five thousand men were raised, and sailed in three divisions; the first under the Earl of Shrewsbury, the second under Lord Herbert, the third under the King himself. The unfortunate Earl of Suffolk, who had been spared on the intercession of the Archduke Philip, was at the same time put to death, probably because his brother, Richard de la Pole, was calling himself the White Rose, and taking a high office in the French army. But these tardy executions of sentences were a very unsatisfactory custom of the Tudors and their first successor.

"The Rose will into France spring,
Almighty God him thither bring,
And save this flower which is our king—
This Rose, this Rose, this royal Rose,"

enthusiastically sung the English as they embarked, wearing the badge of the York and Lancaster Rose on the Beaufort portcullis. Shrewsbury and Herbert led their divisions at once to form the siege of Terouenne; but the King first sailed as far as Boulogne and astonished the French coast with a great discharge of cannon, and then proceeded to Calais, where he was put ashore in a boat covered with arras, and "to tell of the gun-shot of the town and the ships it was a great wonder, for men of good estimation reported that they heard it at Dover."

At Calais Henry received tidings that his father-in-law Fernando, having got all he wanted, had made a truce with France; while an equally characteristic letter was received from Maximilian. Henry had advanced him one hundred thousand crowns to equip his army, but they had all vanished, as money always did melt in the hands of Massimiliano Pochi-denari; and moreover, the head of the house of Hapsburg wrote that he could not bring himself to invade Burgundy with the low boors of Swiss, but would instead join such a gallant young King as Henry, and that to avoid all difficulties as to the command, he begged to serve merely as a volunteer, and would even receive his pay, which must not be more than one hundred crowns a day—a request which the English granted with the greatest pride and satisfaction. Bishops Fox and Wolsey followed the camp as part of the royal council.

Meantime, Louis XII. was laid up with the gout, but he sent an army under M. de Piennes and the Duke de Longueville (Dunois) to the relief of Terouenne. Mindful of other encounters with Kings of England in the vicinage of Calais, he laid his generals under strict charge not to fight, but only relieve the town, which was well fortified and defended, but ill provisioned. Chabanes, Bayard, and all the knights used to victory in all their Italian battles, were greatly chafed at this command. On the day when Henry VIII. was on his way from Calais to Terouenne with nine thousand infantry, twelve hundred lances (*i.e.* five men counted as a lance) came in view of them, and Bayard was very anxious to charge them, believing that he could carry off the King of England as a prisoner. Henry thought the aspect of affairs dangerous enough to dismount and place himself among the sturdy pikemen, ready to fight on foot; but De Piennes withstood all Bayard's entreaties for an attack, telling him that if he did so it must be with his own troop and on his own responsibility. After the main body had passed, Bayard did fall on the rear, where were twelve cannon called Henry's Twelve Apostles, each bearing the name of one, and actually captured the St. John.

Henry arrived before Terouenne, or Tyrwin, as he spelt it, on the 4th of August. He had a wooden house with an iron chimney set up for himself, with pavilions all round of "blue water-work garnished with yellow and white." On the 11th of August, the Emperor arrived with four thousand men, and Henry apparelled himself and his horses in the utmost splendour to meet him, but unfortunately the greeting took place "in the foulest weather that hath lightly been seen." Maximilian was now an elderly man, while Henry was little over twenty; and the plain

CAMEO XXXII.
—
Terouenne.
1513.

black suit which the Kaisar wore contrasted with the ostentatious display of cloth of gold in which the Tudor revelled. Maximilian seems to have thoroughly enjoyed this expedition. The absence of responsibility suited the Last of the Knights, and he put the Red Rose in his helmet, and the Cross of St. George on his breast, as Henry's foremost cavalier. Besides, the place recalled to him a victory of his early and happy days, when he fought in the cause of his Marie of Burgundy, and had defeated the troops of Louis XI. at Guingatte, hard by, and had taken Terouenne in 1479. His experience of the ground was very valuable, and Henry and the English were proud to see the Emperor directing the digging of their trenches and the pointing of their cannon. Young François of Angoulême, the heir of France, hovered around Blangy, throwing provisions into Terouenne, but not to such an amount that the distress did not become so great that orders were sent from Louis to make an attempt to throw in farther succour on the side of the Lys at all risks.

Accordingly, Piennes and Longueville, on the 16th of August, placed fourteen hundred men-at-arms on the heights of Guingatte, to draw off the attention of the English, while Fontrailles, with the Albanian light horse brought from Italy, was to gallop up to the moat around the town, and each man throw into it what he carried on his horse's neck, namely, a keg of gunpowder and a piece of salt pork.

This part of the affair succeeded; but spies had informed Maximilian of the design, and ten thousand English archers, four thousand lanzknechts, and eight pieces of artillery, appeared behind the men-at-arms on the heights of Guingatte. The French leaders had not intended to fight, so they gave the word to retreat; but as the small body advanced, the King and Emperor came on behind; a panic seized the men-at-arms, and they began to gallop headlong. Coming on a body of horse commanded by Longueville, they swept it on in their flight, till they reached Blangy, where was the main body of the army with the artillery. Here Bayard, la Fayette, and the veterans of Italy, made the first resolute stand, and protected the retreat, sending word to Chabannes that they would keep the enemy in check; and so they did, but at their own expense, for they were all made prisoners—Bayard after an original fashion. He had just fifteen men with him, and had for a long time held a bridge over which only two men-at-arms could pass abreast. Here he had beaten off some German horse, when seeing some English archers coming up in his rear, he perceived that his retreat was cut off, and told his party that they must surrender, to avoid being shot down with the English arrows. Each accordingly yielded himself up to the most promising captor he could see. Bayard just then saw a well-equipped Burgundian man-at-arms, who had stopped to rest under a tree, had dropped his sword and thrown off his helmet. Dashing up to him, Bayard said, "Yield, Sir, or you are a dead man." The gentleman had no choice but to comply. "I am Captain Bayard," then said the knight; "I am your prisoner, take my sword." The

Burgundian was still puzzled; but Bayard explained the matter, and only asked that his weapon might be restored in case he were insulted; and they returned to the beseiging camp together, where Bayard was lodged in his captor's tent.

Longueville, Chabannes, Clermont, La Fayette, all who had made a stand, were made prisoners. Only forty were killed, and scarcely a man on the English side. The principal captives were entertained at supper in Henry's tent, and he could not help congratulating them on the fleetness of the French horses. "Truly, Sire," they good-humouredly answered, "it was nothing but a Battle of the Spurs;" and this is the name by which it has ever since been distinguished in history.

It shows the modesty of Bayard that his capture was not known till, after four or five days, Bayard said, "Sir, I am wearied of doing nothing. Pray let me return to my king and master's camp."

"You have said nothing about ransom," said the Burgundian.

"Ransom!" returned Bayard. "You have said nothing of yours! Are not you my prisoner?"

So the question was referred to the Emperor, and Maximilian immediately sent for the prisoner.

"Captain Bayard, my friend," said he, "I am delighted to see you. Would to Heaven I had men like you! Then would I be avenged of the tricks your master has played me in times past. Yet it seems to me that we have met before, and that I had heard that Bayard never fled."

"Sire," said Bayard, "had I fled, I had not been here now."

Just then in came King Henry, and Bayard was presented to him. The *Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche* was an interesting spectacle to Henry; but the ungentlemanliness of the Tudor appeared again, and he could not help renewing the joke about French speed, and saying he had never seen such good running.

"Sire," said Bayard, with spirit, "the French men-at-arms had orders not to fight. They had neither infantry nor artillery, and your Graces were bringing up all their forces. Besides they know that the fame of the French *noblesse* is made—not that I reckon myself among that!"

"You!" said Henry. "If all French gentlemen were such as you our siege would soon be raised; but you are our prisoner!"

"Saving respect to your Majesties," said Bayard, "that is what I cannot agree to."

The case was then explained, and the Kaisar and King decided that one ransom ought to cancel another, and that Bayard was free; but Henry would not let him go without a promise not to serve against them for the next six weeks.

The Battle of the Spurs had so much terrified the French, that Henry and Maximilian might have marched on at once, met the Swiss who were besieging Dijon, and threatened Paris; but they waited to finish the capture of Terouenne. They entered it in great state,

CAMEO XXXII.

The Siege of Tournay. 1513.

after which it was given up to the Flemings to be dismantled. So effectually did they do their work, that Terouenne no longer exists.

Next, Maximilian persuaded Henry to besiege Tournay, a town in the midst of Flanders, but self-governing under French protection, though it regarded as a special privilege the never receiving French troops. When Louis offered it a garrison at the beginning of the war, the citizens made answer that "*Tournai n'avait jamais, tourné ni encore ne tournerait.*" They thought the walls that had resisted many a battering-ram were secure; but they found the artillery of Henry and Maximilian a different matter, and after a very few days, during which arrived the tidings of the victory of Flodden, they surrendered. Henry must have felt very much as if the days of Edward III., when the Roses parted, had come back to him, under whom the armies had met. He took possession of the city on his own account, and gave the bishopric to Wolsey, though a French Bishop, Louis Guillard, had newly been appointed, but not yet installed.

Maximilian, who had only persuaded him to besiege the place in the expectation of having it made a present to himself or his grandson, was vexed. Probably also, Henry, puffed up by victories, gave himself airs intolerable to the high-spirited Kaisar, for that strange person suddenly vanished from the camp, and made off for Germany.

However, his clever daughter Marguerite, to whose lot it fell to smooth down the malcontents he left, conveyed herself and her nephew the Archduke Charles, Prince of Castille, to Tournay, inviting Henry to pay her a visit at Lille, where she feasted him for three weeks, and arranged that Charles should marry Henry's young sister Mary in seven months time. Mary was then just eighteen, the handsomest of all the handsome family, exquisitely fair, with long flaxen hair. Charles was a grave serious lad of thirteen, childish for his years, and appearing the more so from an intense nervousness and timidity, which it was the effort of his whole moral nature to keep in check. The rough outspoken King of England and the romantically adventurous Kaisar could have little expected to see him turn out superior to his father, Philippe the handsome; but his Aunt Marguerite and his tutor Adrian of Utrecht saw that, though of slow development, and with the morbid sensitiveness inherited from his mother, the crazy Juana, he had a force of nature that would conquer all disadvantages. Marguerite further talked Henry into paying her father two hundred thousand crowns to guard their conquests during the winter; and in the spring the three powers of Germany, England, and Spain, would all attack France again together.

This settled, Henry went home a triumphant man, in the end of October, 1513, to rain rewards on his followers, of which the most worthy of mention are that of Thomas Howard, victor of Flodden, received the dukedom of Norfolk; Charles Brandon, Lord Lisle, was made Duke of Suffolk; and Thomas Wolsey, Bishop of Lincoln, but without resigning Tournay: and Louis XII. set to work to retrieve the terrible losses he had suffered from Pope Julius's Holy League. He had bought

off the Swiss at Dijon, and sent them home again. The next thing was to separate the Pope from the League; and this was the easier matter that Leo X., son to the great Lorenzo, had all his magnificent and artistic tastes, and wanted to make Rome the centre of all that was classical and beautiful—a heathen taste, indeed, for the first priest of the West, but making him prefer peace to war. So he listened favourably to the proposal that the Council of Pisa should be broken up and cancelled, and undertook to reconcile the French Church to Rome.

CAMEO XXXII.

Death of Anne of Brittany. 1514.

It was a great joy to Anne of Brittany; but she was sinking fast into the grave. An idea that peace between Louis and Maximilian might be cemented by a marriage between her eldest daughter and young Charles cheered her, by the hope that poor Claude might yet be saved from François and his mother; but she found that the alliance, if it took place at all, would be between Charles and her baby child, Renée, who would bring with her no rights over Brittany. Still she was very anxious for conferences with the Sieur de Fleuranges, the Flemish ambassador, who represented Maximilian, and ill as she was, begged him to remain near at hand, in hopes of being able to see him again. However, on the 9th of February, 1514, she suddenly grew worse, and died at Blois, in her thirty-seventh year. She was a high-spirited warm-hearted woman, very conscientious, so that she actually bade her confessor always delay her absolution till she had made amends for any act done in passion. Her grooms used to tell how if they jolted her litter she would pop out her head and assure them both of a whipping; but they loved her heartily for all her sharpness, for she took care of them in sickness, and was always beneficent. She gave largely to hospitals, and decorated churches, besides encouraging all the best literature and art of her time. An exquisite Prayer-book, called "Les Heures d'Anne de Bretagne," a present from her husband, is still preserved, bearing lovely illuminated borders around every page, with leaves and flowers according to the season, perfectly natural. It must have been finished quite late in her life, as besides portraits of herself and Claude, it contains one of little Renée, who was but four years old when the Queen died—the good Queen, as she was long remembered, for hers was the golden age of decorum at the French court. Good, pious, modest women there were on the throne of France again and again; but not one after the *maîtresse femme* of Brittany had the energy or force of character to impress the court with the same respect for propriety or for those deeper qualities that it protects. The King made great lamentation for Anne, wore black instead of violet, and buried her splendidly at St. Denys, all but her heart, which went to rest amid the tombs of her forefathers at Nantes; but sacrilegious hands have disturbed both corpse and heart, and the golden case of the latter is now in the museum of medals at Paris.

Poor Queen! her funeral was scarcely over before the marriage she had so hated took place, and on the 18th of May, 1514, the gentle Claude was married to François of Angoulême. He himself was of

CAMEO XXXII.

Marriage of Louis XII. and Mary Tudor.

1514.

courtly mien, and too good-natured to be other than kindly towards any lady; but he was under the dominion of his mother, Louise of Savoy, and she was not the better disposed towards Claude for the opposition of her mother.

At the same time Louis was negotiating with Marguerite of Austria on behalf of her father. Henry's subsidy to Maximilian had melted away, and wars in Hungary required the Kaisar so he allowed his daughter to make his peace with France; and proposals of marriage passed for Charles and Renée, and moreover for Charles's sister Leonor of Austria and the newly widowed Louis XII.! But though Leonor was yet to be Queen of France, it was to be with a different husband. For the present, the Duke de Longueville, now a prisoner in England, was allowed to inform Henry VIII., as a secret, of the defection of Charles and the proposal for Renée; and Henry greatly resenting this, as well as Maximilian's other breaches of promise, showed himself disposed to listen to the terms of peace offered him by Louis, especially as he was to be allowed to retain Tournay.

The lady Mary meantime was only anxious to be rid of her engagement to the Archduke Charles, being in fact attached to the handsome Charles Brandon, recently created Duke of Suffolk for his services in France. He was her elder by about eleven years, and like most people of rank of his day, had been contracted and married two or three times already. He was father of two daughters, and was betrothed to a little girl of thirteen, heiress to one of the Grey family. Most likely Mary had an eye to him when she convened at Wanstead Bishops Fox and Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and several more, and telling them that she heard that the servants of the Prince of Castille were continually endeavouring to inspire him with hatred to herself and her brother, she was firmly resolved never to wed him, entreating their intercession with her royal brother.

Poor Mary! Clever Longueville had in the meantime sent such a description of her loveliness to his master, that Louis, whose second marriage had been made for him by Dunois the father, decided that his third should be the work of Dunois the son, and empowered the captive Duke to act as his ambassador, and demand the beautiful princess. Louis was only fifty-three years old, but he had always been subject to violent attacks of illness, often had the gout, and was forced to follow a strict regimen, rising at six, taking exercise regularly, and dining at ten; but he was eager for a third marriage, in the ardent desire of having a son, to throw out the succession of François to whom he had just been obliged to make over the dukedom of Brittany in right of his daughter Claude.

It was not very easy to withstand the royal Henry, and the Tudors were not delicate-minded people, so the fair Mary submitted, taking care, however, to assure her brother that if she married now in "furtherance of his causes," she should expect his "comfort and good-will" if she chose for herself next time.

CAMEO XXXII.
—
Arrival of Mary Tudor.
1514.

So, on the 13th of August, 1514, Mary Tudor espoused Louis of Orleans, Duke de Longueville, as proxy for Louis of Orleans, King of France; and on the 14th of September, her proxy, the Earl of Worcester, was married to the French King. It was all done so secretly, that the whole affair was accomplished before Marguerite of Austria suspected it, and then her annoyance caused her an attack of illness, though in truth the result was only a fair reprisal for her coquetries about Charles and the infant Renée.

Of course Henry fitted out his sister with all the splendours of diamonds and cloth of gold, and sent her off with a magnificent escort under the Duke of Norfolk. She landed at Boulogne on the 3rd of October, and was met at Abbeville by the King. Her dress was of white cloth of silver, with a jacket of cloth of gold; and a white satin canopy was borne over her head as she went through the towns. The French, who had not been used to much beauty in their queens, were enraptured, and declared her more like an angel than a maiden. The marriage took place on St. Denys' Day, the 9th of October. At the Mass ensuing, it appears that the custom was for the Queen's offering to be handed to her by the lady of highest rank; and it is touching to find that poor Duchess Claude could not hide that she was "marvellous sad" at having for the first time to perform this office to a stranger, so soon in her mother's place.

The beautiful bride had her troubles too—those that generally befall a foreign queen; for the first thing Louis did was to turn off the great colony of English ladies and gentlemen who had accompanied her, and whom he refused to take with him from Abbeville. The Duke of Norfolk made no objection, but Mary made a great fight for Lady Guildford, her chief lady of honour—"Mother Guildford," as she called her—while the King had, as might be expected, the strongest possible aversion to the old dame. Mary had to yield, and retain only half a dozen young Englishwomen, and a few gentlemen—but in her reduced suite remained a little black-eyed girl of some eleven years, named Anne Boleyn, a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk.

However, triumphal entrances, jousts, and banquets, soon dazzled the young Queen. François of Angoulême was in such a state of rapturous admiration of the fair Mary, as he contrasted her with his own poor Claude, that his mother's prudence could hardly restrain his demonstrations; but while the court-pageants were welcoming the Queen to Paris, and the doctors of the university comparing her to Abishag the Shunammite as the joy of the King's old age, the journeying and banqueting, the state receptions, and long ceremonials, were entirely overthrowing the health of poor old Louis: he became worse and worse; Mary gave up her festivities to cheer him with her lute and nurse him, but in vain; and he died on the 1st of January, 1515. He was a kindlier and more beneficent man than most Kings of France before or since, and thus has acquired the name of "Father of his People." He was merciful both to the burghers and peasants, and was able to

CAMEO XXXII.
—
Death of Louis XII.
1514.

stimulate a high, adventurous, and loyal spirit among his nobles and gentlemen; but he never seems to have had any real depth of principle, or real earnestness in doing right. His wars were merely those of the most selfish vanity and ambition; his foreign policy was shifty, and therefore often perfidious; and though a naturally amiable and good-natured disposition hindered him from often acting barbarously, he never seems to have scrupled through life at anything that could bring him pleasure or profit. His successor, François I., was of much the same mould, but more brilliant, more spirited, and with much more vigour and dash. He was twenty-one years of age, and very handsome, quite fit to look and act the ideal king, and with kind words and generous impulses that might have ennobled him and his country, but for the blight cast on him by his mother.

The royal widows of France were made to mourn for six weeks in a room only lighted by wax tapers; they were wholly dressed in white, and termed for the time "reines blanches." The chamber where Mary Tudor thus mourned is still shown in the Hotel de Clugny; but though a poetical courtier described her as for three months unable to write to her brother through the showers of her tears, she was in condition to send a good many letters defending herself against any grand state marriage being thrust on her by either king, and appealing for her dowry and jewels. If it had not been for the Duchy of Brittany, François I. might have been tempted to follow the example of his predecessor, and rid himself of the unattractive daughter on behalf of the charming dowager; but as this was impossible, he listened with a young man's romance to the story La Reine Blanche told him, before the month was out, in the seclusion of her widow's apartments at Clugny, about the ardent love between her and Charles of Suffolk, who had actually set forth on his way to France. It seems as if Henry could not have intended to prevent the marriage, or he certainly could have chosen some other duke to compliment François on his accession, and that without obtaining from him any assurance that he would not wed the Queen—suspecting, perhaps, that it would be of no use after the example of his other sister, Margaret, six months previously.

Meanwhile Louise of Savoy hurried on the coronation of François and his melancholy Claude; and the splendours both at Rheims and Paris were unrivalled. The coronation was on the 25th of January. On the 4th of February, Suffolk arrived, and visited La Reine Blanche in her seclusion, dining with her ladies, and conversing with her afterwards. They came to the conclusion that public consent to their wedding was not to be expected from either king, but that neither would be seriously displeased if the marriage were actually a fact. Moreover, a solicitation from any foreign power might render Mary's hand political capital again; and she was in great fear of finding herself made over to the object of her especial aversion, that grave dull boy the Prince of Castille. So her view was to render this impossible by following the example of her sister Margaret and getting herself married in secret.

CAMEO XXXII.

Coronation of Francis I. 1515.

Brandon hesitated, in some fear of the consequences between two fiery young kings like Henry and François; but Mary was hysterical, and almost wild with suspense, and insisted that he should marry her within four days or not at all. A friar had come and tried to persuade her that she was under the power of witchcraft; and she was in an agony lest strict commands from her brother should overthrow her hopes.

The handsome Duke seems to have been in a very uncomfortable position, hurried on as he was by the passionate entreaties of the fairest queen in Europe, to commit an action, which was certainly a breach of trust, and might be called treason; but he could not withstand her entreaties and her distress, which really was violent enough to derange her health for many years after.

Even Lent was not allowed to be an obstacle; and on the 3rd of March, 1515, Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor were married, in the little chapel of the Hotel de Clugny, in the presence of only ten persons, but one of these ten was the young King François! He never seems to have allowed his subjects to know of his consent; and the French chroniclers represent him as telling Suffolk that his head was justly forfeit; but this was probably to keep up appearances in the eyes of the French, who would never have believed that their king would sanction so monstrous a precedent, as of a lady choosing her own mate.

As soon as the marriage was over, Suffolk wrote his apologies to Wolsey, and Mary to her brother. The Council, who regarded Suffolk as a very new-coined noble, were furious, and wanted Henry to put him to death; but Wolsey stood his friend, and the King was easily pacified.

There only remained a squabble between Mary and François as to what jewels were her private property, and what belonged to the royalty of France; after which, on the 16th of April, she returned to England, and there had another state wedding in full ceremonial · the Lenten one in the Hotel de Clugny remaining a secret to all but a few privy councillors, though the numerous letters respecting it make it matter of full historical certainty.

A portrait, taken at this time, of the bride and bridegroom, bears Brandon's famous motto—

> "Cloth of gold, do not despise,
> Though thou match with cloth of frieze;
> Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
> Though thou match with cloth of gold."

Mary turned out a kind warm-hearted amiable wife, and good mother to Brandon's daughters; and after all this tumultuous struggle, subsided into a peaceful ordinary life, and was the most respectable of all her family, as well as the most beautiful. She had the delicate loveliness of her mother, Elizabeth of York, together with her feeble constitution; and like her she only reached middle age. Her marriage would not have been memorable if it had not brought the fatal inheritance of royal blood into the Brandon family.

Queen Margaret of Scotland was at present highly content with her

CAMEO XXXII.

Margaret's escape from Scotland. 1515.

second husband, who was guided by his able uncle, Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, the same

> "Who in a barbarous age
> Had given rude Scotland Virgil's page."

With his help, the Queen withstood an attempt on the part of the French faction in Scotland to take her two little sons from her, and place them under the care of the Duke of Albany, who made his way to Scotland immediately after the death of Louis XII. He was thoroughly French, and most of the Scots were on his side, and furious at the bare suspicion of a desire on Margaret's part to carry off her boys to England, and educate them among the learned men of her brother's court. Orders were sent from the Council to "gar the bairns be weel keepit;" and the Bishop of Dunkeld and the Queen's other friends were imprisoned. Angus was attacked by an over-mastering force, and fled to the Border; and the Queen and her children were besieged in Stirling Castle. She was obliged to admit Albany, and placing the castle keys in the hand of the little King, caused him to give them to the Duke.

She was so entirely in Albany's power, that she sent word to Henry that letters signed Margaret R. were those extorted from her, and that the only ones to be believed must conclude with "your loving sister."

The children were taken from her, and she received no letters from England, so that she suspected all her brother's despatches were detained by Albany. However, her mind was made up. She was expecting the birth of another infant; and although it was only the child of an earl, she took to her chamber at Linlithgow, with all the state and ceremony and exclusion of the male kind, that her mother and herself had been wont to observe for their royal progeny. But no sooner were the doors well closed, than she and a few attendants crept forth by night, met her husband and Lord Holme with a band of Moss-troopers, and reached Blackwater Castle, close on the Border. Lord Dacre, the English Warden, was terribly puzzled to know whether to receive her, for Albany and a Scottish army were marching after her; and it was not at all clear that the King and Council would be obliged to him for involving them in a war, even on behalf of a royal lady.

Margaret had to wander between the English Border fortresses of Coldstream and Berwick, while a courier was despatched to her brother to ask where she was to be disposed of. Henry sent orders that she might be received at Morpeth Castle; but she could not travel so far, and only reached Harbottle before she gave birth to a daughter, who was named Margaret, and who was destined to all the trials that connexion with royalty then involved. The child was born on the 7th of October, 1515, and Margaret and her husband continued in the Northern castles for the winter months, hoping to return, but in vain, although the younger Scottish Prince, little Alexander, sickened and died, leaving one frail life alone between Albany and the crown.

CAMBD XXXII.

Birth of Mary. 1516.

Margaret's grief caused her a severe illness, and finding there was little chance of returning as regent, she accepted an invitation to her brother's court, and was terribly disappointed that her husband would not accompany her there, choosing rather to return to Scotland and make his peace with Albany, so as to secure his possessions.

Her little Margaret, whom she brought with her to Greenwich, was four months older than the infant daughter of the King and Queen, Mary, the only child of theirs who lived beyond a few days, and who was born on the 18th of February, 1516. Henry was fond of children, and took great delight in this little one, whom he used to carry in his arms, and show to foreign ambassadors. Her nurse was Katharine Pole, sister to Sir Richard Pole, a cousin through Welsh genealogies to the Tudors themselves, though not apparently akin to the Suffolk De la Poles, the last of whom was fighting in the French army, and who were descended from Michael de la Pole, the merchant money-lender to Edward III. Sir Richard had been married to Margaret, daughter to the Duke of Clarence, and sister to Edward Earl of Warwick. Henry VII. had made him a sort of steward to the old Warwick estates, and married him to Margaret, probably to debase her Plantagenet blood; but she was sincerely attached to him, and greatly grieved for his early death in 1505, when she was left with a large family. Queen Katharine was warmly attached to her, and in 1513 she was allowed to assume her rightful title of Countess of Salisbury, which justly belonged to her, as having come to the Nevils through the mother of the King-maker (her grandfather), namely, Alice Montagu, who was daughter to Henry V.'s stout Earl, slain at the siege of Orleans. Queen Katharine is said to have discovered that poor Edward of Warwick had been put to death to secure her marriage with the heir of the Tudors, and to have endeavoured to do all she could in compensation to the sister. She placed the Countess at the head of her ladies, and made her sponsor to her little Mary; and there were confidential moments when the Queen even talked of a marriage between her little maiden and one of the Countess's four sons, fixing chiefly upon Reginald, the third, although he was sixteen years the elder. It is a strange idea, for the stately Spanish Queen was likely to have preferred her own nephew, the Archduke Charles, heir of Spain, to whom Mary was soon affianced; and if she was bent on the compensation, Geoffrey Pole, the next brother, was somewhat nearer Mary's age. However, the Countess dwelt on the idea enough to inspire both her son and Mary with it, and render it the romance of two melancholy lives; though at the time of Mary's birth, Reginald was studying at Oxford under Linacre and Latimer. Hearing that Thomas More was ill in London, young Reginald went to Linacre, who excelled in medicine as much as in Greek, obtained a prescription, and sent it to his mother, requesting her to make it up with her own hands and send it to the lawyer. He was a good scholar and most engaging person; and if the Queen talked of marrying him to her daughter, the King

CAMEO XXXII.

Ill May Day. 1517.

more sensibly spoke of making him Archbishop of Canterbury, endowed him, while still a boy and not in Orders, with prebends and deaneries, and sent him to study at Padua.

That Tudor court was a curious mixture of splendour and homeliness, state and simplicity, arrogance and good-nature. Perhaps all the nation were much in the same state. They were prosperous and well-fed, and much less oppressed than before the Wars of the Roses, when a great many burdensome feudal customs had vanished in the general confusion, nobody knew how, in the depression of the nobility. Everyone ate beef and drank ale, loved display, and flew into a passion on the least provocation.

In the spring of 1517 the Londoners had been worked up by one Lincoln, a broker, to furious jealousy of foreign tradesmen, especially Spaniards; and on May eve, two apprentice boys, who were playing in the streets, at eleven at night, on being taken up by the alderman of the ward for the disturbance, called to their comrades, who rushed out in huge numbers, overpowered the watch, and rioted all night. They rifled the houses of foreigners, and hung them at their own doors. Sir Thomas More, then Recorder, and the Lord Mayor, vainly tried to appease them; but the Duke of Norfolk, marching in with thirteen hundred men-at-arms, hung the ringleaders on the spot, and captured two hundred and seventy, for whom gibbets were prepared.

Well might it be called "Ill May Day" in a curious old ballad, which decidedly takes the view that it was all the fault of Henry's marriage that so many strangers

> "with good leave were suffered
> Within our kingdom here to stay;
> Which multitude made victuals dear
> And all things else from day to day."

The ballad, by way of making the most of things, says, "Two thousand prentices at least were all unto the King presented."

The mothers, with bitter wailing, collected outside the Queen's apartments; and Katharine no sooner understood the danger of the unhappy boys, than with the other two queens, Margaret and Mary, she hastened to the King to implore their pardon.

> "'What if,' quoth she, 'by Spanish blood
> Have London's stately streets been wet,
> Yet will I seek this country's good,
> And pardon for these young men get.'"

The King did pardon them, on their coming to Westminster in their shirts with ropes about their necks; and the ballad goes on to say how they redeemed their honour by their service at "Touraine, Tournay," &c., which had been taken two years before. It is lucky the story of the "Ill May Day" and Katharine's intercession rests on better evidence.

CAMEO XXXIII.

THE PEN OF WITTENBERG.

(1483—1517.)

Kings of England.	*Kings of Scotland.*	*Kings of France.*	*King and Q. of Spain*
1485. Henry VII.	1483. James IV.	1485. Charles VIII.	1461. Fernando
1509. Henry VIII.	1513. James V.	1493. Louis XII.	and Isabe

Emperor of Germany.
1493. Maximilian I.

Popes.
1482. Alexander VI.
1503. Pius III.
1503. Julius II.
1513. Leo X.

CAMEO XXXIII.

Leo X. 1475.

POPE LEO X., the second son of Lorenzo de' Medici, and whose real Christian name was Giovanni, was born in 1475, and bred up by his father to live upon the endowments of the Church; while his elder brother, Piero, was—as the Magnifico fondly hoped—to become the founder of a princely family.

The monstrous abuse of patronage then prevailing permitted the child Giovanni, at seven years old, to receive one Abbey from Louis XI. and another from Sixtus IV. A year later, Louis would have given the boy the Archiepiscopal See of Aix, in Provence, only after the nomination had been sent off it turned out that the Archbishop was not dead. In 1480, when only fifteen, his father's favour at Rome procured for him the appointment to be Cardinal of Santa Maria in Dominica, though Pope Innocent IV. was sufficiently aware of the scandal that this would create to request that it might be kept secret for three years. Meantime, the youth, on whom these dignities were heaped, was growing up in the atmosphere of classic learning and beauty that filled his father's house and museum. The training of the intellect had for ages past been in the mould of Christianity; and science, speculation, poetry, literature, and every outward expression of the mind of man, had there more or less been shaped. But, as has already been said, there had been a reaction towards ancient models. Greece had attained in her brief prime to whatever human nature, uninspired, could accomplish; and her undying spirit, after long languishing through the decay of Rome, and then of Byzantium, first leavened and then fermented the intellect of Italy, when the ruin of Constantinople had brought her learned men to Florence.

CAMEO XXXIII.

The Cinque Cento.

Greek was no longer viewed as the language of the New Testament, but as that of Homer or Plato. Latin had never ceased to be a living language to the Church and her students, and had been made to adapt itself to the whole cycle of ideas and phrases that Christian thought had introduced. But now Latin must go back to be only as Cicero or Virgil used it. Any form unknown to the heathen tongues of the Augustan age was barbarous and vile. Erasmus actually found it the fashion at Rome to speak of the most sacred Beings by the names of heathen gods —God the Father as Jupiter, Our Blessed Lord as Apollo, His holy Mother as Diana; and he heard a sermon preached before Julius II., where the Crucifixion was compared to the devotion of Decius, or the leap of Curtius. Roman basilicæ, or halls of justice, had been the first public places of meeting for Christians; and under the strange influence that seems to crystallize the material works of men into forms expressing their spirit, buildings from their model had grown into the Gothic Cathedral, whose every detail was redolent of the Christianity of the Middle Ages. Now these were but barbarisms. Taste must go back to the pillared temple meant to enshrine an idol, and the stone altar intended to receive bleeding victims. The aspiring steeple and pinnacle were supposed to have neither grace nor correctness when compared with the pediments and entablatures of the Greeks; and the statues and bas-reliefs that had escaped the general destruction of idols, were enshrined in museums, and well-nigh worshipped by the devotees of taste. Painting, which had hitherto aimed chiefly at spirituality, and gradually advanced in form, now made nature and beauty its primary object; and there is no question but that the conjunction of the two schools, the devotional and the spiritual, was at this period producing the very flower and blossom of all art, not even deterred by the wars in Italy, which always spared the glories of painting and sculpture.

In the heathenized school of taste, philosophy and study, against which Savonarola so strongly protested, young Cardinal de' Medici grew up, looking upon the literature of Greece and Rome as the real interest and study of the cultivated man, and upon the system of the Church as a sort of barbarous invention, on which he was dependent for his wealth, because it pleased the ignorant. As to the purity and morality of Christianity, the prelates among whom he was cast were in practice far below what Plato taught; and the strict doctrines of Savonarola were utterly contemned, as belonging to vulgar, tasteless rebels. Giovanni de' Medici was superior in abilities to his brother Piero, and entered into all his father's tastes for the beautiful. After the expulsion of his family from Florence, he had made his head-quarters at Rome, and had gone through the vicissitudes of the succeeding twenty years without disgrace, being chiefly known as a scholarly man of taste, magnificent and generous as his father, collecting men of learning and art around him; and though never weak, far from turbulent; while to such cardinals as Rome then possessed, the absence of all obnoxious ardour or enthusiasm for religion was a recommendation. So, on the death of

CAMEO XXXIII.
Leo XI.
1513.

Julius II., in 1513, he was elected Pope, at a much earlier age than usual, being only thirty-eight years old. He changed his name to Leo —in allusion, some said, to the arms of Florence; others, to a dream of his mother, Madonna Clarice, in which she thought she had given birth to a large but docile lion; while others said it was a promise of the royal spirit in which he would perform his office. The Roman populace, however, delighting in audacious jokes, pointed to a broken inscription, of which only the date, 1440, in Roman numerals, remained, and read the letters, MCCCCXL. as the initials of *Multi Cæci Cardinales Creavere Cæcum X. Leonem*—Many blind Cardinals created blind Tenth Leo.

Leo was at this time only a priest, and was consecrated Bishop before he could be installed as Pope. On the 19th of March, 1513, he celebrated his first Mass at the Church of St. Peter, at the high altar, whither, as usual, two reeds were carried before him, one with a lighted taper, the other with a bunch of tow. The tow was burnt before his eyes, while the officer said, kneeling, "*Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi.*" He was then led to the steps outside, and there the triple crown was placed on his head by two Cardinals, while he gave his blessing to the crowd. The Cardinals who had chosen him all conspired to make such monstrous requests for favours, that at last he said with a smile, "You had better take my tiara at once, and all become popes."

The Church of St. John Lateran is the Episcopal See of Rome, and he was installed there on the 11th of April, the anniversary of the battle of Ravenna, where he had been made prisoner. He rode the beautiful white horse he had used on that occasion. The procession was surpassingly beautiful and grand, and the streets were strewn with flowers, every window was hung with tapestry, and priceless pictures were exposed from the balconies. Probably the magnificence of the Pontifical displays was never so great as in the time of the splendid Medicean Pope.

He was a man of wide aims and large policy, who really wished to keep the powers of Europe at peace; and had he worked as a religious man, chief pastor of the Church, he might have been the saving of Christendom from the breach that was becoming more and more imminent. But though no gross scandal marked his life, he was thoroughly a man of this world, chiefly loving all things cheerful, splendid, and beautiful, and so entirely alien from all that was humble or lowly, that those who understood the spirit of the Cross recoiled from him in disgust. Reports were rife that he called the Gospel itself a fable that had been very profitable to the clergy in all ages; and though this saying is probably unjustly attributed to a man of so much prudence and good taste, there can be no doubt that his classically nourished mind was far from accepting the full teaching of his Church as it was offered him, and that he did encourage the teaching of much that he believed to be fable, because it pleased the vulgar, and his court could not dispense with the revenues it brought in. His tutor, Poliziano, had sent home John Colet, bent upon purifying the teaching of the

CAMEO XXX III.

Building of St. Peter's.

Church ; but Giovanni de' Medici had not faith or religion enough for any thought of the kind. The mere ignorant were welcome to believe what they would, provided the cultivated could enjoy the lust of the eye and the pride of life.

Coming in just after the retreat of the French after the battle of Ravenna, Leo X. assisted in restoring Massimiliano Sforza to the duchy of Milan, admonishing him to be merciful to those who had been obliged to join the French. The Pope's own kinsmen, the Medici, had likewise returned to Florence. The head of the family, Lorenzo, was very young, and the affairs of it were chiefly managed by Giulio, the son of the great Lorenzo's murdered brother, Giuliano. Though illegitimate, he was created a Cardinal, and though not equal to his cousin the Pope, was of a supple temper and clear intellect, that made him work well as a subordinate. The Medici family, so long under a cloud, seemed to have resumed its splendour, and to be the most prosperous in Italy. The Pope's youngest brother, Giuliano, who hated business, took up his abode at Rome ; and the wonderful luxuriance of talent in art and poetry of all kinds received every stimulus from the brothers. The greatest of all artists, whether in architecture, sculpture, or painting, namely, Michel-Angelo Buonarotti, was in his vigour ; and Raffaelle Sanzio de Urbino was growing up, while Leonardo da Vinci was in full glory. St. Peter's Cathedral was to become a wonder of grandeur and beauty, nor were the means hard of raising !

Of course, when a sinner had shown full repentance, or his health, or other circumstances, made the performance of the canonical penance due to his fault impossible or inexpedient, it had been right that the Bishop of his diocese should grant him remission of his penance—indulgence, as such remitting was termed.

As love grew cold, and abject superstition strong, and each error had its appropriate penance assigned it, a good many criminals, rather than penitents, applied to the Bishops to commute their penances for alms; and when Urban II. proclaimed the first Crusade, he declared, and no doubt sincerely thought, that the toils and dangers of the Holy War were quite as acceptable as any penance could be. So an indulgence was attached to the Crusade, and not only to the real ones to the Holy Land, but to the wars against Albigenses, against Frederick II., &c.

Moreover, whenever there was a year of Jubilee—every fifty years, namely—the analogy with the Judaic Law caused the Pope to proclaim that pilgrims to Rome could be set free of their penances. Not, however, till the Jubilee of 1400, did it occur to a Pope (Boniface IX.) that it would save much trouble, and be convenient to his impoverished coffers, to invite people to give as much in alms to the Pope as their journey to Rome would have cost. The certificate was sold by accredited agents of the Pope ; and thus began the sale of indulgences, as they were called. The authorized theory was that an indulgence was the remission of a temporal penance. But whereas the penance, if not performed on earth, would have to be endured in the intermediate state

CAMEO XXXIII.
—
The Preaching of Indulgences.

by such as died in a state of grace, the popular view soon passed over the penance, and regarded the indulgence as release from so many years of purgatory, and sometimes even as a provision against sins not yet committed.

Now the pagan hearts of Leo and his court, believing only too little in the vital truths of Christianity, and fancying their own situations as overseers of the Church of God to be founded on superstition, had no scruple in collecting money by one lie more or less; and the agents who could bring in most money were the most freely employed, without a thought of the means they used.

As to the ignorant German boors, nothing was too gross for them. So the sale was managed after the following fashion:—

A carriage, with three outriders, arrived at the outskirts of a town, and a message was sent to the chief magistrate; whereupon out came the burgomasters and guilds, the monks, nuns, and confraternities, to receive the envoys in solemn procession to the sound of all the church bells. After the meeting, the Pope's Bull of Indulgence was carried on a velvet cushion in front, followed by the head of the Mission, with a great red cross borne aloft. The procession fell in behind, and moved to the principal church, where the cross was erected on the altar, and the Pope's arms suspended from it.

Then a sermon was preached, in general an outrageous description of the power and efficacy of indulgences—such as no decently educated person in the Church could actually believe for a moment, but which answered the purpose of attracting crowds of ignorant purchasers. Right-minded clergy, from time to time, tried to correct these abuses; but all the force of authority maintained them, and the natural desire of success made even the Bishops sanction whatever could enhance the demand, so that the traffic was no more nor less to the multitude than the sale of a licence to commit sins.

But it was among these German boors, where the most monstrous advantage was taken of the minds scarcely risen above heathen notions of spells, that a remarkable spirit of intelligence and strong thirst for knowledge had arisen under the brilliant rule of Maximilian. Peasant lads were struggling for education, and among them had grown up men who felt that the question on what salvation depended was more than life and death to them. The undying Life within the Church, decayed and diseased as she was, was about to manifest itself in convulsions to throw off her corruptions; and though there was failure, evil passion, schism, and mischief of every kind, still that time of trial has refined the Church herself, and brought her forth with some of those blackest stains denounced by Savonarola, and satirized by Erasmus, washed entirely away from her.

At Eisleben, near Eisenach, deep in the Thuringian forests, the scene of the "dear Saint" Elisabeth's life, was a population of wood-cutters, charcoal-burners, and miners, among whom was born, on the Eve of St. Martin, 1483, a boy who was christened Martin, in honour of the day.

CAMEO XXXIII.

Martin Luther. 1483.

His father, Hans Luther, was a sturdy forester, and refiner of metals, with an intelligence and industry that raised him in his sphere. He soon moved into the larger town of Mansfeldt, still in the midst of the pine-forests, where the boy Martin ran after his mother as she carried heavy faggots on her back to her husband's wood-pile, and his imaginative spirit derived permanent impressions from the gloomy recesses of the whispering fir-woods, and the dark hollows over the mouths of deserted mines.

Hans Luther succeeded in earning enough to become the owner of two furnaces. He delighted in the most intelligent companions he could obtain, often bringing to his house clergy or schoolmasters; and he desired to make his boy a scholar; so Martin was sent to a daily school while still so young that he was often carried thither by his father or a young neighbour. Beating was the fashion. However tractable a child might be, it was thought that experience of the rod was essential to his welfare; and Martin was not likely to fail in affording occasions for flogging, so that he had a painful remembrance of the severities he had suffered. He was once flogged fifteen times in one forenoon. However, he was an apt scholar, and better off than hundreds of the poor wandering children, who thronged wherever there was a Latin school, and who suffered not only from their master's harshness, but who had to sleep in sheds, and beg, steal, or sing for their livelihood, and still worse for that of the senior boys, who took from them whatever was worth having, and beat them if they came home empty-handed.

At Mansfeldt, Martin learnt his Catechism, the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Commandments, the Canticles used in Divine Service, and the "Donatus," the Latin grammar then used in all German schools. Learning meant the most perfect and accurate repetition, such as might dispense with books, which were a luxury out of the reach of any of the scholars, who could only trust to the ear or to copying.

Having come to the end of all that could be learnt at Mansfeldt, Martin Luther proceeded to Magdeburg, to pursue his studies. Sleeping places were provided for the students, nothing else; and these boys were a kind of licensed beggars, who had districts on which they levied contributions. An insinuating Schultz, or fag, was a treasure to his Bacchant, as the seniors called themselves. A little bit of cloth, given to make a garment, would be a fortune, for it was carried round for a long time, with entreaties for the means of getting it made up. Luther had to join these begging parties, for, no doubt, whatever he brought from home would be taken from him by his Bacchant, and there was no choice about belonging to one. He had a sweet and powerful voice, and his Christmas carols sometimes found favour. He used to tell how a boor came out with a gruff voice, "Boys, where are you?" and they all ran away expecting a beating, but found the man was really bringing them some sausages. Boys who could sing were likewise welcome at funerals, and received three *groschen* apiece.

Finding how badly off Martin was at Magdeburg, Hans Luther sent

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Luther's Illness.

im to Eisenach, where he had numerous relations, thinking that they ould support him; but none of them showed themselves at all disposed help the boy, and he was often half famished. One night, when with ree other lads he was singing before the houses, a deep fit of dejec- ion came over him, and he thought of the poverty which would soon ompel him to give up his hopes of scholarship and greatness, and go ome to toil in the mines at Mansfeldt all the rest of his life. Just then house door opened, and the burgher's wife, Frau Ursula Cotta, coming own with some alms for the carollers, was struck by his look of sorrow, nd inquired into his history, giving him at the same time a good upper, and bidding him come thither when he needed another meal. Her husband became interested in the lad's conversation, and ended by iving him a lodging in his house. Henceforth Martin's troubles at Eisenach were over, and he made rapid progress; indeed, the professor, Trebonius, who taught there, was not one of the almost brutally rude nen whom the savagery of the scholars had formed. He always uncovered his head and saluted his class on entering it, for there he aid he saw the future chancellors, burgomasters, professors, and loctors of the country.

It was as a lawyer that Hans Luther, now a councillor at Mansfeldt, oped to see his son rise to distinction; and at eighteen the youth assed on to the university at Erfurt, where the juniors had to undergo nother severe and demoralizing initiation; but the struggles with overty were less severe, as his home was in a more prosperous state.

The studies were of the school-men, such as Colet and Erasmus were enouncing in England. Most youths, then as now, were content with uch studies as would bring them forward in the world, and would *tell* in ompetition; but Luther had too much depth and originality not to go o the fountain-head, and thus he read and thought over Virgil and Cicero with all his might, and was always studying in the library of the niversity, which was no small treasure to the students.

Here was the first Bible that he had ever read, though of course the Gospels, Epistles, and the other portions of Scripture appropriate to ach day, were familiar to him, but these being arranged devotionally, he narrative was almost new; and the history of Hannah and Samuel was the first that fascinated him. To be master of such a book was his onging. It was a Vulgate, for he did not yet know any Greek, though ie had Latin enough to obtain his degree as Bachelor of Arts in his wentieth year; but he overworked himself in the effort, and had a errible illness from which he expected never to recover.

"Cheer up, dear bachelor," said an old priest who had watched his areer; "thou wilt yet live to console many."

He did live, but the illness had had some effect on his brain, which egan to render morbid almost to insanity the struggles that now set in etween soul, spirit, and body. The intellect was rebelling against the eaching it had received; and yet the spiritual side of the nature was far oo intense to endure doubt, while the animal nature was also strong,

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Luther's Noviciate.

coarse, passionate, and vehement in no common degree; and thus the young man was well-nigh rent asunder in the conflict. He tried to tame his body by violent fastings and penances, but he thereby added to the distress of an overwrought mind; and the jovial temper and intense enjoyment of life, which made his delight in social hours so great, only increased his load of remorse.

In 1505 he took his degree as Master of Arts, and, as usual, with great festivities, and a torch-light procession of his fellow-students in his honour. He began to study Law, while he gave lessons in Aristotle's Ethics; but his mental misery continued to beset him, and was much increased by the sudden death of one of his favourite companions, and shortly after, by a terrible thunder-storm, which overtook him when riding back to Erfurt after a visit to his parents. The lightning struck close to him, and he threw himself on his face on the ground, expecting to perish the next moment. When the storm passed away, he still had the sense of having been face to face with death, and his whole soul was bent on preparation for the moment which must one day come.

Young men could hardly live a godly and righteous life in the outer world as it then stood; and Martin Luther, therefore, like many before him, resolved to enter a convent. He invited his fellow-collegians to a banquet, which as usual closed with mirth and music, and in the midst of it told them his intention.

Loud voices in argument and in derision tried to dissuade him; but the young man, then twenty-one, listened to none. He took his two favourite books, Virgil and Plautus, under his arm, and that very night knocked at the gate of the Augustine friars, and begged for admission. In the morning, he sent back a letter to his friends, with his secular clothes and the ring which had been the token of his Master's degree. He was so distinguished already, that the monks were delighted to welcome him, and highly praised his contempt for the world. But he had come without the sanction or even the knowledge of his father; and old Hans was exceedingly grieved, not only because he had brilliant projects of success in life for his clever son, and had a plan of a wealthy marriage for him, but because he believed that the ardent uncontrollable nature would find convent monotony insupportable, and must either break out into frantic excesses, or sink into despair.

He wrote a very angry letter, using the pronoun *du*, whereas he had always used the respectful *ihr* ever since his son's degree, and disinherited him of his favour and affection; nor could any entreaty soften him.

Meantime, Martin had been admitted as novice, after an examination before the whole convent, whether he could bear the life of submission and mortification. His head was shaven, his monastic dress put on, and he received the kiss of brotherhood and the name of Brother Augustine, though perhaps it is a sign of his strong personality that he always seems to have been familiarly called Brother Martin.

A guide was appointed him, to instruct him in the observances of the Order, in which, besides the stipulated prayers, confessions, and

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Luther an Augustinian.

constant study of the Holy Scriptures, were the enactments that every gift should be received with a low bow and the words, "The Lord be praised in His gifts;" to walk with eyes cast down, and never to drink except seated, and holding the cup with both hands, with other rules, no doubt made as assistances in self-discipline, and which became second nature.

The novice's work was severe at first, with the very object of teaching obedience and mortifying the pride of learning. He had to act porter at the gate, sweep the chapel, clean the rooms, wind up the clock, and even to go out into the town to cater for the convent, to beg for eggs, fish, flesh, flour, or money. "*Saccum per nackum*," was the cry of the monks if they saw him sitting down to his book when his work was done.

This was all in the natural course of things, and the abasement would have come naturally to him as part of the casting down of high imaginings, if he had not been disappointed in his fellows. When Lanfranc and Bernard had sought the cloister, they found a band of spiritualized ascetics like themselves; but in these latter days, the convent was too often the refuge of such as were too dull or too inactive for the world; and the Augustinians of Erfurt loved to sit down to supper, each with two cans of beer and one of wine before him, and to converse in a fashion, not less worldly, only less clever, then Luther's university friends.

The menial tasks did not last long, and were only a part of the probation. The studies were resumed, and with them came the old agonies of mind, only much stronger. Luther was in a strange exaggerated condition, sometimes studying day and night, forgetting food, rest, and prayer, and then praying as unremittingly. A terrible consciousness of guiltiness lay upon him, and he was constantly coming to confession. "It is not God Who is angry with you," said his father confessor, "it is you who are angry with God."

Once, during Mass, he threw himself flat on the pavement with a loud cry of despair, "It is not I! It is not I!"

Another time he locked himself into his cell, and remained there for days without food; and when at last the brethren broke in, they found him lying senseless on the floor, and could not rouse him till they sent for some of his student friends, who began to sing a hymn, and thus broke the trance.

The first real helper he met was Johannes Staupitz, a truly able divine, a great friend of the good Elector Friedrich the Wise, and Vicar-General of the Augustinians, among whom he had introduced a system without which Luther would probably have found the house at Erfurt far more unsatisfactory. He came to inspect the brotherhood shortly after Luther (Augustine) had ceased to be a novice, and had taken the vows. He was greatly struck with the countenance of the young monk, where mental struggle was visibly written, and inquired his history from the Prior; and this led to confidence and to a confession—when Luther

CAMEO XXXIII.

Luther's Ordination. 1507.

laid bare the miseries he suffered from his incapacity to restrain himself from sin, and his terror of the Divine anger.

Staupitz answered, "Look at the wounds of Christ. Behold the Saviour bleeding on the Cross, and believe in the mercy of God."

The old confessor had said something like this, but Luther was so persuaded that the depths of self-humiliation and torture could alone deserve pardon, that Staupitz' free hopeful trust seemed to him too strange and simple to relieve him. He looked upon Christ only as the Judge and Avenger, and trembled at the Name, and found no rest for his soul.

Staupitz soon after found him sitting apart in his melancholy, and said, "Why are you thus heavy, Brother Martin?"

"Alas!" said Luther, "what am I to do?"

"I never had any experience of such trials as yours," said the Vicar-General; "but so far as I can perceive, they are more needful for you than your meat and drink. God bringeth them not upon you without a purpose."

Luther thought this meant that Staupitz viewed them as mortification to his pride of learning. However, before leaving the convent, Staupitz made him a present of a Bible, as his individual property, and encouraged him to prepare for the priesthood by the study of the scholastic theology.

His continual tossings of mind brought on an illness, in the course of which his old father confessor came to see him; and, after hearing the oft-repeated cry about his sins and terrors, repeated from the Creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins; that is, not of Peter's sins, or David's sins—devils believe thus much—but of my own sins." Then he quoted from St. Bernard, "The testimony of the Holy Spirit to thy conscience is this, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee;' and the Apostle saith, 'we are justified by faith.'"

This seems to have been Luther's first real comfort, and led him to the earnest study of St. Paul's Epistles, especially that to the Romans, on which he gradually dwelt with an exclusiveness of attention that made him let it eclipse as it were every other Book of Scripture, and become the head and front of his doctrine, unqualified by other equally inspired writings.

By the spring of 1507 Martin Luther was ripe for Ordination by the Bishop of Brandenburg, and he took this opportunity of begging his father to be fully reconciled to him.

His two younger brothers had died of the plague; he was reported to be dead also; and during the suspense on his account, his mother and his friends had entreated old Hans to make a willing offering of the eldest son, if yet he survived. Accordingly, the father gladly consented, and came with twenty friends on horseback, from Mansfeldt, to be present at his son's Ordination and first Mass. He brought his son a present of twenty guilders, and was entertained in the refectory; but though he was now friendly, when he heard Martin's self-sacrifice commended highly, the old man exclaimed, "Men of learning that ye are,

did ye never read in the Scripture, 'Honour thy father and thy mother?'" And when Luther excused his disobedience by declaring it was to him as if a voice from Heaven had spoken to him in the thunder-storm, his father answered, "May it only not have been a delusion of the devil!"

For three years more Martin remained at Erfurt, often going out into the villages round, to say Mass or to perform other services, beguiling his walks with his flute; and sometimes inclined to laugh at the blunders of the country choirs, for music was one of the most strongly developed parts of his nature. He was expected to take home the offertory for every Mass; and as this was regulated according to the rite used, it had become no better than a fee; and it seems he had also to beg for cheese and bring it home.

He was studying at the same time with all his might, especially the works of St. Augustine and the other Fathers; and constantly corresponding with Staupitz, still in the old strain of despondency, though with a growing perception of the love of the Saviour, and a greater appreciation of the words, "The just shall live by his faith."

Staupitz regarded him as one of the most promising men in the Order; and in 1508 sent for him to the new university, recently founded at Wittenberg.

The admirable Elector, Friedrich the Wise of Saxony, with his brother Ernst, Bishop of Magdeburg, had five years previously obtained permission from the Pope to found this university for the study of the new classical round of study, "*Artes humaniores*," rather than that of the old scholastic reasoning. Wittenberg was the capital of the Electorate, and derived its name from the white sand-hills that here border the Elbe. The burghers were a rough jovial set of Germans, who consumed so much beer that there were one hundred and seventy-two breweries out of three hundred and fifty-six houses, with two thousand inhabitants. The Elector had caused a printing-press to be set up, and was at the chief cost of the university; but he found it a most troublesome and unruly nursling. The youths who flocked thither went about with guns, swords, and knives, and one year, so insulted their Bishop, that he laid the place under an interdict.

There were four Theological Professors, of whom Staupitz was one, five of Law, three of Medicine, and ten of Philosophy; but as yet there was no teacher of Hebrew, Greek, or Mathematics. Luther was at first a lecturer on Physics, until he could go through the degrees of Theology; but in a year he was qualified to become a lecturer on this subject.

He was lodged in the Augustinian convent, where he continued for many years—a ruinous old house, where he had the bare maintenance befitting a monk. His theological lectures were so striking, that Staupitz insisted that he should preach. He was most unwilling; and they sat under a pear-tree in the convent garden, Martin bringing, one after another, fifteen arguments against it; and Staupitz still urging him, till

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Luther at Rome. 1510.

at last he said, "Doctor Staupitz, you will be the death of me, for I cannot live under it three months."

"Very well! Our Lord God hath many great things to do; He hath need of wise folks in Heaven," answered Staupitz. And Luther found himself obliged to submit, and preached his first sermon in the little old wood-built chapel of the monastery, in a pulpit of rough-hewn planks.

It is curious that his excitable nature never endured to glance at the countenances of his audience. "I count them all as so many blocks," he said, "and speak out the words of my God."

His sermons attracted great notice; the poor little chapel was soon crowded, and the preacher was invited to the parish church, where the priest was old, sickly, and helpless, and was glad to find such a substitute. The Elector himself came to hear him, and was much struck by his force and ardour.

In 1510, three years after his arrival at Wittenberg, seven of the Augustinian convents having some matter at issue with their Vicar-General, delegated Luther to represent their case to Pope Julius II. He travelled on foot, with another brother, named Ursel, as his companion; and ten ducats were allowed him to engage an advocate with. Staupitz went as far as Heidelberg with him, and he then proceeded through Suabia and Bavaria, where the people were hearty and hospitable. The first halt in Italy was at a Benedictine convent, where the German monks were shocked at the feasting that went on on fast-days, and Luther fancied that his remonstrance was rewarded by an attempt to poison him.

He was greatly amazed to find the ritual of St. Ambrose, of which he had never heard, in force in Milan Cathedral, and was much pleased with the charitable institutions at Florence, where something of the spirit of Savonarola still survived.

His feeling for Rome was ardent, both as a scholar and a Christian; and in simple Germany there still was ignorance enough for him to expect to find her a holy city. When he came in sight of the domes and towers, he threw himself on the ground, crying, "Hail, Rome, thrice hallowed by the blood of the martyrs!"

He entered by the Porta del Popolo, near which was the Augustinian Convent, which was his natural home. There was a saying, "Blessed is the mother whose son says Mass at Rome on St. John's Day;" and he had hurried on to Rome in order to procure this blessing for his mother; but he found the churches so crowded with priests, that he could not obtain access to any altar before noon. Still he saw so many invitations to deliver souls from purgatory by devotions at certain altars, that he thought it a pity his parents were still alive, so that he could not do them the service at this opportunity. He went from station to station at Rome, and climbed on his knees the *Santa Scala*, said to have come from Pilate's house; he beheld the relics, and visited the Catacombs, whose wondrous recesses truly and deeply impressed his spirit.

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Luther a Doctor. 1512.

But the horrid irreverence and the profane wit with which sacred things were treated, the pagan tastes, the luxurious habits, the frightful stories of Alexander VI. and his family, all did much to destroy the impression that the place should have created. Nay, it rather appalled the spectator coming fresh with expectations that all in these sacred scenes should be most sacred. He heard people say in the streets, "If there be a hell upon earth, Rome is built upon it." And he observed with dismay, that the nearer people lived to Rome, the more dead was religion among them, and the more scandalous were their lives.

Still he profited by his stay to obtain lessons in Greek, and likewise in Hebrew, from a noted rabbi called Elia Levita; and on his return to Wittenberg, Staupitz and the Elector both insisted that he should become a Doctor in Theology; and though he resisted, the Vicar-General again prevailed; and the Elector himself paid the expenses of the Doctor's gown, hat, and massive gold ring. After examination by Andreas Bodenstein of Carlstadt, Dean of the Faculty of Theology, he was sworn in as a Doctor. "I swear manfully to defend the Gospel of God," were the terms of the oath. This was in 1512, and thenceforth Luther's teaching had an additional authority which can hardly be estimated by us, to whom—except at the university—the doctor's degree makes little difference.

He spent two years in a more complete study of the Bible in the original languages, to which he had acquired the key at Rome; and when he had to lecture to the students at Wittenberg, it was always on the Psalms and on the Epistle to the Romans. His own copy of the Psalms is still at Wolfenbüttel, the Hebrew text printed in lines wide apart, and between them his MS. Latin notes, probably those from which he lectured; and the scholars who have examined them say that it is evident how entirely he was still a learner, though so much against his will he had been made a teacher.

In 1516 Staupitz was sent into the Netherlands to purchase relics for the beautiful new church which the Elector had just built at Wittenberg, and Luther was made Vicar-General in his place, in Saxony and Thuringia. He had to make the round of all the convents of the Augustinians, and was evidently the most trusted man in the Order. The plague broke out at Wittenberg, and he was urged to fly; but he answered in his letter, "Whither shall I fly? The world will not fall to pieces without Brother Martin."

In 1517 the Elector's cousin, Duke George of Saxony, a clever man, with a strong dislike to the vice and ostentation of the clergy, wrote to Staupitz to send him a learned and eloquent preacher. Luther accordingly was sent; and his first sermon was at Dresden, before the court, on St. James's Day. The text was on the request of St. James's mother on behalf of her sons; and thence the preacher came to the unwise desires of men, and the only sure foundation—faith in Christ—bringing in much of the doctrine which had comforted him more than all, namely, that all depended upon faith.

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Luther's Sermon at Dresden.

After Church, all sat down to dinner, and the Duke asked the principal lady what she thought of the sermon. "If I could hear again such a discourse," she said, "I should die in peace."

"And I," rejoined the Duke, "would give much not to have heard it, for such discourses are only good to make people sin with security."

The Duke and lady had mastered the point, it is plain. All the rest that passed was folly. Luther had introduced a parable of three virgins, and the guests chose to fit these to three ladies of the court, and went off into witticisms on that score.

The Duke's secretary, Jacob Emser, was also present, and had listened intelligently. He asked the Augustinian Doctor to supper; and there Luther found a Leipsic Master of Arts, and two or three Dominican friars.

An argument was set on foot, and conducted by these, on the lines laid down by Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas, whom all the more modern schools were regarding with contempt. At last Luther defied the Master of Arts to explain, with all the erudition of the school-men, what it was to fulfil the Commandments.

"Pay me my fees," good-humouredly said the Master, assuming the demeanour of a lecturer about to address his pupils; and this reply made all laugh, so that the party broke up—no doubt each side thinking itself victorious.

After all, Luther's preaching, like that of the much venerated Tauler before him, would probably have passed as a vigorous though one-sided development of a doctrine whose germ lay within the Church, if it had not been for the outrageous abuses of the system of indulgences, which threw him into vehement opposition to the clergy, and made his watch-word, "By faith ye are justified," become the symbol of a party, and be used so exclusively, that the obligations of that faith were omitted or excluded.

The Vicar-General, Staupitz, and his substitute, Luther, alike heard with dismay of the shameless traffic in indulgences carried on by the agents of the Pope. A man named Johann Tezel was the especial subject of scandalous stories, as to the horrid deceits and irreverence of his trade, and the revelry and licentiousness of his life. Such stories as this were current: that he had been exhibiting a feather as one shed from the Archangel Michael's wing, and inviting devotion to it, till at night, some incredulous person abstracted the feather, and put some charcoal from the hearth in its place; then was edified the next morning by hearing these proclaimed as veritable embers from beneath St. Lawrence's gridiron! Tezel was actually condemned to death for his criminal life at Innspruck, and only escaped with imprisonment by benefit of clergy.

No respectable ecclesiastic could endure him; many Bishops and Abbots refused him permission to open his commission in their dominions, and the Elector Friedrich the Wise had absolutely closed Saxony against him. Indeed, the Popes had repeatedly promised the

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Tetzel. 1516.

German Church that the sale of indulgences should cease with the present need, but of course there always was a present need.

Friedrich's brother Ernst was dead, and had been succeeded in his Archbishopric of Magdeburg by Albert of Brandenburg, who at twenty-four likewise held the Electoral See of Mainz, and at twenty-six was a Cardinal. He had been highly educated, and was interested in speculation and novelty, but he had no principle; and when he found that the fee for his archiepiscopal pall was thirty thousand florins, he saw no harm in raising the sum by means of farming out indulgences. He borrowed the money in the first instance of Jacob Fugger, the great banker merchant of Augsburg, and then applied to the Pope to be appointed Commissary of Indulgences in his own three dioceses for three years; to which Leo X. consented. He was to give half the money to the Pope, for the building of St. Peter's and the crusade against the Turks, and keep the other half himself. The next thing was to find an able agent; and Tetzel, who was just out of his prison at Innspruck, was recommended to him. Going to Rome, Tetzel obtained absolution and a commission from Leo, and then presented himself to Archbishop Albert, who sent him forth on his rounds to collect a plentiful harvest.

He was forbidden to enter the Saxon domains; but he set up his red cross at Jüterbogk, only four miles from Wittenberg, and of course there were many to resort thither, though at no time were purchased indulgences considered a very respectable or desirable mode of obtaining security; and husbands would try to withhold their wives from going, decidedly preferring that they should give no occasion for penance, to their buying its remission. But such a fair as Tetzel held must no doubt have had irresistible attractions.

Then, as Dr. Luther sat in the Confessor's chair, in his chapel at Wittenberg, penitent after penitent came to him, and laid bare his sins. He spoke of true repentance of the heart, without which absolution would be unavailing. Oh no! he was told, here were the letters of indulgence. Alms had been given for St. Peter's Church and the war against the Turks, and there was no need of penance, far less of penitence. Here was the token!

To the man who had fought his way to a trust in Atoning Mercy through an agonizing struggle with the sense of sin, these delusions wore a most fearful aspect. His cry could only be, "Away with these deceits, they are but licenses to commit sin! Beware of being deceived by them!"

Back went the penitents to Jüterbogk, or more probably, their friends did so, and told Brother Hans how Brother Martin esteemed his indulgences.

Tetzel grew furious. He shouted and bawled forth his rage in the pulpit, and caused fires to be lighted in the market-place, where he declared that his Holy Father the Pope commanded that any heretic should be burned who disputed the sacred power of indulgences.

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Indulgences. 1517.

Further, he was reported by his audience to have declared that he had such grace from the Pope, that even if the Blessed Virgin had sinned, he could obtain her forgiveness on her giving the alms—that the red cross of indulgence was as efficacious as the veritable Cross—that he had released as many souls as had St. Peter—that a certificate of indulgence made all contrition unnecessary—and that if alms were given to release a soul from purgatory, the soul flew up to Heaven as the money tinkled in the box!

He was said to have made the first statement at Halle; and a certificate exonerating him has been found, signed by the clergy and magistrates of the place. But there is no denial extant of the rest; the man was inflamed by auctioneering fervour, and the German vulgar were thought ready to endure anything.

The account of these monstrous assertions caused Luther to write to the Bishop of Brandenburg about them, and to the Archbishop Albert himself, doing so with the more security that the Archbishop was an intelligent man, who was interested in his sermons, and had often taken the part of the new learning against the Schoolmen. Luther did not know that Albert himself was a party to the traffic; and he had yet to learn how very differently theological matters are regarded when they are a matter of speculation or of practice.

He got no answer at all from the Archbishop, and a feeble uncertain one from the Bishop; and he began to decide on taking action. He resolved that the time should be All Saints' Day, when there would be a great concourse to the Cathedral of Wittenberg, and all the relics collected by the Elector would be exhibited to an adoring multitude, including, no doubt, many of the attendants at the indulgence fair at Jüterbogk. Probably Friedrich knew what the Doctor of Theology was about; for the night before the Eve of All Saints, as he lay in his bed, thinking of the Saints, praying for the souls in purgatory, and especially praying for truth for himself and his people, he fell asleep, and saw a monk introduced to him by all the Saints, who entreated that the Elector would allow him to write something on the church doors at Wittenberg.

He wrote, and in such large letters, that the Elector could read them from Schweidnitz, his castle, six leagues off; and his pen grew and grew till it pierced the ear of an old lion at Rome, and made the tiara totter on the Pope's head, while all the cardinals, Friedrich himself, and his brother, ran up to support it. There the Elector woke, but fell asleep and went on with the dream, and found the monk still tormenting the lion with his pen, the lion roaring, and the Pope bidding Friedrich stop the monk. He woke again, and repeating a Paternoster for his Holiness, slept once more, to find himself and all the priests in Rome trying to break the pen, but it seemed to have turned to iron; and when the monk was asked where it came from, he said it was the quill of an old goose in Bohemia, and that he got it from his old schoolmaster.

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The Theses of Wittenberg.

1517.

Huss, be it observed means a goose. Several authorities mention this curious dream—a not unlikely form for the good Elector's anxieties to take.

By noon on that very day, the 31st of October, 1517, the Augustinian monk, Martin Luther, had posted on the Church doors at Wittenberg, ninety-five theses, as he called them—brief sentences on the doctrine of indulgences, calling on any scholar to disprove them.

To quote them all would be impossible here. It is enough to say, that Luther did not deny the power of the Church to remit the full performance of the penance attached to a sin, since, of course, what she imposed she could remit.

But he viewed such "indulgences" as a mere concession to feeble or imperfect Christians, with which an honest spirit of love and repentance would have nothing to do.

The purchase of them he utterly repudiated, showing that to neglect the poor while buying an indulgence was a mean and selfish use of money. And as to these indulgences having any effect beyond the grave, or buying off years of purgatory, he viewed the doctrine as fatal. He declared the Pope's pardon to be the announcement of God's pardon, therefore not to be despised; but though it might take off the temporal punishment, it could not diminish the guilt. This was the outline of the ninety-five theses, many of which were directed against the special abominations of Tetzel and his crew; and none against the possibility of indulgences, only against the weakness of seeking them, and the abuses connected with the sale of them. On the feast-day itself, he preached on the same subject; and he put forth a book, explaining the theses, also writing very humbly to Archbishop Albert to explain what he had done.

Tetzel, in order to be on equal terms with him, took the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and published a reply, denying some accusations and maintaining others. His "anti-theses," as he called them, were brought to Wittenberg; but the students, zealous for their own university, bought up all the eight hundred copies, and burnt them in a bonfire in the market-place; but Luther, as well as the authorities, was much annoyed, though he little esteemed the arguments, and said, "Tetzel dealt with Holy Scripture like a sow with a sack of oats."

As a matter of fact, all good controversialists saw that Luther's theses were far more orthodox than the reply.

Erasmus said that here was a good physician, cutting into the flesh to prevent the disease from becoming incurable.

The Emperor Maximilian observed to the Elector, "Take care of your monk Luther, for the time may come when there will be need of him."

And Leo X. himself, though on first hearing of the theses he said they must be work of some drunken German, said when he had read them, "This Brother Martin Luther is a man of very fine genius, and all that is said against him is but monkish jealousy."

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Luther's Preaching. 1517.

But speculative opinions are very different from giving up a gainful trade.

There was real consent to all the theses of Wittenberg among every one who was not totally ignorant or blind, but there was a great unwillingness to open a fierce discussion; and both the Elector and the Bishop of Brandenburg deprecated the further preaching against the sale of indulgences: but argument waxed hotter and hotter, until the princes, clergy, and scholars of Germany, were all arrayed on one side or the other for or against the Augustinian.

Hitherto his teaching was apparently entirely Catholic, and only at variance with abuses. The faith, or rather personal trust and assurance, which he had won with so severe a struggle, gave him inward peace, and in teaching others he had not begun to let its need overshadow everything else, and was a devout Catholic and obedient monk.

But his whole nature was intensely excitable and sensitive, the animal was very strong, and it would seem as if the more he put his trust in Faith alone, and relaxed his loyalty to monastic obedience and discipline, the more the original nature asserted its power, and swept him into coarseness of language and heat of temper. He was a man of large frame, with fiery black eyes, and a magnificent voice for preaching, chanting or singing, and with a great force of readiness and humour which made his least saying apposite and memorable.

Such was the monk who commenced the Reformation, which convulsed the Western Church, rent her by schism, and led to her partial renovation, though with the loss of a large number of her members.

CAMEO XXXIV.

THE CONCORDAT OF BOLOGNA.

(1515—1518.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1509. Henry VIII.	1513. James V.	1515. Francis I.	1461. Ferdinand.
			1517. Charles I.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1493. Maximilian I.	1513. Leo X.

LEO X. was far less annoyed at the controversies of Germany than by the dangers that threatened his antiquarian ease on the side of France.

An expedition into Italy had come to be regarded as a kind of knight-errantry essential to French royalty. Just as the English barons hardly felt as if they had a real king till he had set up his banner on French soil, so no French King had done his chivalrous devoir unless he had claimed the Milanese and Naples.

How reluctant the Milanese people would have been to give Madonna Valentina to Louis of Orleans, could they have known all that would come of that marriage!

François I. not only was her male representative but through his wife, Claude, he inherited the rights such as they were, of Louis XII.

So François made his mother, Louise of Savoy, Duchess of Angoulême, regent, and gave her for her chief assistant Antoine Duprat, the chancellor, a rapacious unscrupulous man, who cared chiefly for making his own fortune and satisfying the King's extravagance, so that France soon regretted the mildness of Louis XII. and Cardinal d'Amboise. He appointed as Constable of France, Charles, the Count of Montpensier, head of a younger branch of the House of Bourbon, and who had just married Suzanne the only child of Anne, Duchess of Bourbon, daughter to Louis XI.

Genoa was always in a fitful state, calling itself independent when the French were beyond the Alps, but "under French protection" whenever they had a hold in Italy. The first step that François took was to induce the Doge of Genoa to call himself only Governor for the King of France; and at the same time he put forth his wife's claims to Milan, and assembled his army to cross the Alps in the August of 1515.

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Carmagnola. 1515.

Prospero Colonna had been made general of the twenty thousand men whom Sforza had raised, and with whom the foot of the Alps from Mont Cenis to Mont Genèvre was to be defended. Able captain as he was, and used to many a campaign with the French, he thought all he had to do was to watch the defiles that he knew, little suspecting that Chabannes, Bayard, d'Aubigny, and a thousand men-at-arms, were crossing by the apparently impossible road of Rocca Sparviera. Although Chabannes was a Marshal, and there were several more of much higher rank than Bayard, the conduct of the expedition was by universal consent made over to him. They set forth at day-break riding silently under the guidance of a Piedmontese gentleman, who showed them a ford by which they crossed and came to Carmagnola early in the day, but there heard to their great disappointment that Prospero had gone to dine at a little town called Villafranca, some seven or eight miles off. At first they were all in great vexation at having missed their prey; but Bayard said, "Since we are here why not pursue them? If we meet them in the plain, it will be hard if we cannot get some one of them."

So the Piedmontese gentleman reconnoitred in disguise, and brought back word that Colonna and all his escort were going to dine at Villafranca. Hubercourt was sent on with a hundred archers, a bow-shot behind came Bayard with a hundred men-at-arms, then Chabannes with the rest of the troop. There was hardly any time for the alarm before they had surrounded Colonna in the house where he was dining, and forced him to surrender. The regular words of a courteous captor were of course said. "Signor Prospero, it is the fortune of war. To-day for me, to-morrow for you." Besides the prisoners, seven hundred excellent horses were seized and all Colonna's plate and jewels, worth fifty thousand ducats. The French could not, however, carry off all their spoil, as there was a large body of Swiss in the Italian pay marching upon them; but the capture of Colonna, the best Italian general, was quite as good as winning a battle.

Much dismay was caused in Italy, and the Pope wrote to assure François of his neutrality, while the King advanced to Turin, and the army began to spread into the Milanese. But a great difficulty had arisen with the Swiss. Large numbers had been hired on either side, as they were reputed the best infantry existing except the Spanish, and were always ready to sell their swords to any party. The Swiss government had been engaged in the Holy League, and at the time of Henry the Eighth's advance to Tournay had been bought off by a sum paid down and future promises from attacking Dijon. Of course the full sum had never been paid; and when the Swiss in the French army found that the duchy of Milan was yielding without fighting or plunder, they made an outcry for both the ransom of Dijon, their pay, and compensation for the towns they were forced to spare. With much effort, and contributions from all the nobles in the army, a sum was raised to satisfy their demands; and the Duke of Gueldres, who had been in command of ten thousand lanzknechts, thought the war was so

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Marignano. 1515.

nearly over, that he left the camp, leaving his command to Claude de Lorraine, Count of Guise, the second son of that Duke René of Lorraine who had played so prominent a part in the fall of Charles the Bold of Burgundy. It is curious that the Angoulême dynasty and the Guise family, who were destined to play so strange a part together, should both first come prominently forward in the same year.

The Swiss had set forth on their march home, and Lautrec was gone to fetch the first instalment of their subsidy, when they met twenty thousand more of their countrymen coming down from the mountains in a fury at finding the war over. They cried out that they would not go back empty-handed to their hills while their comrades had so much pay and booty. They persuaded the others to join them in going in a body thirty-five thousand strong to seize the treasure that had been collected at Buffaloro for their pay. Their two commanders, shocked and ashamed, went straight on to Switzerland with a few who had any sense of honour left, and probably sent notice to Lautrec, who had time to carry off the money. But no Italian could see such a chance of molesting the foreigner go by without trying to profit by it: Muzio Colonna joined the mutineers with all the papal horse under his command four hundred in number, and the Cardinal of Sion, of Swiss birth, and, a bitter foe to France, came to meet them and inflame their rage.

"Take your pikes!" he cried; "beat your drums; let us march without loss of time to appease our hatred in their blood."

Whilst the Cardinal was making this furious speech, the Sieur de Fleuranges—"le jeune Aventureux," as was his chivalrous sobriquet—was reconnoitring, and was spied by Muzio Colonna, who instantly gave the alarm. The great cow-horns of Uri and Unterwalden sounded, and all the Swiss swarmed out with their pikes, and putting themselves in battle array, began to march upon the French. It was late in the afternoon of the 13th of September, 1515, and François was just about to sit down to supper at Marignano, about ten miles from Milan when he heard that this huge army was marching on him. He was in the act of trying on a suit of new armour, and the Venetian general Bartolomeo d'Alviano was looking on, when de Fleuranges burst into his tent with the tidings. He took the hand of d'Alviano, saying, "Signor Bartolomeo, I pray you lose no time;" and the Venetian leapt on horseback, and galloped back to Lodi to bring up his army.

There was desperate fighting, but no generalship. Two bodies of lanzknechts advanced beyond the ditch on each side of the road by which the Swiss were advancing; and Don Pedro Navarro, with four thousand Basques, was on the road itself, with the artillery and men-at-arms. The Swiss, bad as their cause was, fought doggedly, and came right on though continually charged by the men-at-arms, who after plunging upon them drew back again behind the artillery, which then fired and made long lanes through the advancing columns, then while they closed up there was another charge of horse, and so on.

In one of these charges, Bayard's horse became unmanageable, and

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Marignano. 1515.

bore him headlong through the first line of Swiss, and nearly into the second; but fortunately the animal became entangled in a vine trained from tree to tree, and the knight was able to slip from off his back, and divesting himself of his helmet and heavier armour, crawled on his hands and knees towards the quarter whence came shouts of "France! France!" and safely reached the camp, where the first person he met was the Duke of Lorraine, who immediately re-mounted him on his own good old steed Carman. He borrowed a helmet, for the battle was by no means over, although the sun had long been set; and when the moon had also disappeared, darkness forced everyone to pause. There were bodies of Swiss between the different troops of French and several batteries had been taken. Indeed, one Swiss battalion was so near the King himself, that he durst not keep up a fire lest the small numbers around him should be observed. He lay down to rest on a gun-carriage, and asked for some water; but what was brought him was stained with blood, and he turned away in loathing. An Italian trumpeter blew signals all night long, by which the scattered French understood where their monarch was, and gradually gathered round him; and the great cow-horns of the Swiss were likewise heard, but these were only sounded as notes of triumph and defiance, they were not rallying signals, so that in the dawn the Swiss had not improved their situation, while the position of the French was considerably better than it had been when the darkness had come on. The lanzkechts had rallied to the number of twenty thousand in one mass round the King, and the men-at-arms were better placed than the night before. The Swiss came on to the attack even more vigourously than the night before, but the lanzknechts received them on their pikes; the artillery mowed them down, and they began to go round the camp seeking for a weak place to assault it in. About nine o'clock in the morning, d'Alviano, who had ridden all night, came up with two hundred of his best horse, and charged, crying, "San Marco! San Marco!" The Swiss thought the whole Venetian army was upon them, and therefore began to retreat upon Milan, but in perfect order, and with such a fierce aspect that pursuit was by no means encouraged.

They had left no less than twelve thousand dead on the plain, and four thousand on the French side had fallen, a good many noble gentlemen, but mostly German lanzknechts. It had been a furious battle. The condottiere Trivulzio, who had been in eighteen pitched battles, said that they were all child's play as compared to this one, and called it a Battle of the Giants.

François I. had never been knighted. All French kings are supposed to be born knights, but he felt that he had won his spurs, and was determined to receive them from no one save the best knight in France. So he sent for Bayard and intimated his desire. The knight was overwhelmed at a proposal so inconsistent with the laws of feudal chivalry, which bade his inferior always to be dubbed by his superior in rank; but François broke out, "Cite me no *canons*, whether steel, iron,

or brass; but do my will, if you would be reckoned among my good servants."

"I can but obey," said Bayard; and drawing his sword, he added, as François bent his knee: "Sire, be thou worthy as Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or Baldwin his brother!" Then giving the accolade, he added, "Certes thou art the first king who ever received knighthood. God grant that thou mayest never flee in battle!"

He then kissed his sword, and said, "Glorious sword, to have to-day knighted the greatest king in the world! Never more will I draw thee save against Turks and Moors, foes of Christendom. Certes, my good sword, thou shalt henceforth be kept like a relic, and honoured beyond all others!" Then making two leaps, he returned it to the scabbard.

He was at fault in his history, for Richard II. and Henry VI. were both dubbed knights when they reached a fit age; but this choice of Bayard for the knighting of François I. is a unique event in history, as an instance of the highest possible honour being conferred on a man for his chivalrous qualities. In almost any other age it would have been despised as "barren honour," unaccompanied as it was by any material reward; but Bayard's position was as honourable to himself as to the spirit of the whole army. Birth seems to have settled rank for ever. As a gentleman, one of the untitled or *petit noblesse*, he was a companion for princes; as a knight, he was esteemed like a paladin of old; and as a leader upon any emergency, he was always thrust into the post of difficulty; but he never received either estates or promotion, and the most highly esteemed soldier in Europe was never any more than a mere captain of men-at-arms—Pierre Terrail, called Bayard by courtesy, from a small estate in Dauphiny.

A subsequent Duke of Lorraine was very anxious to have this "good sword," and begged it from the Terrail family, but it had been lost.

François proceeded to knight De Fleuranges and the other gentlemen who had distinguished themselves. He marched on to Milan, whence the Swiss retreated to their mountains; and Massimiliano Sforza shut himself up in a fortress, but surrendered upon the King's promise to give him a pension, and to intercede with the Pope to make him a Cardinal. The battle had been a most effectual one. With the Swiss it led to what was called the perpetual peace, and not as a mockery, for it really lasted till the destruction of the French monarchy at the Revolution. The Swiss took the place of regular mercenaries in the King's service, and what was still called the Scottish guard gradually became more and more Swiss and less Scotch; while in private houses these mountaineers so universally filled the place of porters, that *Suisse* became the very name of the office.

The Battle of Marignano, though in itself only a struggle with mutineers greedy for plunder, did in effect lay Italy at the feet of François I. He thought himself the warrior-king of the age, and poetry and prose, in Latin and French, were not lacking to tell him so. The Pope, who had professed neutrality, but whose subjects the

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Wolsey deprived of Tournay. 1515.

Colonna family were, and whose small troop of horse had fought on the Swiss side, began to try to oblige Francois, whom he offered to meet at Bologna.

One anxiety of François was to obtain that the see of Tournay shou'd be taken from Thomas Wolsey and restored to Louis Guillard, who had been appointed but not installed when Henry VIII. had taken the town and seized the presentation. Wolsey could certainly well spare it, for he had just been raised to the Archbishopric of York on the death of Cardinal Bembridge in 1514; and he was further soliciting that the hat, vacant by his predecessor's death should pass on to him. Both he and Archbishop Wareham were sincerely anxious that he should obtain this promotion and the appointment of *Legatus à latere* from the Pope. Wareham was already legate; but it was only the special legate—*a latere*, from the side of the Pope—who had power to make the reformations so much needed, and which Wareham, an old and gentle-tempered man, could not enforce. Another holder of an English see was already a Cardinal—the Bishop of Bath, Adriano di Corneto, an Italian by birth, and collector in England of Peter-pence. He was an absentee, and resided in Rome, employing as sub-collector a clever native of Urbino, named Polidoro Virgilio, who had been rather a favourite with Henry VII., and had been employed by him to write a history of England. Wolsey applied to the Bishop of Bath for his interest with the Pope; and when no effect was produced, thinking Cardinal de Corneto had played him false, he revenged himself by putting poor Polydore Virgil into the Tower, thus obtaining for himself a by no means flattering picture in the imprisoned author's history. Leo X. and his cousin, Cardinal Giulio de Medici, wrote to Henry, commanding the enlargement of Polydore, but without effect; and when François applied for the restitution of Tournay, the Pope willingly granted a bull to that effect, even authorizing Guillard to obtain entrance by force of arms. Henry was very angry; but François, who had no desire to quarrel with him, solicited the Pope to grant Wolsey the Cardinal's hat by way of compensation for Tournay; and this was granted, though after all Wolsey did not resign his claim to Tournay. Leo decided on going to meet the King of France at Bologna, making a visit on the way to his native city of Florence, where he was received with a wonderful display of elegance and splendour, but found his brother Giuliano slowly dying of an incurable complaint. At Bologna, where Julius II. had made the papal name hated, Leo was received in sullen silence, which the Cardinals wished him to resent; but he preferred winning the hearts of the people to punishing them.

Leo and François met with great courtesy, and lodged together in the same palace. There was much to make them friendly together, for both were men of wit, and though the King must have been a man of far less culture than the Medici, he was a passionate admirer of all that was beautiful, and revelled in the exquisite art of Italy. Two pictures were painted for him by Raffaelle. One is the victorious St. Michael subduing

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—
Meeting of Leo and François.
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Satan. Calm in his strength the magnificent Archangel, upborne on his mighty wings, treads down the scowling fiend into the dark abyss. So it was meant the Knights of the Order of St. Michael should bear down the power of evil. The other was St. Margaret, the patron saint of François's sister, the Pearl of Pearls. Here the child saint, palm in hand, is coming forth unscathed from the coils of the dragon, as in the dream of the Virgin of Antioch. Would that France had taken to itself the teaching of these two pictures! Leonardo da Vinci, who had found reason to be displeased with Leo's patronage, actually entered the service of François, returning with him to France on the promise of a pension of seven hundred crowns; but he was an aged man, and after incomparably recording the handsome countenance of the young King, his health totally failed, and he died in the arms of the King only three years later.

So delightful were Leo's manners, that all the French court were charmed, and civil speeches abounded upon all sides; but two important measures were agreed upon between Pope and King, which had no small effect on the French Church. The canons enacted at the Council of Basle had been accepted by an assembly of the Church of France, and had been held binding ever since; but they had been rejected by the Popes, who had striven ever since to get them abolished in France. These canons had forbidden the payments to Rome, and the sale of benefices, and had made the appointment of a bishop subject to the approval of the Crown; but they also kept a due amount of Church government in the hands of the Clergy instead of the King. Leo now proposed that if François would abolish the canons of Basle, he should be compensated by receiving all the powers of Government hitherto enjoyed by the clergy, and should have the sole right of presenting to ecclesiastical benefices.

This was a highly improper arrangement on both sides; the Pope gave up what he believed the rights of his successors, and the King betrayed the liberties of his national Church for the sake of gain; but it is a curious fact that the Roman chronicler says nothing about this important *concordat*. All he is concerned with is how the King walked to Church between two Cardinal Bishops, followed by his barons all in cloth of gold; how he held the train of the Pontiff on the approach to the Altar to say Mass, and only sat on a stool, rising up and kneeling down with the Cardinals, and holding the bowl and napkin for the washing of the hands of Leo; also how careful the master of the ceremonies was to warn the Pope against putting his hand to his cap in public, lest he should appear to be doing homage to an earthly monarch.

François proposed like his two predecessors, to make a raid upon Naples; but Leo persuaded him that it would be wiser to wait for the death of old Fernando of Aragon, who was fast declining; and the conference broke up—the Pope going to Florence to attend the death-bed of his brother Giuliano, and François returning to meet his mother and wife at Lyons, leaving the Constable de Bourbon to defend the

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Wolsey a Cardinal. 1516.

duchy of Milan, with seven hundred lances, six thousand lanzknechts, and four thousand Basques.

His precaution was shown to be needed, for just as the war was over, Maximilian had finished his preparations, and suddenly dashed into the Venetian territories with a considerable army, intending to expel the French from Milan and restore Sforza.

The alliance between France and Switzerland had not prevented fifteen thousand Swiss from hiring themselves to the Emperor; but there were nearly as many more under the Constable of Bourbon with the French army, and a sudden alarm possessed Maximilian lest they should coalesce and deliver him up to the French, as they had done by Lodovico Sforza; and after his usual fashion, he suddenly vanished from his army and returned to Germany.

Meantime, the Pope had sent off the red hat to Thomas Wolsey, but only in "a varlet's budget, who seemed to all men to be a person of mean estimation," not at all suitable to English notions of splendour. The archbishop, with all regard to appearances, caused the "varlet" to be stayed by the way, and equipped in costly silks, so as to make a suitable show when he was met on Blackheath by a great assembly of prelates and "gallant lusty gentlemen," who conducted him to Westminster Abbey.

There, in the presence of all the Court, the Archbishop of York received the hat, which was, in fact, the pledge of his appointment to be parish priest of the Church of St. Cecilia, *trans Tiberim*, scarlet because of the old purple of Rome, of which he had thus become a citizen. He was also made legate *a latere* thus being able to over-rule all opposition from the English clergy. No doubt Wolsey, an Englishman to the backbone had rather have maintained the independence of the Church; but as gentle Archbishop Wareham had proved quite incapable of getting the English clergy to reform themselves, some one must get authority, no matter whence, to do it for them.

Moreover, Wareham gave up the Chancellorship to Wolsey, and on the 22nd of December, 1515, the Great Seal, inclosed in a bag of white leather, sealed with five seals, was delivered by him to King Henry at Westminster Palace, and then handed over to the Cardinal Archbishop. He thus became the director of all affairs in England, both lay and clerical. No one had resembled him in magnificence since the palmy days of the diaconate and Chancellorship of Thomas à Becket; and his splendours, with the rushes on the floor and the King jumping over the table, must have been barbarous compared with those of the Chancellor Cardinal of the Cinque-cento. He never rode out without two great crosses of silver, one episcopal, the other legatine, borne before him by "two of the tallest and comeliest priests he could get in the realm;" and the yeomen of his guard were also the largest and finest-looking men the kingdom could muster. Four, with gilt pole-axes, guarded him wherever he went. Nobles and gentlemen were parts of his household train; his steward was always a priest, his

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Wolsey's Household. 1516.

treasurer always a knight, his comptroller always a squire, and his master cook "went daily in velvet or satin, with a gold chain." His chapel had a Dean, a repeater of the choir, a Gospeller, an Epistoler, twelve singing priests, sixteen singing men, and twelve boys with their master; besides, in the vestry a yeoman and two grooms, probably for the attiring of this splendid choir. For his biographer Cavendish says, "as for the furniture of his chapel, it passeth my weak capacity to declare the number of the costly ornaments and rich jewels that were occupied in the same. For I have seen in procession about the hall forty-four copes of one settle worn, besides the rich candlesticks and other necessary vestments to the furniture of the same."

The whole number of his retinue one edition of Cavendish makes to amount to one hundred and eighty, another to five hundred, another to eight hundred. The first seems as if it might be the number of gentlemen, each of whom, Cavendish says, had one or more personal attendants.

To maintain all this Wolsey had not only his Archbishopric, but he held Durham *in commendam*, and farmed Bath, Worcester, and Hereford, paying so much a year to their foreign absentee bishops. Of course there was no end to the inferior benefices he would hold.

It seems ridiculous to think of a man who was such an abuse in himself undertaking to reform the Church, and Wolsey was certainly very far from being a saint; but pluralities were never thought of as blamable, and the age was one of gorgeous display, in which Wolsey participated with all the vanity of a *parvenu*. But there were deep evils of which he was sensible in the condition of the English Church, and he fully intended to deal with them, not knowing that his hands were not clean enough.

The French Church was in the meantime striving against the Concordat. Leo had carried it to the Lateran Council, which had been convoked by Julius II. in 1511, and was still supposed to be sitting at Rome; but it only consisted of the prelates who happened to be at Rome, chiefly Italian, and they all said "*Placet*" to whatever he demanded.

It was very different with the Parliament of Paris, who refused to register the Concordat. This body was the old council of the original domain of Hugues Capet. It had come to consist of the ecclesiastics and peers, holding directly of the King of the old Isle de France, together with a large body of lawyers. It was the supreme court of judicature, but it had no power to pass laws, only to register those that emanated from the King, thus rendering them law. There were other parliaments in the old dukedoms, but these took the lead from Paris. The *Gens de la Robe* or lawyers of Paris, were some of the most honourable men in France, and had a strong feeling of dignified loyalty to the constitution as well as the King. On their refusal François went into a furious rage. "There is a King in France," he said, "not a Venetian senate." He actually reviled the deputation sent to him at Amboise,

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The Concordat accepted in France. 1518.

with gross personal abuse. Probably his shallow nature had no conception of the higher issues of the question or the principle of the independence of national Churches; and he really fancied that the clergy only objected out of dislike to royal authority. At any rate, he rated them for disloyalty, and ordered them to be gone by six o'clock the next morning or he would have them thrown into the moat.

The Parliament still protested; the University of Paris commanded that there should be public litanies, as in the time of national calamities. François imprisoned the members of the University, and threatened the lives of the councillors of Parliament. They held out for more than a year; but at last François sent Louis de la Trimouille to command them to register the Concordat without further waste of time. Four days passed, then alarm got the better of them. They persuaded themselves that not only their own lives but the existence of the Parliament and capital itself were in danger. They protested that they acted under coercion, and then registered the fatal Concordat, on the 18th March, 1518.

For years, however, they went on protesting, and prayers for the abolition of the Concordat were offered for many years after but all in vain.

By it the kings had, unrestricted, the entire disposal to all the benefices of the Church—wealth which between bishoprics and abbeys amounted to a third part of the revenues of the entire country. Unchecked, they made a shameless use of them, giving the wealthiest "*in commendam*" to the courtiers of all kinds whom they wished to favour, without regard to profession, character, or even sex.

"The Concordat," said Bossuet, one of the best French bishops, a hundred and fifty years later, "bound a heavy burthen on their consciences, and took the salvation of their subjects into their own hands."

Never did consciences less understand their burthen. The down-hill progress of religion and morality in France was rapider than ever from that day!

Meantime, Leo, in his elegant ease and enjoyment at Rome, was anxious to see St. Peter's completed; and sending forth a Bull of indulgence, promising remission from a certain proportion of purgatorial pains in requital of almsgiving to the great Cathedral, which was rising under Bramante's superintendence.

Probably Leo patronized too much: for the two great men of his time, Leonardo and Michel Agniolo, avoided him. Michel Agniolo was very busy making a road for the transport of marble across a dangerous morass.

Raffaelle was, however, at Rome, till he died, after a brief illness, at the age of thirty-seven, in 1518, leaving his masterpiece, the Transfiguration, scarcely finished. It was borne along at his funeral amid universal wailing.

Perhaps this year marks the climax of Papal magnificence and the worldliness of the Church.

CAMEO XXXV.

THE CHOICE OF THE EMPEROR.

(1516—1521).

King of England. 1509. Henry VIII. *King of Scotland.* 1513. James V. *King of France* 1515. Francis I.
King of Spain and Germany. 1517-1512. Charles I. *Pope.* 1513. Leo X.

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Selim I. 1512.

It is difficult for us to estimate what the Othman Empire seemed to Europe all through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. That first Mahometan outbreak, which had over-run all the East, mastered Northern Africa, and for a time held Spain, had been stopped at Tours; and since that time, foot by foot, the European ground had been won back again.

But the Turkish invasion had been far more terrible. The Saracen Arab had the capacity for the virtues as well as the faults of Ishmael. He was never devoid of a certain kind of chivalry and was susceptible of high cultivation and refinement; but the Tartar foundation of the Turkish character was at once ferocious and stupid. The mission of the Turk seems to have been simply to ruin and destroy.

The Empire of Constantinople had been at first the bulwark of the Christian community; and when that had gone before the victorious Solyman, the republic of Venice and the kingdom of Hungary, backed by the Empire, became the frontiers, and had to bear the brunt of danger. They did their work bravely; but the long wars of Italy had weakened the Venetians, so that if they had had a vigorous enemy on the Turkish throne they would have hardly been able to make head.

Fortunately for them, however, a weak prince was reigning during the worst times of Lombardy; and when an able and warlike Sultan came to the throne in 1512 in the person of Selim I., he turned his arms to the East before attacking the West. Some borderers sent to ask on his accession whether they should continue their tribute of carpets. "Tell the infidels," he said, "that the father of carpets is gone, and the father of clubs is come in his stead."

He spent the earlier years of his reign in a war with Persia, and

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Leo's plans.

gained such victories, that he designed the entire conquest of the kingdom, but paused first to subdue the Mameluke dynasty in Egypt and add that country to his dominions. His progress caused great alarm both in Germany and Italy. Forays of savage horsemen came across the Danube, and men of the best blood in Germany perished on the battle-field, or wore out their lives as slaves in Turkish dungeons, and the towns on the Italian shores were subject to the descents of their pirate ships and those of the Moors. Recanati had been many times pillaged, Ostia twice; and the only worthy object of the Lateran Council had come to be to arrange a crusade against them, uniting all the powers of Europe, to check the progress of Islam. This was joined with the building of St. Peter's as a worthy object for alms of the faithful; and no doubt there were some sincerely desirous that it should be accomplished. The learned Greeks, refugees in Italy, contributed to urge Leo to the rescue of Constantinople, ere the barbarous Turks, sworn foes to all that savoured of idolatry—nay, even to all "likenesses" of any created thing—should have utterly destroyed every remnant of ancient Grecian art. Did not the tripod of twisted serpents, presented by Lysander after the Battle of Platæa to Apollo at Delphi, still deck the hippodrome? Were not statues of Phidias still existing there? and did not Athens still own her Parthenon with all its friezes? Were there not stores of manuscripts of ancient writers, that the Frank world had only learnt too late to value? What an incitement for a Pope, whose delight was in researches for classic beauties, and to whom the finding and identifying a statue or a gem was a prime enjoyment!

And in the o'd Christian chivalrous spirit, Maximilian viewed the proper work of the Emperor as the leadership of all Christian princes in such an enterprise. It had been the chief vision among the many of his life; but he was growing old, and perhaps had learnt to depend on himself no more than others did. Nor does he seem to have had much hope of his heir, young Charles, who was a perfect contrast to himself. The one was all physical, and no moral, courage; the other could only put on a show of physical courage by the force of the strong resolution that controlled his sensitive nerves. Besides—out of all the nations whose blood met in the veins of Charles, it was the Fleming that predominated, and Flanders had always been on ill terms with Maximilian. The grave, thoughtful lad showed no brilliancy; and though he studied earnestly, and his aunt Marguerite and his tutors, Antoine de Croy, Sieur de Chièvres, and Adrian Florissan of Utrecht, Dean of Louvaine, thought highly of his powers, no one else seems to have suspected them. They had practised him already in opening all despatches immediately, even if they arrived in the middle of the night, and in giving an abstract of them to the Council, and listening to the deliberations, so that he already had a considerable knowledge of affairs. Having been born in the first year of the century, he was almost sixteen when, on the 23nd of January, 1516, died his maternal grandfather, Fernando the Catholic. This King had been sick of an intermittent fever for months past, and

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Death of Fernando. 1517.

it had resulted in dropsy; but he was restless and oppressed, and wandered from place to place in search of relief, until at a village called Madrigalejo in Andalusia he found himself too weak to go farther, and was forced to find shelter in a small priory belonging to the friars of Guadalupe. Then it was remembered that he had been warned to beware of Madrigal, and had accordingly refrained from visiting the town of that name in Old Castile.

Charles had previously sent the Dean of Louvaine to Spain, with powers to assume the regency in case of his grandfather's death. On the news of the King's illness, the Dean hastened to Madrigalejo; but Fernando would not see him, and ordered him to leave the place. The dying man's real love was not for the Flemish youth he had never seen, but for the next brother who had been born in his own palace, bore his own name, had been brought up under his own eye, and was of a gentle, docile nature. He wanted to leave him the regency, but the Councillors represented that as the Infante was not yet fifteen the only effect would be to set the brothers at variance before ever they had met; and when he wanted to provide for the youth by the Grand-Masterships of the great military orders, they replied that this would be a fruitful cause of jealousies.

"Fernando will be very poor," said the King, with tears.

"He will have the good-will of his brother, and that will be better for him than all," returned the advisers.

The King consulted them who they wished to have as Regent; and they begged for the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, Ximenes de Cisneros, the best and most pious of all the statesmen cardinals. Thus therefore was he nominated, immediately before Fernando's death. The Dean of Louvaine produced the authorization he had received; but as Charles had no power in Spain at the time it was given, the nobles would not accept it.

Charles at once sent orders for his own proclamation as King of Castile and Leon, much to the displeasure of the Spaniards, since he thus entirely passed over his poor insane mother, the real heiress; and all Ximenes' resolution was needed to carry out this determination. He was very anxious that the new king, Carlos I., as the people called him, should arrive, be crowned, and assume the government; but as long as the war continued between François I. and Maximilian this could hardly be done.

Moreover, Maximilian, viewing him no doubt as sufficiently provided for, had hatched a stranger scheme than ever, namely, to resign the imperial crown to Henry VIII., on condition that he would advance the money for raising troops to drive the French out of Italy and fight the Infidel. Henry actually sent Cuthbert Tunstal, Archdeacon of Chester, to visit Germany and report upon the offer: and the very sensible letter written by this ecclesiastic is still extant. He tells Henry that "by the constitution of the Empire, the Kaisar must be a native of Germany and subject thereto; whereas your Grace is not, nor never since the

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The Treaty of Noyon. 1517.

Christian faith the Kings of England were subject to the Empire, but the crown of England is an Empire in itself, much better than now the Empire of Rome, for which cause your Grace weareth a close crown." He goes on to explain that an Emperor must necessarily first be King of the Romans, and that Maximilian did not mean to resign this crown, so that a nominal Emperor would be a mere sham; and he concludes, "I am afraid lest the said offer, being so specious at the first hearing, was only made to get some money of your Grace." Tunstal also pronounced the Emperor's court to be a "place of great dissimulation and fair words, where no promises are kept."

It was but too true. The Last of the Knights, as Maximilian in his younger days had been termed, had broken so many over-hasty pledges in his youth, that he had grown callous either to making or breaking them. There was, however, this difficulty about the accession of Charles—that in the days of bitter warfare between the Popes and the House of Hohenstaufen, it had been made a constitution of the Church that no King of the Two Sicilies should ever be Emperor. Now by conquest Naples and Sicily had been united to Aragon, and Maximilian was—while making this very offer to Henry—trying to persuade Leo X. to send him the Imperial crown to Germany, so that he might make a vacancy as King of the Romans, and get his grandson elected.

However, there was a general pacification among all the powers, with plenty of marriages between their children. The young King of Spain's hand was transferred from the late king's daughter Renée, whom he might have married in a few years, to the infant Louise, child of the present king, François, bringing as her dowry the French claim to Naples; while Henry VIII. promised his little daughter Mary to a future Dauphin, not yet born, and further resigned Tournay to the French, on considerable compensation being made to himself and to Wolsey, both for city and for bishopric. The treaty made at Noyon was the conclusion of the wars begun by the League of Cambrai.

It opened the way for Charles to go to Spain, though still he did not venture through France, but made the long voyage, and landed at Villaviciosa in the Asturias, on the 17th of September, 1517, while Cardinal Ximenes was lying sick at the monastery of Aranda on the Douro. There was something alien in nature between the grave majestic Spaniard and the open-hearted lively Fleming; and the gentlemen whom Charles had brought from his home regarded the great Cardinal with jealous dislike, and persuaded the young King that he was a domineering prelate, fond of power, who must be kept at a distance. Charles, submissive to his governors, and slow to learn to think for himself, made the cruel mistake of attending to their dictation, and wrote a letter thanking the Cardinal for his services, and naming a place of meeting with him, where to obtain the benefit of his counsels, after which "he would be free to return to his diocese to enjoy the reward that Heaven alone could bestow."

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Death of Ximenes. 1517.

Charles has been exceedingly blamed for this letter, as an instance of cold ingratitude; but it really is hard to say what reward he could have given a man who was already Archbishop and Cardinal, and whose holiness of life certainly was a reason for supposing that he would not by preference be a statesman instead of a pastor. Ximenes was already very ill, and many historians have not scrupled to say that this letter was the finishing stroke, but this scarcely seems probable. He tried to write a last letter to the King, but was too weak to finish it, and died on the 8th of November, 1517—his last words, "*In Te, Domine, speravi*,"—"In Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust."

In the meantime, the Lateran Council finished its work, and broke up with the proclamation of a general crusade against the Turks. Prayers were put up in the churches of Rome; Leo walked barefoot in procession, and sent forth briefs to all the Christian princes, calling on them to lay aside their dissensions and unite in the common cause. The whole scheme of the campaign was prepared. The Emperor was to lead all his German subjects across the Danube by land to Constantinople. The Kings of England, France, Spain, and Portugal, were to unite their fleets at Carthagena, the Pope to join them at Ancona, and all together sail up the Mediterranean for a fresh Latin conquest of Constantinople. A five years' truce in Europe was proclaimed; collections of money were everywhere made, and the most distinguished Cardinals were appointed as legates to each country.

To England fell Cardinal Campeggio, an able man, but not of large wealth. On the tidings of his coming, Wolsey resolved not to admit a rival authority, caused him to be detained at Calais till his own name had been added to the legatine commission. Reports, during this detention, reached the Cardinal of York, that his Italian colleague had come very ill provided with gear of any kind; and thinking that this lack might bring the office into contempt with the English, Wolsey despatched twelve mules and a large provision of scarlet cloth to meet him at Dover, and enable him to make a more respectable appearance. The refined Italian, used to a society where taste and elegance were more highly esteemed than wealth, must have been amused at the precautions of the butcher's son. However, the red cloth was disposed of in housings for the animals and covers for their packs. All the towns on the way did honour to the legate. At Blackheath mounted gentlemen met him; in the borough, the London clergy in procession and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen came forth to greet him in a Latin speech, recited by Sir Thomas More; but unfortunately, in Cheapside one of the mules became restive, and threw the others into confusion; there was a downfall of all the scarlet boxes, and when the crowd ran to behold copes equal to the display of the Cardinal of York, and splendid gifts for the King, they found nothing but emptiness or stuffing, and went off scoffing at beggarly foreigners.

There was a grand reception a few days later at the Palace of Westminster, where the King sat on his throne with all the spiritual peers

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Campeggio. 1518.

on one side of him, then including mitred abbots as well as bishops, and the temporal peers on the other; and Wolsey and Campeggio, as papal legates, came up the centre, with their pillars, crosses, and hats borne before them, and each sat down in a chair of state covered with cloth of gold. Campeggio made a speech in Latin, to which Henry replied with ease in the same language. Another speech by Campeggio's brother set forth the objects of the mission; to which one of the Council replied that the King of England needed not to be reminded of his duty as a Christian man.

The King and the legates then had an hour's private consultation, after which there was a great banquet; but though many of the English nobles were angered at seeing no councillor admitted save Wolsey, whose arrogance filled them with jealousy, they had at least the satisfaction of hearing that no grant of money had been promised, no business concluded, and no special respect shown to Rome. Probably if the crusade had taken place, plenty of Englishmen would have rushed to it; but no one as yet believed in it in England, although Leo had so entirely won the heart of François I., that France had allowed his nephew, Lorenzo dei Medici, to subjugate Urbino, the appanage of her faithful old ally, Alfonso di Este. Giuliano dei Medici, the Pope's younger brother, had married Filiberta of Savoy, the King's aunt, shortly before his death; Lorenzo was now to marry Madeleine de la Tour, a lady connected with royal blood, and came to the court of France in time to represent his uncle, the Pope, as sponsor to the young Dauphin, the other sponsors being the Duke of Lorraine and the King's sister Marguerite, lately married to the Duke of Alençon. Lorenzo's baggage did not resemble Campeggio's. He brought thirty-six sumpter horses, whose burthens would bear inspection, as they contained, among other things, a state-bed of tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl. There were grand tournaments, and his wedding was a splendid one. This connection between the French royal family and the house of Medici, begun by Leo at Bologna, was one of the influences that had the most effect on the course of history.

The Empire viewed the crusade not only as a religious war, but as one vitally affecting its own stability, since the Turks were on its very borders. Maximilian assembled his last Diet, at Augsburg, in the summer of 1518, hoping—like his great predecessor, Friedrich of the Red Beard—to crown his life of failures with an old age of glory under the Cross; and with this view he convoked the princes of the Empire, canvassing them, at the same time, for the election of his grandson Charles to be King of the Romans. Friedrich the Wise was of course present, and was a strong influence against Cardinal Cajetan, who wanted to have more money raised in Germany for the crusade, and committed to Roman keeping.

To this Friedrich, at the head of the opposition, replied by requiring that ten grievances should be redressed—among which, two were the indulgences and tenths for a war never entered into. Neither would

Diet of Augsburg. 1518.

they elect Charles, as to do so while his grandfather was still King of the Romans would have been against the constitution.

This opposition on the Elector's part made Pope and Emperor recollect that Wittenberg was in his territories, and that Brother Martin, in a Chapter of his Order, at Heidelberg, had been setting forth a new set of propositions, paradoxes as he called them, all bearing upon the necessity of faith rather than of good works. Many persons had disputed with him, but others had become his friends—in especial a young Dominican named Martin Bucer, from Alsace, who afterwards became a strong influence against Catholicism. All this stirred up Maximilian to write to the Pope to request him to silence the dangerous Augustinian; not, however, before a citation was actually on its way, requiring Martin Luther to appear at Rome. It reached him on the 7th of August, 1518, while the Diet was still sitting at Augsburg.

He and all his friends made up their minds at once that it would be certain destruction for him to venture to Rome; and while excuses on the score of health were being framed, the legate, Cardinal Cajetan who represented the Pope at the Diet, undertook to settle the matter, and summoned Luther to meet him at Augsburg. Many of his friends thought his life would be in danger, and he talked about it in a heroic strain himself; but considering that he was sure of the protection of his native prince the Elector, and of his Vicar-General Staupitz, his peril could not have been very great.

He travelled on foot; and, in passing through Nuremburg, had an interview with Albert Durer, who was filling the city with the marvels of his brush and graving-tool. He arrived on the 7th of October, 1518, and was lodged, as usual, in the monastery of his own Order. He found his friends thought he ought to have obtained a safe-conduct; but he was left free, and presented to the Cardinal in his hall of audience.

The two points on which their argument turned were—on the one hand, the infallibility of the Pope; on the other, upon justification by faith. Apparently the legate wished to give a fair hearing; but the clamours of his Italian suite made it difficult, and at last he told Staupitz to silence the monk, as his superior.

"I have already counselled him to submit himself in all humility to the Church," said Staupitz.

"Reply to his arguments out of the Holy Scriptures," said the Cardinal.

"I must confess," owned Staupitz, "that this is beyond my strength. Doctor Martin is superior to me in intellect, and in knowledge of the Holy Scriptures."

The Cardinal warned the Vicar-General that by fostering this disputant he might incur the charge of heresy; whereupon Staupitz begged that there might be another public disputation.

"I will have no more public disputations with that beast!" cried Cajetano. "He has deep eyes, and wonderful speculations in his head!"

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Death of Maximilian, 1519.

So Cajetano concentrated his demands into the order "Retract;" and Luther replied, "Refute me from Scripture, and I will." He became sure that the Cardinal was waiting for orders from Rome to proceed to stronger measures; and after writing a letter containing an appeal to the Pope, he fled by night from Augsburg, after being only ten days there.

The Elector, who remained, defended him, and pointed out the unreasonableness of calling upon him to retract without having refuted him; but this argument was far more conclusive to a German mind than an Italian one, which placed the will of the Pope far above all argument. However, Friedrich absolutely refused either to banish Luther, or send him to Rome; and the report of the proceedings at the Diet only filled Wittenberg more and more with pupils. The really weak point of the Roman See was that the gain of Indulgences was to be kept at all risks, and therefore the indefensible was confused with the defensible.

The appeal to the Pope was answered by condemnation; but Luther's respect for the Papacy had become greatly weakened by the treatment he met with at Augsburg, and Cajetan's inability to argue with him; and he appealed from Leo X. to a General Council of the Church. It was a disputed point, as indeed it never was ruled even by Rome till 1870, whether the Pope be superior to a General Council or not; so among his friends, Luther remained secured, and justified by the appeal, which had indeed saved Savonarola; but then Wittenberg was not Florence, nor Friedrich a Medici.

Maximilian, much as he loved speculation, took no part in this contest. He had fallen sick of an intermittent fever, and repaired to his beloved Innspruck, where he embarked on the Inn, hoping to shake off his malady by hunting in the Tyrol. At the town of Wels, his feverish thirst led him to eat inordinately of melons, which aggravated his illness so much that he died, in his sixtieth year, on the 12th of January, 1519. He was buried, by his own desire, before the altar at Neustadt, in Austria, so that the Mass-priest might always stand over his breast, instead of in the magnificent shrine in the cathedral at Innspruck, where he had brought together exquisite figures of all the greatest heroes the world has produced. He had had his coffin carried about with him for many years, everyone fancying it contained his treasure.

His death put an end for the present to the notion of the crusade. Selim died the same spring, from a tumour on the thigh, and the European princes trusted the danger was over, and at any rate were much more concerned with the question who should be Emperor, since for the first time since the old anarchical days, before the Austrian Archdukes had obtained the leadership, there was no King of the Romans elected before the Kaisar's death. Moreover, the obvious heir, Charles of Ghent, Archduke of Austria, and Sovereign of the Low Countries, was disqualified by his possession of that ill-gained kingdom of Naples. A king of Castile had once been elected to the German throne in the

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Vacancy of the Empire. 1519.

wild days after the fall of the House of Hohenstaufen; and though he never gained anything by it but the sounding title of Alfonso el Emperador, a precedent had been established in his person.

The French, who had always believed Karl the Great to have been a great Frenchman who conquered Germany, rather than a great German Emperor of the West, had come home from their Italian campaigns full of Italian romance and poetry. Boiardo and Pulci had made their theme the wars of the Franks with Carlo Magno. Turning Saxons, Danes, and Lombards, all alike into Saracens, they had brought them to the siege of Paris, where heroes whose names had long lived in tradition performed wild and romantic feats. Boiardo, a Neapolitan count, had actually set his parish church bells ringing, when he invented the name of Rodomonte for his prime Saracen hero. Ariosto, under the special patronage of the Pope, was continuing what Boiardo had left unfinished, and weaving a delicious web of the adventures of Orlando, maddened by the love of Angelica. Why should not François, the hero of Marignano, and already conqueror of Lombardy, become another Charlemagne?

The Pope was not in his favour, nor in Charles's. The family connection between France and Rome ended tragically in the April of this same year, 1519, by the death of the young Duchess Madeleine de la Tour, at the birth of her first child; and her husband, Lorenzo, already ill, did not survive her for many days. The infant, who was christened Catarina, was destined to play no small nor unimportant part in the history of France. She and her great-uncle, the Pope, were the sole legitimately born descendants of the House of Medici; but there were two illegitimate boys, besides Cardinal Giulio, who was sent to assume the government of Florence, where the spirit of Savonarola only smouldered in a sort of Puritan party called Piagnoni, who—while the Medicean faction revelled in luxurious ease and elegance, and studied classic literature till they had heathenized themselves and their standard—lived a grave ascetic devotional life, dreaming of the golden age of the Republic, and converting the preachings of Fra Girolamo into prophecies.

An Emperor strong enough to be influential in Italy was not at all desirable to the Pope, who hoped to see some petty German prince elected, when the seven Kurfürsts, or Electors, met at Frankfort early in May. These were—the Archbishops of Cologne, Treves, Mainz, and Spiers, the Dukes of Saxony and Bavaria, and the Pfalzgraf, or Count Palatine of the Rhine. François politely wrote to Charles, "We are two lovers wooing the same mistress, and whichever she may prefer should be viewed with no enmity by his rival."

François at least wooed her with substantial arguments. He sent Admiral Bonnivet, and two others of his councillors, with a hired train of four hundred German lanzknechts, and four hundred thousand crowns, to buy over votes. They established themselves at Frankfort, where they gave feasts on a splendid scale, generally sending away their guests

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in a state of intoxication, to which the Germans of that day were especially prone.

Henry VIII. and Wolsey seem to have made up their minds, after Tunstal's report, that there was not much use in trying to have an English Emperor of Germany; but Richard Pace, Wolsey's chief diplomatist, was sent over to Frankfort to see what could be done there; but for once he brought no money, and only threw all the English influence on the side of Charles, who, as the Queen's nephew, and the possible husband of the little Lady Mary, was regarded as a family connection. However, polite wishes were tendered to François, who tried to obtain English support by promising Wolsey fourteen votes in the Conclave, whenever the Papacy should be vacant.

The Elector of Trèves was for François, the Elector of Mainz for Charles; but four of the other Electors, after much doubt and consultation lasting six months, fixed upon him who was perhaps the most pious and prudent prince then living — namely, Friedrich the Wise, Elector of Saxony. He was so devout as to have made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and had been made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre with Godfrey de Bouillon's sword; but he was also an able and skilful statesman, and an encourager of thought and of learning. Maximilian had much respected him, and had made him Vicar-General of the Empire, which he had assisted to bring back from its state of anarchy; and Leo X. likewise gave him his interest, little guessing that he was the protector of that monk at Wittenburg, who might become more dangerous to Papal corruption than Savonarola. Had Friedrich the Wise been in a position to take the helm, the Reformation in Germany might have run a very different course!

But he *was* wise; and he knew, that with no resources to be relied on beyond those of his own little northern dukedom, he should be unable to repress the turbulence of princes at present his equals, far less to unite them against the Turks, the common foe. He therefore refused, and strongly recommended that the Archduke of Austria should be chosen, as having the claim, and being, both by the size and situation of his hereditary dominions, their fittest protector from the Infidel.

The Electors, though a good deal afraid that Charles's great power and habit of exercising it might lead to tyranny, still preferred a prince of the family which had given them six emperors, to a foreign sovereign like François, and finally chose Charles, who was proclaimed King of the Romans in the church of St. Bartholomew, on the 5th of July, 1519.

The Elector Palatine was sent to carry him the offer of the Empire at Barcelona. The Spaniards were very unwilling that he should accept it. They thought the Flemish influence bad enough, but they dreaded the German even more; and they were too proud to be willing to see their cluster of crowns swamped under the grander Imperial title; but their murmurs were in vain. Charles was not likely to give up the dignity he had looked to from his birth. He viewed it as a great and

holy trust to be the first Christian sovereign in Europe; and youth as he was, only nineteen, he undertook the charge earnestly; and though he often erred, owing partly to the narrowness of his education, partly to the natural defects of his character, he never transgressed through pride and passion like Henry, nor through selfish levity like François. He had two great purposes in life when he came to the throne; namely, to convoke a General Council for the healing of the scandals of the Church, and to unite Europe in a crusade to force back the Turkish tide of barbarous Mahometanism—worthy ai ns for a Western Emperor, but to which he found constant drawbacks throughout his reign.

The first was in the discontent of the Spaniards, who detained him by requiring him to preside at one Cortes after another, in each of their little kingdoms. The Castilians, indeed, invented a plan for marrying his poor insane mother, Juana, to Ferdinando, the dispossessed prince of Naples, and setting them up to reign together; but the intended bridegroom declined the project, and Charles offered as a bride instead, his grandfather's widow, Germaine de Foix.

Leaving Adrian Florissan, now a Cardinal, to govern in his absence, Charles embarked at Coruña, and arrived at Flushing. There, the first thing he heard was that the Kings of England and France, and all their courts, were going to have a most magnificent meeting near Calais, and that all their nobles were vying with one another in raising means of display.

It was far from pleasant for the young King of the Romans, who knew that, in spite of François's fine speeches, he was full of resentment at his disappointment of the Empire, and was treasuring every cause of quarrel; and of course there were plenty of stock subjects, the most noteworthy of which were—the kingdom of Naples, held by Charles, and claimed by François; the kingdom of Navarre, whose rightful heir, Henri d'Albret, was bred up at the court of France; while, on the other hand, the duchy of Burgundy was demanded by Charles, though François retained it as a male fief which had lapsed to the crown.

Here was fuel enough to light up a war at any time; and Charles could not but suppose that the meeting of the two monarchs boded him no good, though in fact it had been agreed on as long ago as the restitution of Tournay, when Henry had made a rash vow not to trim his beard until he had met his good brother, and François took a similar promise. However, as time passed on, and Henry's yellow beard, instead of coming down to his waist, was only a golden fringe to his comely visage, while the French gentlemen, like their master, all had long beards, François, reproached Sir Thomas Boleyn, the English envoy, who made lame excuse for his sovereign by declaring that the Queen could not endure the sight of a shaggy chin.

All was at last arranged for the meeting early in June, François no doubt hoping to secure Henry's aid against Germany. The King and Queen of England had arrived at Canterbury, on their way thither, when tidings came that the King of the Romans was actually at Dover!

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Visit of Charles to England. 1520.

It was the first decisive and spirited action of Charles's life, this going over in person to secure the good-will of Henry and Wolsey, before their meeting with his enemy. It is said, in fact, that when Charles, who paid the Cardinal seven thousand ducats a year, secured on two Spanish bishoprics, had stipulated that England should enter into no league against him, the reply had been a suggestion that it would be wiser to deal with the King in person.

At any rate, Cardinal Wolsey met the Emperor elect, by torch-light, at his ship's side at Dover, and brought him ashore in his boat, while cannon flashed on the cliffs. After sleeping at Dover Castle, he rode on with the Cardinal to Canterbury, meeting King Henry on the way. They rode together, Charles on the right hand, and the Earl of Derby bearing the sword of state before them. It was Whitsunday, and the magnificent ecclesiastical staff of Canterbury came out to meet them, and usher them to the Cathedral, then in the height of its glory. Every part of it glittered with precious stones; and as for the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, it blazed like a sun among the rest, so embossed was it with jewels, that gold was the meanest material about it!

There both laid their offerings, and spent some time in devotion; after which Henry conducted his guest to the Archbishop's palace, and presented him to his aunt, Queen Katharine, and likewise to another Queen, Mary, the dowager of France, and Duchess of Suffolk. Curious eyes looked on at the encounter; Mary was still exquisitely beautiful, her delicacy of health had prevented her becoming coarse like her sister Margaret, and gossiping chroniclers declared that she had taken double pains to array herself and her ladies for the encounter; but as she was on her way to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, coquetry towards her former betrothed can hardly be accused of instigating the richness of her apparel. Gossip also declared that the young Emperor was so much dismayed to see what charms he had missed, that he sat apart, hardly knowing what he said, and would not dance.

But Charles was naturally grave and bashful, with much of the temperament of that melancholy gentleman whose name he bore, Charles the Bold, and with two years training in the solemn Spanish court etiquette, almost Eastern in his reticence. Moreover, in these his early days, his excessive nervous sensibility was only concealed by the most resolute self-restraint; and it is much more credible that the noisily convivial, not to say coarsely jovial, Tudor court, even in these its best days, drove the youth of twenty into himself, and made him silent and embarrassed, than that he was pining for the charms of the woman, lovely as she was, who delighted to show him that she was happier with her cloth of frieze than with his cloth of gold.

He endured the festivities for the three Whitsun holidays, having meantime more conferences with Cardinal Wolsey than with King Henry, and on the Wednesday left Canterbury at the same time as the English court; but his fleet met him at Sandwich, while theirs awaited them at Dover, so they parted on the way, after he had obtained a

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The Field of the Cloth of Gold.
1519.

promise from Henry, and sealed it by an increased subsidy to Wolsey, that no league inimical to his interests should be made with France.

It was a much more congenial spirit that awaited Henry on the other side of the Channel. The place of meeting was to be between Ardres and Guisnes, within the English pale. Hundreds of skilful workmen were employed in erecting the pavilions that were to lodge the two courts; barons and gentlemen flocked in from all parts—many of whom, it was said, had spent a whole year's income in fitting themselves for the display; and councillors and heralds rode backwards and forwards incessantly, arranging the precautions and the etiquettes of the meeting. The two kings might, so ruled the statesmen, meet in open field; but neither might trust himself in the camp of the other unless on principles of exchange. They might mutually visit the Queens, but neither might be at home when his brother king visited him. Each must be a hostage for the other.

François's chief tent before Ardres was a magnificent dome, sustained by one mighty mast, and covered without with cloth of gold, lined with blue velvet, with all the orbs of heaven worked on it in gold, and on the top, outside, a hollow golden figure of St. Michael. The cords were of blue silk twisted with gold of Cyprus; but Fleuranges, the chronicler of the French display, is obliged to confess that the King of England's lodgings were *trop plus belle*, and they were certainly more solid, for eleven hundred workmen, mostly from Holland and Flanders, had been employed on them for weeks, chiefly about the hangings, for the framework was of English timber, and made at home. Bacchus presided over a fountain of wine in the court, with several subordinate fountains of red, white, and claret wines, and the motto, "*Faites bonne chère qui vouldra*," a politer one than that which labelled the salvage man with a bow and arrows who stood before the door, "*Cui adhæreo præest*,"—He prevails to whom I adhere.

The outside of the castle was canvas painted to resemble stone work, the inside hung with the richest arras, and all divided into halls, chambers, and galleries, like any palace at home, with a chapel of the utmost splendour. It had the great advantage of superior stability, for a high wind levelled Francois's blue dome with the dust, and forced him to take shelter in the old castle of Ardres.

On the first day, Wolsey had a conference with François, Duprat with Henry, the upshot of which was that their children should be married, though at that moment Mary of England and Louise of France were both promised to the young King of the Romans, and as all Henry's other four children had scarcely lived to be baptized, it was hard to see how it could be managed. One hundred thousand crowns a year were to be paid to Henry, nominally with a view to this hypothetical marriage, but really to secure his neutrality; and the affairs of Scotland were to be settled by the arbitration of Louise of Savoy and Cardinal Wolsey.

This settled, each king got on horseback, himself and steed both wearing as much cloth of gold and silver as could possibly be put on

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The Cloth of Gold.
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them, and met in the valley of Ardres. They saluted and embraced on horse-back, and then dismounting at the same moment, walked arm in arm into the tent prepared for them, where a splendid feast was spread, with two trees in the midst, the English hawthorn and French raspberry lovingly entwined. Lists had been prepared, and invitations to a tournament issued long before; and on the 11th of June, Queen Katharine and Queen Claude sat side by side, with their feet on a foot-cloth broidered with seed-pearls, to admire the jousting, in which both their husbands took a part. Armour had come to such a state of cumbrous perfection by this time, that it was not very easy to be killed in a real battle (barring fire-arms), and tilting matches were very safe amusements. Six days were given to tilting with the lance, two to fights with the broadsword on horseback, two to fighting on foot at the barriers.

"Men might say
Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India, every man that stood
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins all gilt; the madams too
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting; now this mask
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them—him in eye
Still him in praise, and being present both
'Twas said they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass."

So saith Shakespeare by the mouth of Norfolk; but he does not record how on the last day there was some wrestling at the barriers, and Henry, who was fond of the sport, and never had tried it with an equal, put his hand on his good brother's collar and challenged him to try a fall. Both were in the prime of life, stately, well-made men; but François was the younger, lighter, and more agile, and Henry, to his amazement, found himself on his back. He rose and demanded another turn; but the noblemen interfered, thinking it a game that might leave animosities.

François was heartily weary of the formalities of their intercourse, and early one morning called a page and two gentlemen, mounted his horse and rode up to the English canvas castle, where he found Henry still in bed, and merrily offered himself to him as captive, to which Henry responded in the same tone, by leaping up and throwing a rich collar round his neck by way of chain. François then undertook to help him to dress, warming his shirt, spreading out his hose, and trussing his points—namely, tying the innumerable little strings that

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connected the doublet with the hose or breeches, rendering it nearly impossible to dress without assistance. After having had his frolic François rode home again, meeting a lecture on his way from the Sieur de Fleuranges, who took him to task thus: "Sire, I am glad to see you back; but allow me to tell you, my master, that you were a fool for what you have done, and ill-luck betide those who advised you to it."

"That was no one—the thought was my own," replied the King.

And the King was altogether the more reasonable, for Englishmen had never been in the habit of murdering or imprisoning their guests, and never in his life did Henry VIII. show a taste for assassination. Yet when he beheld the arrogant manners and extraordinary display of the Constable of France, Charles de Bourbon, he could not help observing, mindful of what Warwick had been, "If I had such a subject as that, his head should not stay long on his shoulders."

The next day, which was the last of this gorgeous fortnight—Midsummer Day—King Henry apparelled himself like Hercules. That is to say, he had a shirt of silver damask with the discourteous motto, "*En femes et infauntes ey petit assurance*," on his head a garland of green damask cut into vine and hawthorn leaves, in his hand a club covered with "green damask full of pricks;" the Nemean lion's skin was of cloth of gold, "wrought and frizzed with flat gold of damask" for the mane, and buskins of gold. His sister Mary, in white and crimson satin, accompanied him; also the nine worthies, nineteen ladies, and a good many more, mounted on horses trapped with yellow and white velvet. Thus they set out to visit Queen Claude at Guisnes, meeting halfway a fantastic chariot, containing King Francois and all his masquers, on their way to make a like call upon Queen Katharine. The two parties took no notice of each other, but passed on; but when returning after supper they met again, the Kings embraced, exchanged presents, and bade farewell, when verily the scene must have been stranger than any other ever enacted under the open sky—a true midsummer night's dream.

"During this triumph," observed Hall, who was never more in his element, "so much people of Picardy and West Flanders drew to Guisnes to see the King of England and his honour, to whom victuals of the court were in plenty; the conduit of the gate ran wine always, —there were vagabonds, ploughmen, labourers, waggoners, and beggars, that for drunkenness lay in routs and heaps. So great resort thither came, that both knights and ladies that were come to see the nobleness were fain to lie in hay and straw, and held them thereof highly pleased."

And of these same knights and ladies, the French memoir writer, Du Bellay, says, "I will not pause to relate the great superfluous expense, for it cannot be estimated. It was such, that many wore their mills, their forests, and their meadows, upon their backs."

Polydore Virgil, who had come out of his prison, considers that it was from the Field of the Cloth of Gold that English ladies began the custom of imitating French fashions. One fashion, not feminine, did

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Visit of Henry to Charles. 1520.

begin almost immediately after in France, and soon spread to England—namely, that of short hair. It was on the next Twelfth Day that François was staying at Romorantin, and hearing that a King of the Bean had just been made in the Count of St. Pol's house, he sent him a merry challenge from the King of France, and besieged him with snow-balls. The besiegers had an inexhaustible amount of ammunition; the besieged, having exhausted their snow, used more dangerous missiles, and one of these, a heavy brand from the fire, struck François on the head. He fell insensible, and was in great danger for several days, but he never would tell who threw the brand, though report fixed the disastrous action on Jacques de Montgommeri, Sieur des Lorges, father of him who nearly forty years later was to deal a more fatal blow to François's son. Meantime the King's hair was cut close, and all the gentlemen imitated him. Des Lorges was one of the most brilliant ornaments of the court, and hero of the adventure sung by Schiller and by Browning, when his exacting ladye-love flung her glove down into the pit of lions, and dared him to deserve her by fetching it back. He brought it safely, but renounced for ever the love of the heartless woman who had gratified her vanity by sending her lover to meet a purposeless and useless peril.

From the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which had not been much less vain and empty a performance than Des Lorges's leap, Henry, with his sister and court, rode straight on to Gravelines, to visit the young King of the Romans, Charles the Fifth, Carolus Quintus, as he is called *par excellence*, as the fifth of the Holy Roman Empire. He had hindered all his subjects above the degree of the workmen who hung the draperies, and the vagabonds who rolled round the conduit, from accepting the cartel of the tournament, or lavishing their mills and their forests on their backs; and the French, who thought at least they had secured King Henry's friendship for ever, were greatly grieved at his immediately repairing to their enemy, and employed spies to discover the purpose of the meeting.

It really seems to have only arisen out of Henry's good-natured desire to assure his young nephew that he had done him no harm. Charles now had his aunt Marguerite to act hostess to the ladies, and, with the aid of that clever and experienced woman of the world, was probably much more at his ease. Another great entertainment was prepared, in an amphitheatre of rich hangings supported on the masts of ships, and there was to be splendid revelling and masquing; but these frail structures were the sport of the weather, and a great storm drove the banqueters to take refuge in the imperial lodgings.

Charles escorted Henry back to Calais, visited his aunt there, and returned to Gravelines on a finely trapped and beautiful horse given him by the King, and, as the English flattered themselves, declaring his aunt Katharine to be a happy princess to be married to so magnificent a prince.

Charles went home to prepare for his coronation with the silver crown at Aix-la-Chapelle, or more properly Aachen, at the tomb of Charles the Great, by the Archbishop of Cologne. This, which made him King

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Coronation of Charles. 1520.

of the Romans, and gave him a right to convoke the Diet of the Empire, took place on the 23rd of October, 1520. On the same day, Solyman the Magnificent took possession of his father's palace at Constantinople; and the lovers of astrology declared that their horoscope was similar, and observed that as Charles was the eleventh from Albrecht of Hapsburg, so Solyman was the eleventh from Othman the Turcoman.

Astrology was a dangerous and engrossing pursuit in those days. It was one element in the tragedy that in England was following up the pageant of the Cloth of Gold. Edward Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, was the same who as a child had been so safely concealed and cherished when his father was falling by the last stroke of Richard III. He was the only representative of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, and had likewise some of the Lancaster blood in his veins. He was a hearty, open-handed, lordly Englishman, keeping open house, and friendly with all, but imprudent in some of his displays, and with that slight contempt which a genuine son of the Plantagenet would feel for an upstart Tudor, as well as the far stronger and bitterer dislike of a mighty noble for a low-born favourite. Wolsey's display was hateful to him, and they had more than one small quarrel. When Charles V. was at Canterbury, Buckingham held the water and napkins for the Emperor and King to wash their hands in after dinner—an office befitting the noblest subject present, and only due to royalty. The arrogant Cardinal did what no ecclesiastic of the gentlemanly instincts of good birth would have done—he put his fingers into the bowl; and the Duke, much offended, let the water pour down on the scarlet stockings and shoes that covered the burly legs of the butcher's son. "Very well, my Lord," quoth Wolsey, "I shall sit on your skirts." So Buckingham came to court in a short jerkin, and on the King asking the cause, said, "It was to hinder my Lord Cardinal from sitting on his skirts." A grievance connected with the King had also arisen: a knight named Bulmer having quitted Henry's guard to enter that of Buckingham, and being made to ask pardon on his knees—"I will have none of my servants hang on another man's sleeve," said Henry angrily; "what I may think of your departing, and of the Duke's retaining, I may not now declare."

This was reported to the Duke, who was very angry, and spoke some hot words as to what he would have done had Bulmer been sent to the Tower. This was before the Field of the Cloth of Gold, at which Buckingham appeared in full ducal splendour; but he came back using his English privilege of free grumbling at the immense waste of treasure upon finery, to no purpose but to exhibit the Cardinal's power. His discontent led him into dangerous conversations, especially with one Nicholas Hopkins, prior of the Carthusian friary at Henton, who was given to astrology, and eight years ago, before the Battle of the Spurs, had predicted that the King of England would return with glory from beyond seas, but the King of Scotland would perish if he crossed the

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Seizure of Buckingham. 1521.

Border. The accomplishment of these predictions had given Friar Hopkins great credit; and when he went on to cast a magnificent horoscope for young Lord Stafford, Buckingham showed his gratification, and spoke openly of the King having only one sickly little girl living, forgetting, apparently, that not only had both the King's sisters no lack of children, but that his aunts had families, and the daughter of Clarence still lived, as Countess of Salisbury in her own right, and surrounded by a goodly number of sons. Nothing was more dangerous than to speak of being possible heir to the throne—scarcely anything more foolish. Spies and informers no doubt magnified the report of the Duke's seditious language, and of the formidable aspect of his retinue; and as nothing was so dreaded by the Tudors as the rise of another king-maker, Henry and Wolsey thought it was time to strike. Buckingham was living at his manor at Thornbury in Gloucestershire, when on the 16th of April, 1521, he received a mandate to attend the court at Greenwich. He set out without suspicion, till he found he was closely attended by three knights of the King's guard, who never lost sight of him by day, and slept in a chamber close to him at Windsor Castle, where he spent one night. The "gentleman harbinger," *i.e.* person charged to provide for the guests in the King's absence, was pointedly uncivil and neglectful, and Buckingham perceived danger in the air. He rode on to Westminster, and there entered his barge, stopping by the way at the quay of York House, intending to see Wolsey and learn what was the cause of his summons; but he was answered that my Lord Cardinal was unwell. "Yet will I drink of my lord's wine as I pass," said the Duke; and with much reverence some of the Cardinal's many gentlemen conducted him to the cellar, probably a vault open towards the river, and there he drank, but perceived that no cheer was made him. He looked pale as he returned to his barge; and no sooner was his barge perceived at Greenwich, than the captain of the yeomen of the King's guard boarded it, and attached him of high-treason. He was conveyed up Thames Street to the Tower, and people looked on in surprise and dismay; and on the 18th of May he was brought to trial in the House of Lords, before a committee of seventeen peers, presided over by the Duke of Norfolk, whose son, the Earl of Surrey, was married to the daughter of Buckingham, and was now acting as Lord Deputy in Ireland.

The indictment against him was for his inquiries of Hopkins respecting the royal family and his own son; for seducing men away from the King's service to his own; for having declared to his steward that if Bulmer were imprisoned he would seek an interview with the King, and while kneeling to do him homage would stab him to the heart; and that in case of the King's death, he would cut off the head of the Cardinal and of some others, and seize the Government.

At first the unfortunate Duke pleaded that here was no overt act of treason; but Fineux, the chief justice, laid down the law that to imagine the King's death was treason enough. The Duke then pleaded his

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Fall of Buckingham. 1521.

cause with much energy, denying his guilt, and refuting the charges. He demanded that witnesses should be produced. These were Hopkins the friar, Perk his chancellor, Delacourt his confessor, and his cousin, Sir Charles Knevett, who had been his steward, all of whom persisted in their charges, Knevett the most loudly. All had been imprisoned in the Tower, and probably threatened, if not tortured.

The peers consulted in private, and agreed to condemn him. Was it personal fear of Henry? Yet he had as yet shown no violence. No state prisoner had been put to death by him, except the Duke of Suffolk, upon the old sentence, and that was accounted for by his brother's imprudence in proclaiming the cause of the White Rose in the army arrayed against his country. It seems likely rather that the Wars of the Roses had left an exceeding dread of any disturbance from competitors to the throne, and that the statesmen had accepted it as a maxim, that the least indication of a glance towards the crown must be met with summary execution before further mischief ensued; and these seventeen all agreed in the verdict against Buckingham for these very trifling imprudences.

The Duke of Norfolk, his daughter's father-in-law, could not utter the sentence of death without tears.

"My Lord of Norfolk," resolutely answered the prisoner, "you have said to me as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never none. Still, my Lord, I nothing malign you for that you have done unto me. May the eternal God forgive you my death, as I do. I shall never sue to the King for life, howbeit he is a gracious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you, my Lords, and all my fellows, to pray for me."

With this dignified farewell the Duke was led away, with the edge of the axe held towards him. The barge waiting to take him back to the Tower was cushioned and carpetted in the seat of honour; but he refused to return to that place, saying, "When I came to Westminster I was Duke of Buckingham; but now I am nothing but Edward Stafford, the poorest wretch alive."

He held to his resolution of not suing for mercy, and indeed only four days remained to him, for on the 17th of May, 1521, he was beheaded on Tower Hill, showing great firmness and resignation to the last. The people groaned and lamented at the sight—a foretaste of what they were often to see in later years. Charles V. was reported to have said, "Then has the butcher's dog pulled down the noblest buck in Christendom." The cause of his death remains a mystery; whether owing to the Tudor jealousy of the Plantagenet blood, to Wolsey's hatred, or to his own imprudence exciting the almost morbid dread of a pretender to the throne again disturbing public peace. Buckingham was attainted in blood, and his estates forfeited; nor was the dukedom ever restored to his family, but his son married the daughter of the Countess of Salisbury, and was in the next reign replaced in the barony of Stafford.

CAMEO XXXVI.

THE DIET OF WURMS.

(1520—1523.)

King of England.
1509 Henry VIII.

King of Scotland.
1515. James V.

King of France.
1515. François I.

Emperor of Germany and Spain.
1517. Charles V.

Popes.
1513. Leo X.
1522. Adrian VI.

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The Diet. 1521.

To convoke a Diet of the Empire was necessarily the first office of a new King of the Romans, and Charles V. appointed his first to meet at Wurms on the 15th of January, 1521. As usual, the two great matters for deliberation were a crusade against the Infidels, and the new opinions.

These opinions had received a great impulse since the Diet of Augsburg. Then Luther had gone to defend his opinions as a son of the Church; now he was in open opposition.

Wittenberg had already become the haunt of all who desired to understand Scriptural truth. Greek and Hebrew were taught there, and the professor of the first of these was one Philipp Schwarzerd, or, as in the fashion of the day he preferred to translate his name, (black earth,) Melanchthon. He was the son of an armourer of Bretten, and though he was but eleven years old when his father died, he was bred up as a scholar. His mother was a person of much devotion and ability, and is said to have been the author of these proverbial rhymes :—

"Alms-giving beggars not;
Church-going hinders not;
To grease the wheel stops not;
Ill-got wealth thrives not;
God's Book beguiles not."

Her father was a magistrate, and took the utmost care of her boy, who was deeply religious, and devoted to study. Before he was twelve years old his Latin Bible and his Greek Grammar were his constant companions, and he used to rise at midnight every night to repeat his Lauds.

At twelve years old he was sent to Heidelberg University, and thence to Tübingen, where Erasmus was so struck with his abilities as to declare that young Philipp would entirely eclipse Erasmus. He was only

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Bull of Leo. 1520.

seventeen when Friedrich the Wise heard of him and invited him to become Greek teacher at Wittenberg, where he arrived in 1518, just before Luther's journey to Augsburg. At once the master influence seized upon the youth; and he became a staunch companion of Luther, with more gentleness, moderation, and clearness than his master possessed, and with a power of research and study that was very valuable to the cause.

Hot discussions and disputations were carried on between Luther and Dr. Eck, as the chosen champion of the schoolmen, and books were published by each which rendered the controversy more and more known.

On the other hand, letters from Rome bade the Elector silence Luther, banish him, or send him to be dealt with at Rome.

The Elector showed Luther the letters. The frame of mind, which could believe that whatever the Pope condemned must be wrong, had long passed from the Augustinian; and he began to examine into the foundation of the Papal authority, tracing each step in usurpation, and at last setting them forth in a powerful letter to the German nobility. Even in that age of tardy circulation, full four thousand copies were sold in two months.

A Bull of condemnation was the natural consequence; but Luther was already publishing a still more vehement treatise, called "The Babylonish Captivity." He was strong in the support of his Order, for though the Vicar-General, Staupitz, had resigned his post, it had been given to Wenzel Link, who was equally his friend. Nor would the Elector of Saxony suffer the messengers who brought it to enter Wittenberg; while at Erfurth the students, playing on the original meaning of *bulla*, a bubble, cried that it should float down the stream, and threw it in.

Luther himself, losing all restraint, wrote a letter to the Pope, eloquent in its passionate vehemence. "O my dear Leo," he cried, "of what use are you in that Roman court, except that the most execrable men may use your name and power to ruin fortunes, destroy souls, multiply crimes, and oppress faith, truth, and the whole Church of God? O Leo, Leo, you are the most unhappy of men, and you sit on the most dangerous of thrones! I tell you the truth, because I wish you well!"

It was a curious thing, that among the many publications that the Bull called forth, was one from Ulrich Zwingle, a Swiss priest, who proposed that Luther's works should be read and fairly judged by three princes above suspicion, namely, Henry King of England, Charles King of the Romans, and Louis King of Hungary.

The Bull itself was a mixed production. Here and there it hit Luther's weak points, but it had many of its own, such as not scrupling to declare absolution valid, whether the penitent believed or not.

The envoys in charge of it reckoned on dealing with the Elector Friedrich at the coronation of the young King of the Romans, at Aachen, on the 23rd of October. It was a very splendid coronation,

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—
Coronation of Charles.
1520.

befitting the station of one who was already King of Spain and Naples and the Low Countries; but the plague was at Aachen, so as soon as the essential solemnities had been performed, the Court removed to Cologne.

The Emperor was solicited by the papal envoys, Aleandro and Carraccioli, to proscribe Luther and burn his books; and he consented that this should be done in his hereditary dominions—Austria, the Low Countries, and Spain; but he hesitated when the demand extended to the Empire and to the punishment of Dr. Luther's own person. "I must consult the Princes of the Empire," he said, "especially my father, the Elector of Saxony."

In truth the Elector was an independent sovereign, and no one could touch Luther within his boundaries. So on Sunday, the 3rd of November, while Friedrich was devoutly attending Mass, Aleandro and Carraccioli attacked him with commands that he would give up Luther, and burn his books in his dominions.

The Wise Elector answered, through the Bishop of Trent, that he must have time to deliberate; and when, the next day, the two Nuncios came for an answer, he replied that nothing had been proved against Luther, there had been no fair examination of his writings, and that if, after duly answering for himself, he were found guilty, then he (the Elector) would act as became a Christian and a faithful son of the Church.

The next day Erasmus, by invitation, came to pay the Elector a visit. He found Friedrich standing before the fire; and no sooner were the first greetings over than the Elector asked, "What think you of Luther?"

Erasmus, as usual, seeing both sides of the question, hesitated; but the Elector, opening his eyes very wide, as was his wont when he wanted a direct reply, repeated the question. Then Erasmus answered in his ironical way, "He has been guilty of two great crimes. He has struck the Pope in his crown, and the monks in their belly."

Friedrich smiled, but showed that he was bent on a serious answer; and Erasmus made a truly serious reply. "The source of the dispute is the hatred of the monks to letters, and the fear they have of seeing their tyranny put an end to. How have they answered Luther? With cabals, clamours, hatred, libels? The more virtuous a man is, and the more attached to the doctrines of the Gospel, the less he is opposed to Luther."

Such opinions, from one of the wisest men in existence, greatly fortified the Elector, and he spoke strongly to the Emperor; while Erasmus wrote to the Pope, and held conferences with the Imperial counsellors, all trying to obtain a fair judgment for Luther.

But at this very time Luther's own violence and fierce impatience were entirely changing his position, and rendering it infinitely more difficult for his friends to support him. He had been led, under the impulse of the one-sided harshness with which he was treated, to apply to

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—
Burning the Bull.
1520.

Rome all the prophecies of the apostasy of the latter days, and had written an absolutely savage essay, "Against the Execrable Bull of Antichrist." It was published on the 5th of November, the very day of Erasmus's conference with Friedrich. What would they have said had they read such sentences as these? "The infernal dragon yelled in that Bull," he wrote. "It was a common saying, 'The ass would bray better if he did not begin so high,' and that Bull would have brayed better if it had not lifted its blasphemous mouth to Heaven with more than diabolical impiety to condemn proved and acknowledged truth." And again—"O Satan, Satan, Satan! woe unto you with your Pope and Papists!" and then, as the Pope had excommunicated him, he proceeded to excommunicate the Pope, so far as words could do so!

He had so entirely worked himself up to believe that Rome was the Babylon of the Apocalypse, that he took literally "Render unto her as she hath done unto you;" and as his books had been burnt at Rome, he decided on burning the Bull. All the University made his cause their own, and notices were affixed to the walls of Wittenberg, that at 9 a.m. on the 10th of December, 1520, "the Antichristian decretals," as they were here called, should be publicly burnt at a spot "beyond the poorhouse."

Most of the professors attended, six hundred students, and a concourse of the inhabitants. A Master of Arts arranged and fired the pile; on it were laid copies of the canon law, the decretals, Eck's writings, and others in opposition; and finally, Luther, holding the Bull over the flame, said, "Thou hast troubled God's Holy One, so may God trouble thee!"

When all was burnt, Dr. Martin Luther was escorted back in a sort of triumphal procession to the town. Thus did passion and impatience begin the great schism which prevented true reformation, and which has convulsed and rent the Church for three hundred and fifty years.

It can scarcely be supposed that this deed would have been performed had the Wise Elector, a true Catholic, who prized unity as well as truth, been present.

He was travelling homeward, having done his best for the man whom he watched with anxiety, as Gamaliel watched the Apostles, fearing to fight against God, whichever way he acted. The students, once excited, were rendering everything worse by ribaldry. At the Carnival they dressed up one of their number as Pope, and others as Bishops and Cardinals. When they reached the river they feigned to throw the Pope in; he ran away, and there was a general chase through all the streets.

The great Diet of the Empire was to take place in the year 1521, not at Nuremburg, which was scourged by the plague, but at Wurms; and the Emperor wrote to the Elector, desiring him to bring Dr. Luther thither for examination. But Friedrich, knowing to what Luther had made himself liable since the time when he had first striven to obtain this hearing, would not be responsible for him, thinking him

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Excommunication of Luther. 1521.

likely to be taken captive and destroyed; and he refused, and set forth for Wurms without him. Almost at the same time the slow forms of the Papal Court had worked out the sentence naturally to be expected from the burning of the first Bull; and therefore, on the 10th of February, 1521, Martin Luther was excommunicated by another Bull, and placed without the pale of the Church; so that his situation had become very different; and he was replying by the same broad sarcasm that had become the characteristic of his controversies.

The Diet was resolved on his presence—the Roman party, to get him condemned and disposed of like Johann Huss or Savonarola; the German party, because they were sick of the exactions and tyrannies of Rome, and hoped to see the Nuncios foiled by the wonderful Augustinian doctor, although not one of the Princes, save the Elector of Saxony, would openly take his part.

On the 6th of March, accordingly, a safe-conduct, signed by the Emperor himself and the Arch-Chancellor, was despatched by special messenger to Luther, bidding him appear at the Diet. Of course everyone remembered that Huss had had a safe-conduct to the Council of Constance, and some of the Wittenbergers would have kept Luther back; but he had made up his mind, and spoke bravely of being quite ready to die for the Word. He had lost some of his old supporters, for Staupitz saw the dangers of his doctrines, and with others stood firm to the Church; but almost all Germany was wild with enthusiasm for him, and would hardly have permitted any danger to come near him.

The town council provided a covered waggon for him to travel in with four companions—a monk, a lawyer, a young Swedish nobleman, and another friend; and he set forth, preceded by the Imperial herald, on the Easter Tuesday of 1521.

At Naumberg, a priest made him the significant present of a portrait of Savonarola, whose martyrdom was but thirty-three years old; Luther kissed it, and the priest said, "Be steadfast to thy God, and He will be steadfast to thee."

At Weimar, his next stage, he found emissaries everywhere posting up and proclaiming the Imperial decrees for the burning of his works, consequent on his excommunication. "Well, Doctor, will you go on?" said the herald.

"Yes," Luther answered; "though they should kindle a fire, between Wittenberg and Wurms, to reach to heaven, I will go on! I will confess Christ in Behemoth's mouth, between his great teeth."*

At Erfurth, his old University, the Rector thereof, at the head of a cavalcade of forty horseman, met him two miles off, and brought him in a triumphal procession to his old Augustinian home, where he was warmly welcomed.

* In the Fairford windows, hell is represented as Behemoth's mouth—a deep blood-red, with enormous teeth.

CAMEO XXXVI.

Luther's Journey. 1521.

It is touching to hear that he went to a little wooden cross which marked the grave of a young monk, who had died during his residence there, and showing it to one of his companions, said, "How calmly he sleeps; and I?"

The next day was Sunday, and, in spite of his excommunication, he was asked to preach. The sermon was on Faith—full of burning zeal; but in the midst there was a great crack and crash, and the crowds would in a moment have rushed to the doors, trampling each other down, had not Luther, who from the pulpit could see that there was no danger except from their terror, called out, "Still! See ye not that this is a wile of Satan to hinder you from hearkening to the Word?"

At his own home, at Eisenach, he had an attack of illness, and was unwell all the rest of the journey, but resolute to proceed; while all his friends at the Diet thought matters looked worse and worse for him.

Franz von Sickingen, one of the wild nobility, who had as his chaplain Martin Bucer, sent a party of horse to escort the Reformer to his castle of Ebersberg; and even the chaplain of the Elector of Saxony, alarmed at the aspect of affairs, sent to advise him to turn back; but to this Luther replied, not only by word of mouth, but on paper, "I would go, although as many devils should set at me as there are tiles on the housetops."

At Pfifflingheim, not far from Wurms, he lay down under a young elm-tree and slept, to gather strength for what might await him on his entrance. When he awoke he found a number of country people gathered round, and he preached to them, praying that his doctrine might grow even as the branches of that tree. It was always afterwards called by his name.

When Wurms came in sight, he stood up in the waggon, and began to sing one of his hymns. It is believed to have been his paraphrase of the forty-sixth Psalm, beginning "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*," which is often called Gustavus Adolphus' battle song, and which a French writer terms the Marseillaise of the Reformation.

The herald rode in front, as usual, and as soon as the watchman on the church tower of Wurms descried his tabard, he blew his trumpet, bringing out throngs upon throngs of Germans, Italians, Spaniards—princes, prelates, nobles, peasants—from their mid-day meal, at ten in the morning, to gaze upon the man who had convulsed the Church.

Foremost came a great cross, such as was carried at funerals, and a voice chanted,

"Advenisti, O desiderabilis,
Quem expectabamus in tenebris."

The strange garb of the bearer revealed him, however, as the jester of one of the Dukes of Bavaria; but Luther's friends suspected that he thus meant to convey a warning. With much difficulty the waggon proceeded through the crowd to the hospitium of the Knights of Rhodes, where Luther was to be lodged; and all around were the lodgings

CAMEO XXXVI.

Arrival of Luther at Wurms. 1521.

Electoral princes and counsellors, who would do their best to protect him.

His arrival made a great commotion; and Charles convoked his privy council in haste. "Luther is come," he said; "what is to be done?"

"Get rid of the man, as Sigismund did of Johann Huss," said the Bishop of Palermo; "a safe-conduct to a heretic is not binding."

"No," said Charles; "what we have promised we will hold to."

All the afternoon princes and nobles were thronging to visit the famous doctor; and at eight o'clock the next morning the Grand Marshal delivered to him his citation to appear before the Emperor at four o'clock the next day.

The crowd was enormous in the streets, and every window was a mass of heads; but the herald took Luther through the gardens at the back, till he was opposite the town-hall, and then a way was cleared for him by the lanzknechts.

At the door of the hall a stout old lanzknecht leader, Georg von Freundsberg, met him, and slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Monk, monk! the march before you is such as I and my best captains have never trod. But if you are sure of your cause, go on in God's name, He will not leave you."

The doors were thrown open, and a grand sight was before Luther. The Emperor sat on his throne, the three Archbishop Electors on his right hand, the three secular ones on his left, the two Nuncios at his feet, his brother Fernando on a throne a step lower, at his side. Bishops in violet, Cardinals in scarlet, nobles and princes of the Empire in full armour, deputies from the cities in a more sober garb, all seated and in silence—save that many could not repress their impulse to rise to their feet as the Augustinian entered, in his black-and-white convent garb.

One noble, as he advanced, whispered, "Fear not them which kill the body."

The first to speak was the Chancellor of the Archbishop of Trèves, who began, "Martin Luther, his sacred unconquered Majesty has cited you before his throne to answer two questions. First, Are yonder books yours?" pointing to a pile of them. "Secondly, Will you retract them?"

The titles were then read; and Luther, first in Latin, then in German, acknowledged them as his own, but requested time to deliberate on the other question.

The Diet rose, to consult in different chambers whether this should be; and Charles, as he rose, murmured to a courtier, "That man would never make a heretic of me." The Emperor, no doubt, missed the air both of refinement and spirituality in the round-faced monk, who had besides, at that moment, a certain air of bewilderment and confusion, that made his resolution doubtful.

Consent was given to his taking a day to reflect, and he was to appear

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Luther's answer. 1521.

again at the same hour the next day. In fact he had not the least intention of retracting, but he wanted time to arrange his defence now that he saw the line of the attack; and he returned to write a letter expressing his resolution, while the whole town was full of excitement, the Spaniards trying to seize his books on the chapmen's stalls, and the Germans defending them; and caricatures of the broadest kind posted up everywhere.

Luther spent the day in prayer; and when he stood before the Diet in the evening, he made his reply—first showing that some of the books had been declared inoffensive by the Papal Bull, and as to those which treated of Roman tyranny and Papal doctrine, he only begged his Majesty to appoint doctors to argue the matter, for, if convinced of his error, he would destroy them; and he could not retract while unconvinced. The speech was long, and in German; but as Charles did not easily follow that language, Luther repeated it fluently in Latin.

The Chancellor then stated that the doctrines spoken of had been laid down by Councils, and therefore could not brought into discussion; and therefore required him to answer at once whether he would retract or no.

He said he could not. Popes and Councils have both gone wrong, and contradicted each other, and nothing but Scripture was to be depended on; and he finished, "Here I am! I can no otherwise. God help me. Amen."

There was a murmur of applause; and the Emperor observed, "The monk speaks boldly;" but the Chancellor answered, "If you will not retract, the Emperor and the States will know how to deal with an obstinate heretic."

"God help me, I will retract nothing!" he said.

He was escorted back to the hostel, amid a crowd ready to have fallen on the guards if they had been taking him to prison. There was great rejoicing among his friends that he had spoken so well, the Elector saying that his only fear had been that he would have said too much.

Several days were spent in deliberation; but finally Charles came to the only just and right opinion for one who accepted the decrees of the Councils that Luther impugned. He wrote a French letter to the Diet, expressing his resolution that the safe-conduct should be respected, and Luther should be taken safe home, after which he should be duly proceeded against as a heretic.

The message pleased nobody, for the Papal emissaries were angry that the heretic should be let out of their grasp, and the Diet was affronted that the Emperor had signified his intentions instead of asking their advice. A scroll was found in his bedroom with the text, "Woe to the land whose king is a child."

The persons anxious to serve Luther entreated for time and permission to argue the case; and this was granted, but ineffectually, for while the Catholics insisted on obedience to the Church, Luther held

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Departure of Luther. 1521.

by obedience to the Scripture, by which he meant his own interpretation. He held by "saving the authority of the Scriptures," just as Becket had once held by "saving the privileges of his order;" and every proposal fell to the ground in consequence, even that of an appeal to a General Council.

A formal decree was sent to him to leave Wurms within twenty-one days, under the protection of the safe-conduct, and to return to Wittenberg, neither exciting any disturbance on the way by preaching, nor by writing.

He sent his thanks and submission to the Emperor, and prepared to depart; but everyone knew that his arrival at Wittenberg would be immediately followed by commands to the Elector and the University to deliver him up to be dealt with as a heretic, and his friends were resolved that he never should reach the University.

The Saxons matured their plan, not without security of the connivance of the Elector, and the consent of the Reformer, though neither of them chose to know anything about it. Luther preached at several places on the way, in spite of his promised submission, and he was as affectionately welcomed as ever. He spent a day with his father, and then, with his brother Jakob and another friend, set forth for Wittenberg through the Thuringian forests.

On the 4th of May, near the Castle of Altenstein, two masked cavaliers and three attendants sprang on the waggon. Jakob Luther sprang out and ran away; but Martin let himself be led to a horse which was tied ready equipped, and with a knight's mantle round him, a knight's cap on his head, was led off at a rapid rate. After riding till twilight, he was so exhausted that he was allowed to lie down and rest under a tree; but mounting again, the party went on, till, an hour before midnight, they reached the steep rocks where stood the castle of the Wartburg, where the "dear saint, Elisabeth of Hungary," had lived with her chivalrous Ludwig, tended her poor, mourned her widowhood, and then had been expelled by her cruel brothers-in-law. Here the disguised Augustinian was led in as Junker Georg, so that even the seneschal was not supposed to know who he was.

The castle belonged to his friend the Elector, and he was therefore quite safe; though Friedrich could safely deny any certain knowledge where to find him, and the last that could be testified was that he had been carried off by robbers. Friedrich himself was in failing health; he could hardly walk from one room to another, and was about to quit the Diet.

Indeed the Emperor himself had decided to adjourn the Diet to Nuremburg for the next year; but in the first place he signed an edict condemning the writings of Martin Luther, and forbidding all good subjects to harbour him, or give him meat or drink.

The Italians exclaimed, "It is the end of the tragedy."

"Not the end, but the beginning," said Valdez, an able Spaniard.

The Emperor seemed to the Germans an uncertain vacillating

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The Wartburg. 1521.

person, and they much preferred his brother Fernando. They little knew as yet the force and the wisdom maturing within him! He was only just beginning, at twenty-one, to act entirely for himself; for one of his Flemish tutors, the Sieur de Chièvres, was only just dead, and he had hitherto most submissively followed his guidance.

Luther's stay at the Wartburg was a remarkable part of his history. He had no one to converse with, no sermons to preach; and although he had abundance of books and letters to occupy him, the cessation of all activity of outward intercourse, and likewise some disorder of health, which had begun at Wurms, exposed him to the same wild species of melancholy that had assailed him in his earlier convent days, but now in another form. He had become secure in his faith, but mourned over a cold insensibility that hindered him from prayer, and further began to believe himself outwardly assaulted by Satan.

He had set to work upon that most admirable German version of the Scriptures, which has been the standard ever since; and as the devil would naturally abhor such a work, and obstruct it in every way, he believed himself to be visited as palpably as were St. Antony and St. Dunstan.

Once a bag of hazel nuts from which he had been eating began to rattle and dance and clatter together so violently as to shake the beams and even Luther's bed; and though the stair leading to his turret was closed by a door barred and chained with iron, sounds like threescore casks rolling up and down were heard all night, until Luther, going to the head of the stairs, adjured the spirits in the Most Holy Name to be still.

Dogs bayed where no dog could have been; and a great splash of ink on the wall long attested where Luther had tried the solidity of one of these apparitions by throwing the inkstand at it. The provost of the castle thought air and exercise might be the best cure, and took Junker Georg out in the woods, in his cavalier's dress, when he went out hunting. But the scholar and monk had a tender heart; he could not bear to see the destruction of gentle creatures, tried to hide a leveret under his mantle, and when the dogs tore it from him and throttled it, was the more distressed, because he saw in it the allegory of the hunted soul, and, in the dogs and nets, Satan's emissaries and snares. As he said, "He had enough of hunting," and betook himself to gathering strawberries—even more suspicious conduct in a Junker than his picking up a book, when waiting in an inn, and beginning to read—a perilous proceeding, that was at once stopped! He really was recognised, and friends and admirers came in search of him to Wartburg; but he was absent, hidden in the house of the friend who had been with him on his journey.

He had numerous controversial attacks to read and answer, the most celebrated of which came from Henry VIII. The King had caused Luther's works to be burnt at St. Paul's Cross, while Bishop Fisher of Rochester preached therefrom, in explanation of their dangerous

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Defender of the Faith. 1521.

tendencies; and in answer to "The Captivity of Babylon," Henry himself, in the strength of his theological training, wrote "The Treatise on the Seven Sacraments," in which he vindicated the doctrine of Sacramental grace against that of justification by faith alone, and dedicated the work to Pope Leo X., sending him a copy, inscribed

"Anglorum rex Henricus, Leo Decimo, mittit
Hoc opus, et fidei testem et amicitiæ."

Luther, in his reply, politely termed the book *stolidissimum et turpissimum;* but at Rome Leo received it in full consistory, and with great delight, and proposed to confer on the writer and his posterity the title of Defender of the Faith.

When Henry's fool heard of it he said, "Let thou and I defend one another, friend Hal, and let the Faith defend itself;" a latitudinarian speech that was likely only to be relished by those who were weary of Henry's theology.

Bulls were slow of production, and that which confirmed the title to Henry was not ready till Leo was no longer there to sign it; but the actual parchment is still extant, with a beautiful seal, executed by Benvenuto Cellini; and the title of Fidei Defensor—F.D., as our coins have it—has ever since been borne by our monarchs.

The idea of driving the barbarians from Italy had much more weight with Leo X. than the question of what the barbarians at home might do with their Church. He had an ingenious arrangement for securing himself with both parties, secretly proposing to Charles V. to assist him in driving the French out of Milan, when Francisco Sforza should have the duchy, and the Popedom the two cities of Parma and Placentia; while to François I. he offered a passage for his troops through Rome to Naples, on condition that the states of the Church should retain all Campania north of the Garigliano.

Both princes were stirred to take up arms: François, out of selfish ambition, was the first; but Charles rather desired to clear the way for the crusade against the Infidels than to reap any present advantage. Henry VIII., on the other hand, really wished for the peace of Europe; and when the war began by petty hostilities between the French and Flemings in the Low Countries, he sent Cardinal Wolsey to Calais to endeavour to compose their differences.

It did not turn out to be possible to do this; but Charles invited Wolsey to pay him a visit at Bruges, whither he had repaired after the Diet of Wurms. Thirteen days were spent in an alternation of conferences and feastings, and all the time Charles took care that Wolsey's numerous suite of crimson velvet gentlemen should be entertained as Englishmen in Tudor days thought befitting. They were quartered in different houses in the city; but every evening the Emperor's officers went round, and sent in, for the use of each English guest, a case of manchet bread, two silver cups of wine, a goblet to drink from, a pound of fine sugar, candles white and yellow, and a torch. In the

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Wolsey at Bruges. 1521.

morning they came round to fetch away the cups, and to defray the cost of the more solid viands provided by the host.

The Cardinal was decidedly of opinion that it was François who was the troubler of peace, and that his master ought to ally himself with the Emperor. Moreover, as the French were moving both on the Navarrese and Italian sides, and Charles's presence was urgently needed in Spain, whence he was cut off by France, Wolsey offered him a passage in the English fleet, when he could pay another visit to King Henry at Greenwich, by the way.

Meantime the French in Milan were faring but ill, as they deserved. François and his mother were devoted to pleasure, and chiefly favoured their flatterers. Chancellor Duprat, then chief minister, was unscrupulous and selfish; and the generals favoured by François were more of the showy class of young courtiers, than of the old school, who had been trained in the wars of Charles VIII. and Louis XII.

Madame de Chateaubriand, a lady who had far more influence with him than gentle Queen Claude, had brought into favour her brother, Odet de Foix, Viscount de Lautrec, who was governor of Milan. He was a harsh man, and his exactions turned the Milanese against the French. He was said to have banished full half the population; and there was no small satisfaction when that most able Italian condottiere, Prospero Colonna, advanced against him with the Roman troops and the hired Swiss. François, in spite of warnings, had kept Lautrec short of men and money; he was beaten at all points, and once again the French were driven out of Milan.

The first half of the intrigue of Leo X. had succeeded, and he was delighted. The cannon on the Castle of Sant' Angelo fired all day for joy at the tidings of the taking of Milan, and the Pope gave orders for three days of rejoicing; but almost immediately after he felt slightly unwell, and so continued for several days, but no one felt uneasy about him, and it was a great amazement to the whole of the Western Church, when, on Sunday the 1st of December, 1521, he sank so rapidly that there was no time to give him the last Sacraments. He was only forty-six years old, and had reigned eight years and eight months.

Poison was, of course, suspected, and his cup-bearer was seized; but his cousin, Cardinal Giulio dei Medici, arrived at Rome and ordered the release of the man—the Romans said, for fear of learning that some great prince was implicated, and thus making him an enemy for ever.

It must have been some Italian, for the three great European kings were no poisoners, whatever else they were. Charles could little have expected so soon to have to fulfil his promise to assist Wolsey in obtaining the Papacy; but he honestly did write to the Conclave to recommend the splendid Englishman; and Wolsey sent his own secretary, Pace, to try to do what he could in his cause.

There was never much chance for anyone but an Italian Cardinal, and Giulio dei Medici had little doubt of being elected; but there was a strong party against him, and there was the strong canonical objection

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Election of Adrian VI. 1522.

that he was illegitimate, being the son of the murdered Giuliano. The fashion of the Cardinals was to give themselves time for intrigues, by proposing some unlikely person every day and voting against him. On the fiftieth day, they thus put up Adrian Florissan of Utrecht, Cardinal Bishop of Tortosa, the young Emperor's tutor. He had never been in Italy, nobody knew him, and nobody had any positive dislike to him; so, to the general amazement, it proved that he had been almost unanimously elected, and intelligence was sent off to Spain, where he was acting as viceroy.

He kept his own Christian name of Adrian, and prepared to come to Rome, hoping to have the joy of setting the crown on the head of his faithful pupil. He was a thoroughly honest, religious, highly principled man, but narrow, and without sympathy for any learning or theology save that in which he had excelled in his own University of Louvaine.

Of course such an election dismayed François, who did his best to detach Henry VIII. from the league against him; but Henry had made up his mind that the right policy was to crush the pride of France, and then open the way to the crusade; and when François seized the English merchant ships in his ports, Henry placed the French ambassador under arrest, and sent off Clarencieux herald to make a regular declaration of war in the early spring of 1522.

On the 23rd of May, just as this was concluded, the Emperor Charles arrived at Dover, where he was received by Cardinal Wolsey with a splendid train, while Henry waited for him at the castle, where they kept Ascension Day together, and on the following day inspected the pride of Henry's heart, his great ship, the *Henry Grace à Dieu*. Charles did indeed own the new discoveries of Columbus, and had chosen as his device the Pillars of Hercules, the old boundary of the world, with the motto "*Plus ultra*," (more beyond,) but he had never seen such a ship as that, or so armed. Then the two monarchs went on to Canterbury, and entered the city with naked swords borne before them, and were received by Archbishop Wareham.

They then proceeded to Greenwich Palace, where the Emperor was lodged; and Whitsuntide was observed at St. Paul's with a splendour never equalled. At Windsor Charles was installed as a Knight of the Garter; and after communicating together, he and Henry both swore to the league against François, which was thence termed the Treaty of Windsor.

In proof of his sincerity, Henry sent the Earl of Surrey, Lord Admiral of England, and victor of Flodden, to make a descent upon Brittany, where he burnt Morlaix and brought away a great quantity of booty. He returned just as, with great pomp and pageantry, Henry had conducted Charles to Southampton, where, with a fleet a hundred and eighty strong, the Lord Admiral received this Imperial freight, and arrived at Coruña just as the Viceroy, Adrian, was setting sail to take possession of the Papacy.

In him the Roman Church had the chance of a reformer. He was

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Death of Adrian. 1523.

deeply learned in theology and scholastic philosophy, truly religious, simple, stern, and self-denying, and with considerable ability for business—condemning the errors into which Luther had fallen indeed, but inflexible in his censure of the evils that had led to the revolt. But he was out of sympathy with the better part of the movement. He did not understand the new school of interpretation of the Scriptures, and far less did he enter into the classical tastes of Italy.

He came to Rome a grave, resolute monk, and countenanced none of the splendid diversions that had been the charm of the city under Leo. When he was shown the statues of the Vatican Museum, especially the Laocoon, recovered with so much care and cost, he recoiled, crying out, "They are the idols of the Pagans!" and the Romans began to fear that, like Gregory the Great of old, he would burn them into lime for the mortar of St. Peter's. To the Italians he seemed a mere northern barbarian, and jests on his ignorance of fashionable art and science veiled the far bitterer feeling inspired by his severity and uprightness. He had scarcely been Pope a year when he fell ill of a slight fever, from which no danger was apprehended; but in a few days he died, on the 24th of September, 1523. There was little doubt that it was by poison; and the next morning the door of his physician was found wreathed with flowers, with the inscription, "To the deliverer of his country."

Giulio dei Medici obtained the Papacy, and was a true Italian Pope, shifty, false, and gracious, full of policy, and holding truth and virtue far cheaper than the splendour of Rome and of the Medici family.

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